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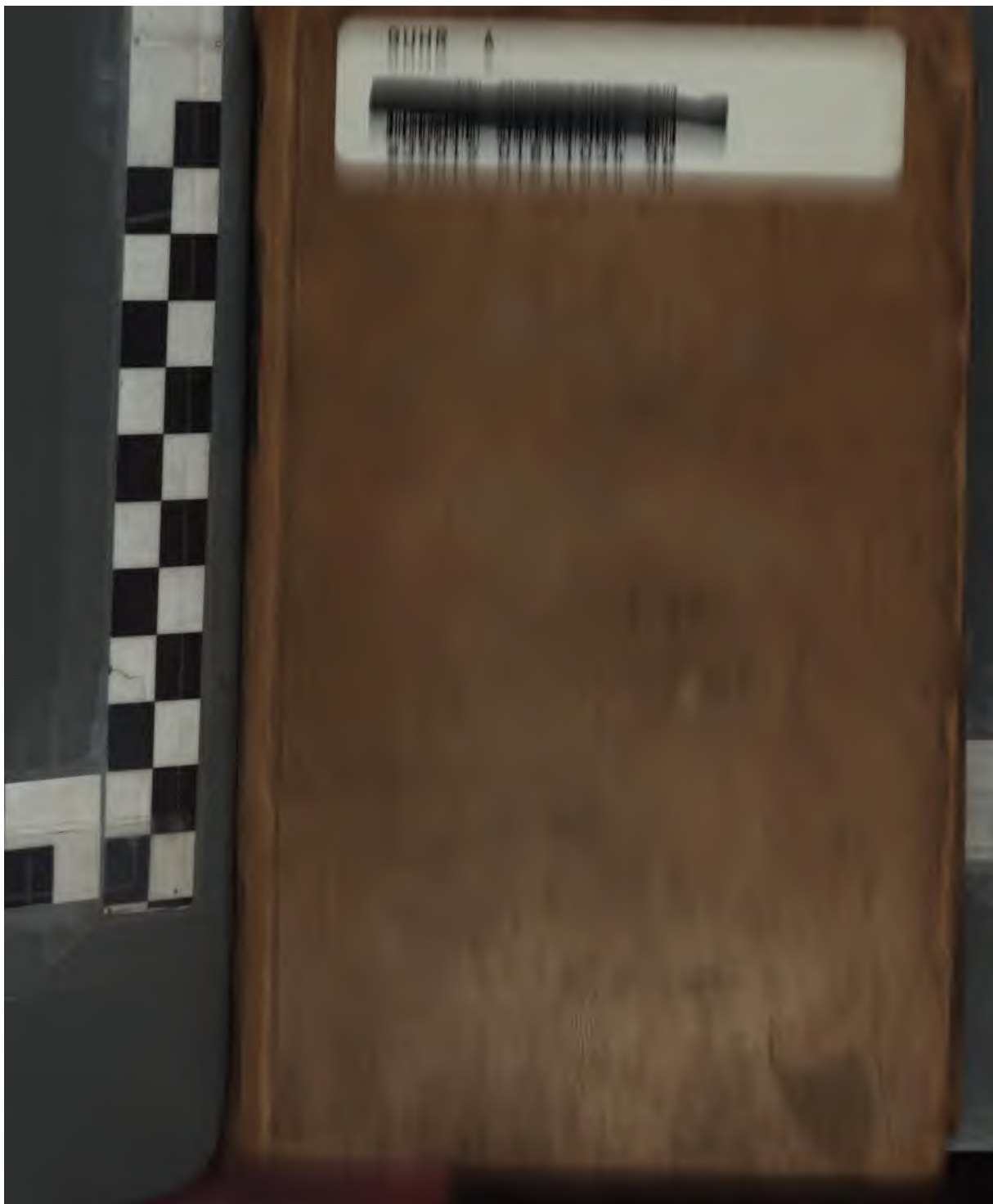
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THE SPANISH FATHER,

DON ALONSO PEREZ DE GUZMAN, SURNAMED
THE GOOD.

He alone

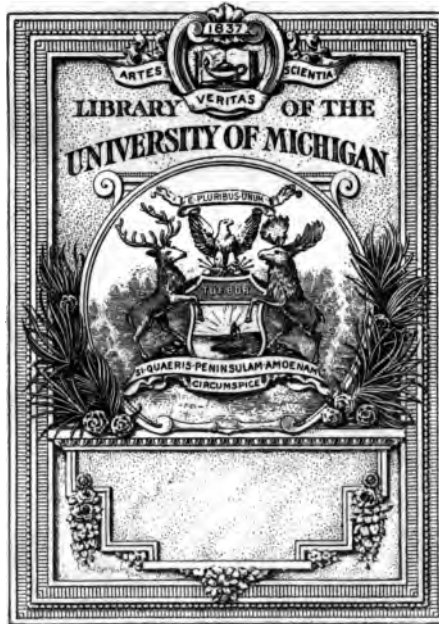
Remains unshaken. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valor, and contempt of death.

GLOVER.

Some, when they die, die all; their mouldering clay
Is but an emblem of their memories;
The space quite closes up through which they passed:
That I have lived, I leave a mark behind,
Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar time,
And give it whole to late posterity.

YOUNG.

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SPAIN.



REMINISCENCES

OF

SPAIN,

THE COUNTRY, ITS PEOPLE, HISTORY,
AND MONUMENTS.

BY CALEB CUSHING.

*España, venerable de presencia,
Llena de glorias y grandezas tantas.*
LOPE DE VEGA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BOSTON:
CARTER, HENDEE AND CO.
AND
ALLEN AND TICKNOR.

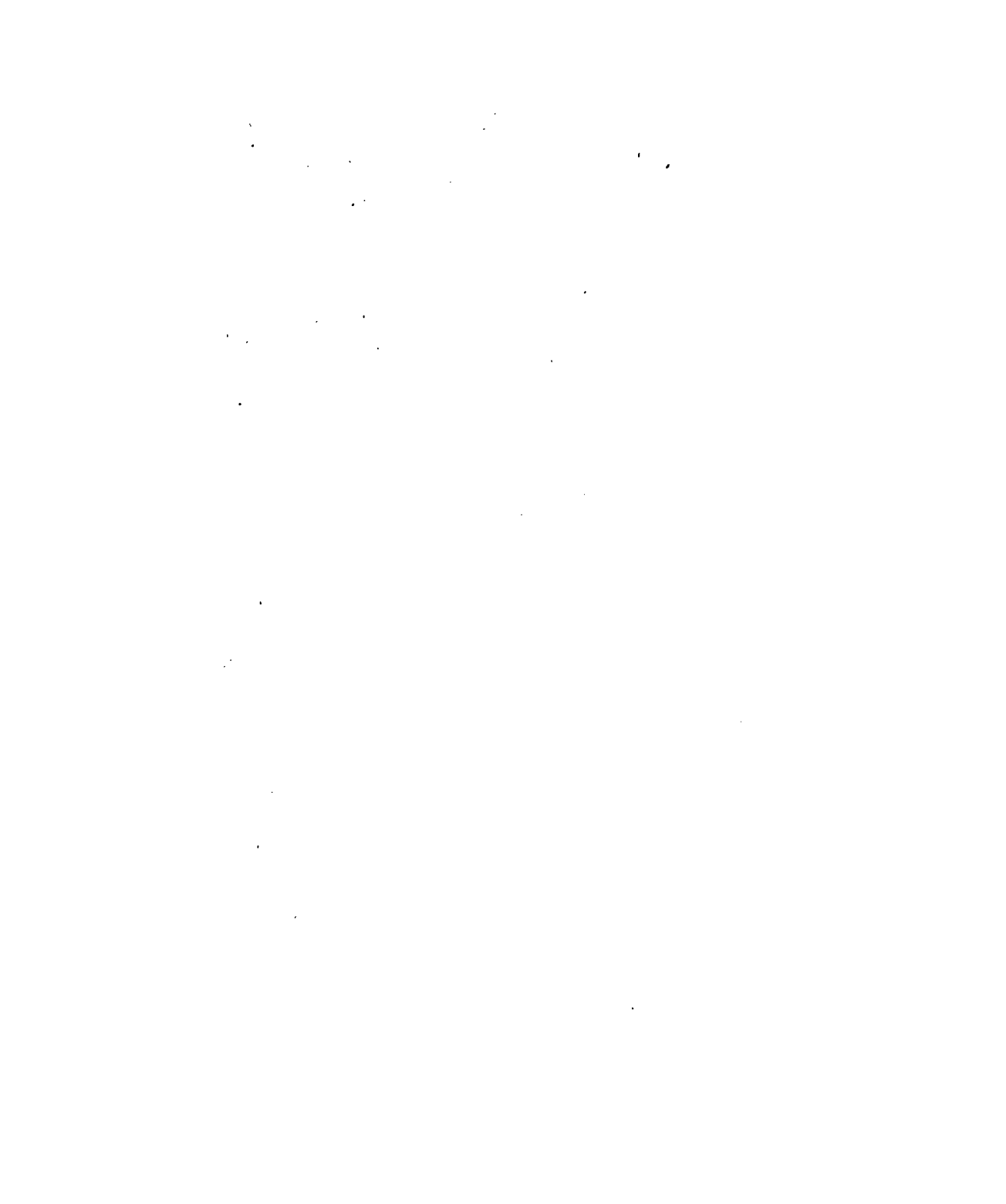
1833.

present work, after inspection of the means of information bearing on them, which have issued from the press since their original publication.

If any reader should deem it matter of inquiry, that I have neglected various local subjects like Madrid, Seville, Cadiz, Barcelona,—or historical ones like Saguntum, la Caba, Saint Ferdinand, Jayme the Conqueror, Pedro the Cruel, Muza, Almansor, the Great Captain, Cortes, and others,—quite equal in attraction to any whereon I have touched, all I can say is, that, in the affluence of such subjects, I have been guided to some, rather than others, by accident or the impulse of occasion;—and that like causes will decide whether I shall augment the number and complete the series of my reminiscences of Spain.

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THE PYRENEES,

A FRONTIER SKETCH.

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum, et
Cantabrum inductum juga ferre nostra, et
Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
Æstuat unda ;

* * *

Sit modus lasso maris et viarum.

HORAT. CARM.

Crot. Dally not further ; I will know the reason
That speeds thee to this journey.

Org. Reason, good sir ?
I can yield many.

Crot. Give me one, a good one ;
Such I expect, and ere we part must have :
Athens ! Pray, why to Athens ?

FORD'S BROKEN HEART.

Go search romantic lands, where the near sun
Gives with unstinted boon ethereal flame ;
Where the rude villager, his labor done,
In vein spontaneous chants some favored name.—
Explore those regions, where the flinty crest
Of wild Nevada ever gleams with snows ;
Where, in the proud Alhambra's ruined breast,
Barbaric monuments of pomp repose.
There, of Numantian fire a swarthy spark
Still lightens in the sun-burnt native's eye ;
The stately port, slow step, and visage dark,
Still mark enduring pride and constancy.
And, cherished still by that unchanging race,
Are themes for minstrelsy more high than thine ;
Of strange traditions many a mystic trace,
Legend and vision, prophecy and sign ;
Where wonders wild of Arabesque combine
With Gothic imagery of darker shade.

SCOTT'S DON RODERICK.

Oh, lovely Spain, renowned, romantic land !

BYRON'S CHILDE HAROLD.

THE PYRENEES.

‘THE Pyrenees exist no longer:’—Such was the exulting declaration of Louis XIV., when a testament, extracted from the death-bed imbecility of the last of the male descendants of Charles V., bestowed the crown of Spain and the Indies on a grandson of France. But the declaration was not less false in a political, than it was in a physical, sense.—When Philip of Anjou crossed the Bidasoa, he ceased forever to be a Frenchman; he became naturalized among a people as different from those of his native land, as if oceans rolled between them, in place of a petty mountain streamlet; and his character, habits, policy,—all acquired a new complexion from those of the country, over which he was called to reign. It would have seemed that the blood of his grandmother, Maria Teresa of Spain, was alone poured into his veins, unmingled with a single drop from the Gallic stock of the Bourbons. The same punctilious and stately eti-

quette,—the same timid submission to the terrors of the church,—the same uxorious subserviency to the dictation of his wife,—which had come to be characteristics of the Austrian princes of Spain, seemed to infuse themselves into the soul of Philip, as incident to the throne he ascended. And it was not long ere the ties of a common origin and close relationship lost their hold upon the royal Houses of Spain and France. Nay, when little more than a century had elapsed from the entrance of Philip into Madrid, the two nations viewed each other with far more hostile sentiments, than even during the desperate wars of Francis and the Emperor. And while the Pyrenees remain still the great national barrier between the neighboring kingdoms, the Spanish people continue to be as peculiar, as unlike the French, as unlike the other nations of Europe, as they were when Cortes and Pizarro ravaged America, or when Philip II. reared the sombre masses of the Escorial among the snows and tempests of the Guadarrama.

I was deeply impressed with all the differences in question,—the differences both in the moral and physical aspect of Spain,—when I passed over the little wooden bridge of the Bidassoa, and stood for the first time on the soil of Guipuzcoa. How wild and romantic seemed the aspect of the towering mountains around me,—how strange in costume, speech, and manner were the inhabitants of the border hamlets,—how full of the most inspiring

associations of the days of knighthood were the very names of the humble villages in that picturesque region!—For here every thing is instinct with the fame of Orlando, the flower of chivalry, Ariosto's Orlando. Here lie the rocks, which he hurled from the mountains, in the transports of love and jealousy, wherewith Angelica filled his soul.

Count Roland wandered through the bosky dell,
 Until, as morning o'er the hill-tops rose,
 He came, unconscious, to the gushing well,
 Where, sculptured by Medoro's hand, he knows
 The fatal words, which all too clearly tell
 How false is she, for whom his bosom glows.
 One glance of madness on the lines he threw,
 And straight the enchanted Durindana drew.

Furious with passion, hatred, vengeance, rage,
 He dashed his trenchant blade upon the rock,
 Which, riven by the falchion's magic edge,
 In splinters flew beneath its fearful shock :
 'Twas grand, yet awful, to behold him wage
 War with the mighty mountain's massive block,
 Hurling its broken fragments madly round,
 Till, spent with ire, he sank upon the ground.

The plain of Roncesvalles, where he perished,—
 where the twelve peers of Charlemagne were de-
 feated and slain by the mountaineers of Navarre,
 —is near at hand. Fontarabia, also, is situated
 just below ; and it requires but slight effort of the
 imagination to fancy you hear

The voice of that wild horn
 On Fontarabian echoes borne,
 The dying hero's call,

That told imperial Charlemagne,
How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain
Had wrought his champion's fall.

But all this, it may be said,—the achievements of Roland, the battle of Roncesvalles, and whatever charms may be attached to this romantic spot,—is the work of a baseless fiction, resting on no better authority than the fabulous chronicles of Archbishop Turpin and the legendary verses of the middle age. Be it so. What then, I demand, is history, that we should boast ourselves of it? I know there are men, who would strip the records of the past of every thing which renders them agreeable; who mistake scepticism for discernment, and a hypercritical scrutiny of the sources of historical information for wisdom. They would reduce the Scottish Wallace and William Tell to the condition of common outlaws; they would deprive Orlando and the Cid of their fame, and Bernardo del Carpio of his being; and they would teach us that the stories of Greek and Roman magnanimity, which delighted our youth, are little better than well-devised romances. Homer, if they may be credited, is but a creature of the imagination; and the siege of Troy, perhaps, only another chapter in the book of falsehoods, which commemorates the labors of Hercules and the exploits of Theseus.—It may be so, I repeat; but what better do such critics give us, in place of the examples of virtue and greatness we have been accustomed to admire?

The spirit of unsparing research,—the aim after *utilization*,—which distinguish our day, have their uses ; but they can be, and not seldom are, pushed beyond the limits of reason and utility itself, in the mistaken pursuit of a supposed truth. We had been used to treat as fable the old Egyptian chronicles ; but, in discovering the art of reading the hieroglyphics inscribed on the monuments of that wonderful country, and in considering the knowledge they impart, the present generation has been taught to entertain more forbearance for the national traditions of a great people. And so it is with the battle of Roncesvalles, which the writers of France, unwilling to avow the discomfiture of their great Charles by a handful of Spaniards, and fortifying their incredulity by the alleged paucity of historical proofs on the subject, had almost persuaded the world to disbelieve. But, in the times of Charlemagne, men were more adroit in wielding the sword than the pen ;—and the meagre annalists of his reign paid small regard to events, which happened in a secluded corner of the Pyrenees. A comparison, however, of the Arabian and Christian chronicles gives authenticity to the great leading facts in the pretended romance, and shows that not all of it is to be discarded as mere legendary lore.

The Pyrenees approach, in this region, to the very shores of the Bay of Biscay. In travelling by the great road from Bayonne to Spain, you wind along

over hill and dale ; and while the peaked summits of the loftier mountains in the range rise before you in the distance, whitening above the hazy outline of the rest,—just beneath you, on the right, are spread out the blue waters of the Atlantic, rippled, it may be, by breezes, which come from the distant fields of your native land. At length, having toiled up an ascent of more than ordinary difficulty, you speedily arrive at a little *plateau*, and gain sight of the frontier town of Saint Jean de Luz.

Far to the left is the tall and pointed Pic du Midi, soaring upwards among the clouds. Nearer at hand are the group of summits called Trois Couronnes. Below are the buildings of Saint Jean de Luz, clustered around a little indentation of the sea. Cast your eyes upon that lofty church by the road side. Its piles of solid masonry, the heavy buttresses which sustain its sides, its high walls, its narrow windows far up from the ground,—in short, the whole aspect of the edifice, will remind you of a fortress rather than a temple of Christian worship, and suggest to your mind the reflection that you are amid the scenes of ancient border warfare.—Every thing in the structure of the town itself serves to confirm the idea.

You proceed a little further on to the village of Orogno, in sight of the strong-hold of an old feudal chieftain, while the hills appear to increase in steepness, and you alternately climb over their sides, or descend into the deep shade of the valleys, overlooked

by the huge masses of the surrounding mountains ; and thus things continue until you reach the banks of the Bidassoa. I arrived at the Pont d'Angoulême, as the bridge is called by the French, just at the termination of evening twilight, when the moon was bathing every object in a flood of silvery light, and the bright evening star twinkled above the peaks of the Trois Couronnes. The majestic mountains in the distance, the hills clothed in verdure about me, the river, and the little hamlet on its banks, acquired a mellowness of tint from the moonlight, which enhanced the beauty and impressiveness of the scene, and added to the romantic emotions awakened by the sight of Spain.

While nature has done much to render these localities interesting, the industry of man has contributed to their present beauty ; for although we figure to ourselves these mountains as being rough, precipitous, and savage, yet the fact is far otherwise. Fertile fields of light green maize, small orchards, occasionally a vineyard, sometimes rich pastures with cattle feeding upon their herbage, such are the familiar forms of cultivation, which appear along the gentle slope of the mountains.— The hill tops are covered with trees, overlooking here and there a humble cottage ; and where the steepness of the acclivities, or the sharpness of some peak more elevated than the rest, forbids a careful tillage, wild flowers, sweet thyme, and luxuriant brake spring up on all sides, and the foot of the

adventurous traveller scares the mountain goat from his covert among the rocks.

Nor should the wayfarer, whom one meets among these mountain scenes, pass unnoticed in the sketch I present. Here you see a barefooted pilgrim, with a scallop shell in his hat, bound to the shrine of Santiago de Compostella, to discharge his vow. There is a capuchin friar, with sandals only to protect his naked feet, a handkerchief bound around his head, and a short cloak thrown over his shoulders and reaching only to his elbow, while his bushy beard and whiskers and the stout staff in his hand by no means tend to remove the unfavorable impression, which the wildness of his air, and the singularity of his costume create.—If you have looked back with a doubting and suspicious eye upon the wandering monk, you will not be reassured, by the object which greets you on the elevation over which the road is about to ascend; for, until a near inspection convinces you of the fact, you would not believe that the truculent-looking personage, who stands there shouting to you and flourishing his hat in one hand and a staff in the other, was only a lame beggar, exerting himself with all his might to awaken your compassion betimes, that you might cast him a *liard* from the coach window as you pass.

Occasionally you may chance to encounter some of the peasantry journeying in their own peculiar mode, in large double panniers swung like a saddle across the back of a mule, with the husband

perhaps in one basket and his good woman in the other, oppressing the poor beast with their double burden. If, weary of the slow ascent of your carriage up the side of some long hill, you feel disposed to precede it on foot, you may probably overtake a black-eyed Basque maiden, who trips unconcernedly along the pebbly road, although her feet are bare, carrying home from the village market of Bayonne a heavy load upon her head with the careless ease of a robust frame and a light heart, and who will readily enliven your path with cheerful chat in French or Spanish, a little dashed perhaps with the Doric roughness of her native Basque, but still intelligible and clear. She belongs to that mountain race, who, like the Welch in Britain, claim to be the primitive lords of the country, and retain the spirit of hardy industry and sturdy independence, which distinguished their sires.

It was in the depths of these mountains, upon a little spot of ground in the midst of the Bidassou, called the Isle of Pheasants, that the memorable treaty of the Pyrenees was concluded. Spain, at that time, was governed by Don Luis de Haro, in the name of Philip IV., and Cardinal Mazarin reigned equally absolute in France; for Louis XIV. was yet in his minority, and yielded a blind submission to the will of his Minister. The two statesmen had grown weary of a war, which neither country was then capable of conducting with vigor, and which thus dragged itself along in trifling

engagements and incessant marches and counter-marches of no decisive effect. It was a far-sighted scheme of Mazarin's to marry Lewis XIV. to a Spanish Infanta, for the purpose of eventually uniting, or at least intimately associating, the two monarchies ; and he caused proposals to be made to Don Luis de Haro, in behalf of the King of France, for the hand of Maria Teresa, daughter of Philip IV., and for the conclusion of a league of amity between the nations. And this matter was deemed of sufficient consequence to induce Don Luis and the Cardinal to reject the intervention of negociators, and to conclude the treaty by means of personal conference. They selected the Isle of Pheasants, being a kind of neutral spot in the channel of the river which separated the kingdoms, to be the place of interview ; and the celebrated convention they negociated there, became known as the treaty of the Pyrenees.

All the proceedings on this occasion, from the ceremony of the conferences to the treaty in which they ended, afford a curious illustration of the faithless temper of the times, and of the fraudulent spirit of their diplomacy. More than a month was consumed in arranging the etiquette of each conference, so that the two statesmen should meet on a footing of perfect equality, and without any hazard of violence or treachery on either side. They conferred, not in the populous capital of some neutral state, or in a city belonging to either of the parties,

where the conveniences and luxuries of life might be accessible, but here in the wildest regions of a mountain frontier. On this emergency, says Voltaire, they exerted all their powers of statesmanship. The policy of the Cardinal consisted in finesse; that of Don Luis in slowness. The latter was parsimonious of words; the former uttered only equivocal ones. The art of the Italian was to devise the means of surprising; that of the Spaniard to avoid being surprised. Mazarin received Maria Teresa to be the Queen of France, under the most complete and unqualified renunciation of any right she might afterwards have in the dominions of her father, which renunciation was solemnly ratified by Louis himself; and yet the prime inducement to the marriage was the hope of thus acquiring, for the royal family of France, the succession of Philip IV. in Spain, Italy, Flanders, and America!—Conduct, which, in the transactions of individuals in private life, would have constituted the most criminal and most dishonorable fraud, was deemed by princes and cardinals and kings the height of political wisdom;—and thus it was that the Spanish monarchy came into the possession of the House of Bourbon.*

* Koch, *Traité de Paix*, tom. i. p. 287; Lord Mahon's *War of the Succession*.



GRANADA,

A RETROSPECT OF THE FORTUNES OF SPAIN.

Bella Granata vale, multis decorata trophæis ;
O decus Hesperii, bella Granata vale !
Bella Granata vale, doctorum luce coruscans,
Moribus, et castris, bella Granata vale !
Bella Granata vale, sacri culmina montis,
Et nivei colles, bella Granata vale !

INSCRIPT. BY DON PEDRO DE ANTIQUERA.

Pues eres Granada ilustre,
Granada, de personages,
Granada, de serafines,
Granada, de antigüedades.

ROMANCE DE GONGORA.

WILL you fly with me from the dull toil of vulgar life? Will you wander for a moment amid the plains of Granada? Around us are those snowy and purple mountains, which a calif wept to quit. They surround a land still prodigal of fruits, in spite of a Gothic government. You are gazing on the rows of blooming aloe, that are the only enclosures, with their flowery forms high in the warm air; you linger among these groves of Indian fig; you stare with strange delight at the first sight of the sugar cane. Come away, come away, for on yon green and sunny hill rises the ruby gate of that precious pile, whose name is a spell, and whose vision is romance.

Let us enter the Alhambra!

What a scene! Is it beautiful? Oh! conceive it in the time of the Boabdils; conceive it with all its costly decorations, all the gilding, all the imperial purple, all the violet relief, all the scarlet borders, all the glittering inscriptions and precious trophies, burnished, bright, and fresh. Conceive it full of still greater ornaments, the living groups with their splendid and vivid and picturesque costume, and above all their rich and shining arms, some standing in conversing groups, some smoking in sedate silence, some telling their beads, some squatting round a storier. Then the bustle and the rush, and the coming horsemen, all in motion, and all glancing in the most brilliant sun.

Enough of this! I am alone. Yet there was one being, with whom I could have loved to roam in these imaginative halls, and find no solitude in the sole presence of her most sweet society.

D'ISRAELI'S CONTARINI FLEMING.

GRANADA.



HISTORIANS, travellers, novelists, poets,—all have spoken with earnest admiration of the surpassing natural beauty and richness of Granada, and its lovely Vega ; but it is impossible for language to do justice to the exquisiteness of the reality. Surrounded on all sides by picturesque hills gradually swelling into mountains along the distant horizon, watered by abundant streams, and sprinkled over with numerous villages, the Vega is in itself delightful as a perfect garden of verdure and fertility, independently of the fascinating associations attached to the numerous edifices and public monuments of Granada. The city stands on the edge of the Vega, just where melt away the mountains, from whence the rivers Darro and Xenil derive their limpid currents,—and where the Darro, after passing through the city, is united with and lost in the Xenil, which then carries off their blended waters across the Vega, to enter the Guadalquivir at Ecija. Crowning the levelled summit of a steep and lofty

hill, which advances a little from the mountains into the city, stands the Fortress of the Alhambra, consisting of a citadel or fortified enclosure, with strong towers rising from distance to distance above its walls. The elevation, on which the Fortress is built, descends abruptly to the Darro and the quarter of Albayzin on the one side, and on the other is separated by a deep ravine from another similar but smaller peak, surmounted in like manner with huge square towers, which, when viewed from the distant Vega, seem blended with the fortifications on the sister height. They are the famous Vermilion Towers, which frown in gloomy grandeur over the domes and spires of Granada. In the rear, the Alhambra is divided by a deep broad valley from the gardens of the Generalife, which rise along the side of the mountain towards the naked elevation called Silla del Moro. The Fortress of the Alhambra, therefore, occupies the table of an insulated conical height, a lofty acropolis, which, although liable to be commanded by a battery erected on the elevations behind it, was impregnable by any of the means of attack known in the age of its construction. And within the dark walls and lofty towers of this remarkable fortress you find the perfection of Arabian art, and the paradise of Numidian fancy, the romantic beauties of the Moorish palace of the Alhambra.

It was a delicious day in early spring, when the sun shone out with lustre and warmth, it is true,

but not with the overpowering heat of his summer radiance. All nature was awakening from the brief repose, which alone she needs or obtains in that balmy climate, where vegetation never entirely forsakes the earth. It was now reviving in all the brilliancy of vernal beauty ; and while the soil was 'resuming its bright green vesture, and the luxurious vines clustered around the crumbling fragments of the ruined towers, and the almond trees filled the air with the grateful fragrance of their rich blossoms, a gentle breeze floated over the city, just freshened to the sense by its passing acquaintance with the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada.

I had consumed the morning of the day in delightedly examining the various interesting objects within the walls of the Alhambra. Ascending the Torre de la Vela, which overtops the very edge of the precipitous height, like a mural crown on the brow of a warrior, and which thus looks down upon the subjacent masses of the crowded city,—I had stretched my gaze over the enchanting Vega, from the distant towers of Santa Fé on the right, which Isabel raised up as if by sorcery to confound the disheartened Moors, far along to Mount Padul on the left, where the dethroned and exiled Boabdeli took his last agonizing look of the home of his fathers. I had trod the magnificent circular court of the palace, which Charles Fifth, in a moment of excited admiration at the amenity of climate, richness of

resources, and picturesque situation of Granada had begun, but which still remains only a splendid ruin, used for no purpose but as a magazine of superfluous artillery and ammunition. From the Myrtle Court with its cool reservoir and odoriferous borders, to the Royal Boudoir overlooking the straits of the Darro and the populous hill-side beyond it,—and from the Embassadors' Hall to the subterranean Baths and the secret passages protected by the Roman nymphs,—I had visited every quadrangle and every apartment and every curious recess of the royal residence of the Alhambra.

Fatigued with my perambulations, overcome in some degree by that weariness of seeing, which affects the senses and the nerves on such occasions, whether you are admiring the gallery of the Louvre or the curiosities of the Alhambra, I had retired into the beautiful Court of Lions, to collect my thoughts and muse for a moment on what I had seen. As I reclined on a marble seat in one of the alcoves or dormitories of an apartment, opening into this court, where the murder of the Abencerrages is supposed to have been perpetrated, the softness of the air and the murmurs of the fountains combined with my lassitude to produce a heaviness of feeling, which I could not resist.

The great bell of the Cathedral, which strikes a *plegaria*, or mid-day prayer, at the hour of three, because at that moment the Moorish capital was given up to Ferdinand and Isabel, was dying away

on my ear, as I lost my consciousness of surrounding objects and insensibly fell into a deep but unquiet slumber. As occasionally happens when the mind is filled with a single engrossing subject, my sleeping thoughts lingered around the scenes where I rested, and conjured up before me a thousand confused images of events, half real and half imaginary, associated with the diverse fortunes of the Alhambra, containing too much of fact to be treated wholly as a dream, and too much of fiction to admit of being ascribed to the exclusive agency of the memory. And although my thoughts, or fancies, or visions if they better deserve the name, being invested with much of the indistinctness and obscurity common to dreams, seemed to shift from scene to scene by indefinable transitions, yet on reflecting afterwards upon the whole, I could not deny that imagination and recollection had united their magic influence, to raise before my mind's eye a sort of moving phantasmagoria of the real fortunes of Granada.

* * * * *

Methought a dense shade of ancient oaks and venerable forest trees of various kinds was spread out before me, broken only by scattered spots, where an imperfect culture scantily aided the productions of the chase in ministering to the wants of man. I stood upon a lofty height, one of several steep hills, the spurs of a broad range of mountains behind, reaching forward like a promontory into the

sea of dark wood beneath my sight. Near me, on each side, the silver sheet of a mountain streamlet was contrasted with the deep verdure of vegetation along their banks, as they descended from the steep declivities of the hills, and at length united their waters in a bright river, which meandered along the distant plain. Following for a short distance a flowery path, which invited my footsteps, I arrived at a grotto in the hill side, where an assemblage of rudely clad savages were offering sacrifice at the humble shrine of the divinity of their worship. I regarded with respectful curiosity these primitive Spaniards, who, according to the imperfect measure of their intelligence, testified their sense of religious dependence and duty by bowing in adoration before the goddess Nata, the benefactress of their tribe and the tutelar genius of the spot. It was the birth of Granada that I beheld: for in the present name of the city is preserved the memory of the aboriginal Gar-Nata, or Cave of Nata, who, according to the accommodating policy of the Roman priesthood, was admitted in their time into the numerous family of pseudo-deities acknowledged by their system of theology.

* * * * *

Imperceptibly the scene was shifted, and centuries seemed to have passed away in the change of a moment. In the peculiar and striking conformation of the neighboring hills, in the gay streams that converged together before me, in the brilliant

vegetation of the valleys and the auspicious beauty and mildness of the sky, I recognized the Gar-Nata of the Iberians ; but it was no longer as the wilderness, where a troop of barbarians clustered around the cavern of their false idol. The Carthaginian had been there, and left behind him abundant traces of that refined and enlightened spirit, which invariably accompanies the successful prosecution of a liberal and enlarged commerce. The Roman was there now ; and the period had arrived, when the sharp points of his haughty Etruscan spirit were smoothed off into elegance by the civilizing influence of the polished Greeks. A thronged and spacious city, filled with the busy hum of multitudes, with its theatre, its circus, and its gorgeous palaces, the never-failing marks of the old Italian magnificence,—lay stretched out in light and life around the brow of the height where I stood.

My contemplation of this brilliant spectacle was interrupted by a gathering crowd at my very side. A rich mansion rose, with its terraced gardens, over a gentle slope just in the rear of the hill, its marble front gilded by the parting rays of the setting sun ; and I entered its precincts in the company of a group of persons, whose lofty uncovered brows and rich drapery proclaimed them to be Romans. Its splendid halls were now the house of bereavement and mourning ; for their master had assembled his kinsmen to render the last rites of affection to the deceased partner of his fortunes. I thought

not of the paintings or sculpture that adorned his dwelling ; I rested not on those extraordinary men around me, whose wonderful grandeur of conception and comprehensiveness of purpose and nobleness of execution would almost reconcile us to their more wonderful ambition. As in the custom of Roman funerals, the statues of his long line of ancestry stood there in stern array, from Poplicola the king expeller, and Corvinus who slew the boasting Gaul before the camp of Camillus, down to that Soranus, who, Cicero says, was the most correct speaker among the Latins ; but I heeded them not.—I regarded only the plain marble tablet, which characterized the virtues of the dead and spoke the affection of the living. ‘To Favonia, wife of P. Valerius Lucanus, it sufficed for happiness to possess the love of her lord and husband’—*UNI placuisse viro*:—such were the simple words, which said that to the heart, which volumes could not have communicated with half the pathos and force of expression.

As I gazed upon the inscription, a kind of commentary on its laconic eloquence came up spontaneously in my mind. It recalled to me that exquisite idea of—I know not what poet,—

Domestic love, to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key :

for I saw that the golden key had fallen to the ground ; the fingers that held it, were now stiffened

in death ; and for him, whose hopes and joys it had power to unlock, there was left in the chambers of the heart an aching void, which, amid the ceaseless mutations of this changeful life, other objects of attachment might by possibility enter, but could never fill. It pronounced that she died deplored as she had lived beloved; that her ethereal spirit ascended from earth to heaven, ere the blight of disappointment had come to tarnish the bloom and freshness of her young affections, ere the winter of age had chilled their ardor, ere the selfish influences of the world had subdued their vivacity. It gave assurance that, although the lifeless frame might be consigned to its kindred dust, and the disembodied soul have departed for the mansion of the blest,—although weeping friends bade farewell forever on earth to her they had loved and lost,—yet her memory survived to them a bright and consecrated thing, beaming out on their sorrow like ‘the train of light which follows the sunken sun,’ to cheer and purify and elevate.

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By another of the mysterious transitions of the soul in its dreaming moments, the patrician palace of Valerius and the funeral of Favonia had vanished. It seemed to be still the hour of approaching sunset, for the reddening rays of the great luminary were thrown aslant me, as I sat on the bench of a vast amphitheatre, in the midst of an immense multitude of spectators of either sex. The scene

was one, whose magnificence they only can fully appreciate, who have wandered over the glorious ruins of Roman greatness, in the countries formerly subject to her empire ; for the richest theatres of modern times, beautiful as they may be, are but puny fabrics of lath and gilding, unworthy to compare with the stupendous theatrical structures of the Romans. I looked above and around me, and saw that the hill-side of the once shrine of Nata, the very living rock of the declivity itself, was hewn out to form the vast semi-circular ranges of steps where the spectators sat, so that the graduation of seats corresponded to the natural aspect of the height, while at the lowest part was the scene or place of representation. The latter was a beautiful edifice, with its pillared front facing the city, while that part of it, which more strictly answered to our stage, opened of course upon the crowded amphitheatre. Nothing could surpass the splendor of such a spectacle. The seats, it is true, were faced with slabs of finely polished marble, and a wall of heavy masonry was built around them, containing passages and vomitories for the convenience of the spectators. But the broad arch of heaven alone overcanopied the whole ; and there sat the thousands of Roman Illiberis, capable, if the mimes of the stage fatigued their attention, of yet raising their eyes to look forth on a scene enchanting as poet ever imagined or painter transferred to his canvass, and clad in the never-tiring tints of lovely

nature herself:—for the entire beautiful city, with all its temples and basilica, and its green gardens of the vine, the olive, and the pomegranate, lay extended in smiling repose in the back ground of the magnificent picture.

But scarcely had I time to take in all the intellectual luxuries of such a spectacle, when messengers hurried along in hot haste with tidings that raised a loud cry, or rather shout, of consternation from the assembled multitude. The Vandals were at hand; and the unhappy Illiberians rushed from the attractions of the theatre to engage in desperate but ineffectual struggle with the martial and hardy sons of the North, whose myriads, like a dammed torrent suddenly breaking up its embankments, seemed to burst in wildness and ruin over the alluring fields and valleys of Spain. The fierce Ulic secretly led his barbarous hordes through the defiles of eastern Bœtica, and Granada had fallen almost ere it was attacked. The clash of arms, the quick short cries of contending thousands, the agonizing shrieks of fatherless daughters and husbandless wives, all the horrid din which betokens the mortal conflict of God's creatures marring with their infuriate passions the beautiful work of God's creation,—all the crash of human strife seemed to be thrilling in my pain-stretched ears. But the theatre and its thousands had vanished; and I beheld myself in the hall of a rich palace, whither a chieftain among the Gothic invaders was chasing a

flyng Roman. It was the Senator Caius Antistius, rushing to secure the treasured hoards of his wealth, and the rapacious and bloody handed Ulric close in his pursuit.

Amid sights and sounds of unutterable woe, Antistius forced his way through the apartments of his palace, still followed by the raging Ulric, and my eye seemed to accompany them into the subterranean recesses of the hill of Nata. Who has not experienced that, in the busy imaginings of our dreams, we possess not only a kind of ubiquity of presence, but a ubiquity straightened by no bounds of corporeal power, and as regardless of physical obstacles as the ethereal essence of spirit itself?— So it was in this case; for I distinctly saw a narrow subterraneous passage, dimly lighted by a single lamp, which led to a small apartment, from which another passage struck off deeper into the bowels of the mountain. At the entrance of the latter, on either side of it, was a niche, in each of which was a delicate marble statue representing a female figure looking back, as it were, over her shoulder into the dark passage behind her with anxious watchfulness. I beheld, in truth, the beautiful nymphs, as they are called, being antique marble statues, which still keep their mysterious guard over the treasure vaults of the Alhambra. Caius Antistius was there, but his blood stained the pavement, and he grasped in vain the gold which he prized so dearly when living; for the gigantic

Goth had crushed the old man with a blow, and stood sole master of all that hoarded wealth. But what avails it to Ulric now? Ignorant of his descent into these secret regions, the Vandals and Romans are engaged in battle in the very courts of the palace of Antistius. Maddened by conflict, and desperate of success, the Romans have fired the palace of the Senator. Its crackling partitions are soon converted into unsightly heaps of ruin, and Ulric is buried beneath its smouldering masses. His yell of irremediable despair, hopeless vengeance, and impotent rage, yet rings in my ears.

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Roman and Goth were alike passed away, when my fancy recovered her train of images. I moved in a gay cavalcade of cavaliers, mounted on mettled steeds, and all shining with jewels and gold, whose bright silken turbans and swarthy complexions bespoke the Moors of Andalusia. Ascending a long street, we came to a heavy gate surmounted by three large sculptured pomegranates, having the rind broken asunder so as to exhibit the pulp; and I knew the Pomegranate Gate of the Alhambra. We entered, and continuing along a gently rising road, between steep elevations on either hand crowned with walls and terraces, and amid verdant slopes covered with fig-trees and grapevines, with the murmur of fountains and the gentle brawl of rivulets or cascades playing around, finally arrived on a sudden turn at a large square tower.

An open arch of arabesque style of construction formed the entrance of the tower. On the key-stone of the arch was sculptured an out-spread hand, the symbol of truth and justice, which are open, free, and plain. The interior of the tower presented a kind of covered vestibule or arcade, with stone benches along its sides, while opposite the first arch was another of similar style, but more complicated make, on the summit of which was the figure of a key, the symbol of wisdom, which unlocks the secrets of the heart, and without which justice would be blind and truth imperfect.

It was the Gate of Judgment, and in it sat the Calif Mohammed, dispensing justice to the followers of the Prophet indiscriminately, the high and low alike, as they thronged to his presence. A haughty noble of the tribe of Aliatar, and alcayde of Los Velez, had unjustly quarrelled with an armorer in the Alcaceria concerning the setting of a sword hilt, and, regardless of the well known sternness and impartiality of Mohammed, had rashly drawn his scimitar in a rage, and cut off the hand of the unhappy artisan, who now stood before the Calif, exhibiting the maimed and useless limb to his view, and relating the story of his wrongs. 'By the beard of the Prophet,' cried Mohammed, 'I would avenge it were he my brother. Eye for eye and tooth for tooth is the sentence of honor and the law.'—The offending alcayde was brought forward by the African guards of the Calif, and

with no tardy justice the sword of the executioner lopped off the hand, which had committed the crime. Questions of contract or property were carefully heard, and when heard, payments or restitution exacted on the spot, with the same summary and speedy administration of justice.

At length an old man, with a long beard flowing down to his girdle, was seen forcing his way through the crowd towards the gate, driving before him a small ass, heavily laden with a large sack, which seemed to press down the animal to the ground. 'Ho there, Aben Humeya,' cried the Calif, 'what bringest thou here in thy heavy sack? Is it gold for my treasury, perchance?'—'It is earth, O Calif,' was the reply,—earth from the field of Alferghi.'—'But answer me, unfeeling Aben Humeya,' said the Calif; 'why dost thou load thy miserable beast thus until he staggers under the intolerable burden?'—'Oh Calif,' rejoined the old man, 'if this animal sinks under a single sack full of the earth of Alferghi, how will it fare with thyself at the great judgment-day, when the avenging angel shall pile on thy back the whole field itself, of which thou hast cruelly despoiled the poor widow of thy servant Hamet?'—The *cadi* Aben Humeya thus boldly reproved his master for compelling a widow to give up to him a lot of land, which interfered with the grounds of a summer pavilion erected by him for one of his favorites. A flush of rage settled in the quivering

features of Mohammed, and the fate of the *cadi* seemed to tremble in the balance ; but it was for a moment only ; for the habitual love of justice instantly recovered its sway in the heart of the *Calif*. 'Allah kerim ! God is great,' said the *Calif*; 'thou hast done well, *Aben Humeya* ; let the woman of *Alferghi* receive restitution of her lands, and the royal pavilion be joined therewith, that Mohammed's justice may be proclaimed from the rising to the setting sun !'

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The Gate of Judgment, the wise and good prince who dealt out justice to his people under its shadow, and the applauding crowds who heard the sentence he pronounced against himself, had disappeared. I fancied myself in a vast square by the side of a rapid river, but in the heart of a populous city, the square indeed extending by means of arches over the bed of the river itself. Lofty houses rose on all sides, with balconied windows, which gradually became filled with spectators, the gay, the brilliant, and the beautiful. It was the *plaza* of the *Bivarrambla*, and the golden sands of the *Darro* were beneath my feet. *Boabdeli* was about to give a *fiesta de toros* in honor of his marriage with the lovely *Alfayma*, and, as the preparation proceeded, all *Granada* poured into the vast square, buoyant with anticipations of the favorite spectacle. At length a large body of soldiers, clad entirely in white, excepting their

scarlet turbans and a broad scarlet scarf around the waist, and armed only with halberds, marched into the *plaza*, and were so distributed as to compose a hollow square facing inwards upon the centre of the Bivarrambla. After them, announced by a loud clash of trumpets and tambours, came a squadron of lancers, with uniform precisely corresponding to that of the halberdiers, and all mounted on white barbs with harness of scarlet morocco and silk housings of the same color.—They rode into the throng in close columns, and making the round of the square drove out the populace within it, and then formed in line behind the halberdiers. At one extremity of the square was a rich open pavilion, where Boabdeli sat with his Queen, surrounded by the chiefs of the Zegrís, Abencerrages, Gomeles, and other favored tribes of his kingdom, to direct the course of the festival. At the opposite extremity of the square was another pavilion, where a large band of musicians were placed, and beneath which were confined the bulls designed for the combat. All the balconies overlooking the square were filled with a dense mass of spectators, as was the entire area of the *plaza* itself outside of the troops.

Every thing being in readiness, a cavalier rode into the hollow square, covered with jewels, and distinguished by the green hue of his turban, which marked his descent from the family of the Prophet, but not less distinguished by the stern

haughty countenance, which all knew for that of Reduan, the fierce Emir of Fezzan, who came to Granada to gratify his hatred of the Castilian name by warring upon the Christian nobles of Murcia and Andalusia. He wore nothing of a defensive nature, and held in his hand merely a lance formed of a short slender reed, seemingly altogether disproportioned to its heavy iron barb. His horse, a beautiful courser from the desert, stood pawing the earth with impatience. At a blast of the trumpets, a wild bull, previously goaded in his cage by the attendants to excite his fury, came tossing into the arena, and, after a furious glance at the strange objects around him, rushed with blind rage upon Reduan. But the practised cavalier was prepared for the event. Watching his moment as the frantic animal bounded towards him, just when the long horns seemed about to be dashed into the horse's flank, Reduan reined gently aside, at the same time that he plunged his lance into the neck of the bull, where it snapped off like a twig, leaving the polished steel buried in the spine; and the bull dropped down dead in the instant as if struck by a flash of lightning. Four stout mules, yoked abreast, with plumes and festoons of ribbons on their heads, and strings of bells around their necks, were quickly driven into the arena, to drag out the prostrate bull amid the glad shouts of the cheering multitude.

Another bull then burst into the arena, but

suddenly pausing as he saw the myriads of eyes fixed upon him, and the horse and rider just before him, he checked in his career amazed, and refused to advance upon Reduan, but remained bellowing and tossing up the earth with his feet.—Impatient for the stroke, Reduan hazarded the dangerous feat of advancing himself; but instead of rushing forward to meet the shock, the terrified bull continued to back towards the line of halberds, which guarded the side of the arena. The indignant populace, in scorn of the recreant bull, now called loudly for dogs to be let in upon him as unworthy to combat with men; and at a signal from Boabdeli two stout mastiffs from the Alpujarras were set upon him, and dashed in silence at his head and neck. The enraged bull, unable to retreat from these pertinacious assailants, sought to gore them with his horns or tread upon them with his fore feet, and tossed them again and again in the air. At length the noble dogs succeeded in fastening each upon one of his ears, and thus pinned his head to the ground. A few convulsive struggles on his part ended the contest, and one of the attendants came in and dispatched him with a knife, and he was dragged out like his predecessor.

Another bull now entered the arena, but, unlike the last, came forward tearing up the earth and lashing himself into a foam of fury, and as he espied Reduan, rushed to the encounter. It was a bull from the royal pastures in the valley of Zafar-

raya, with small legs, thick short neck and high flanks, wild and savage as a tiger of the East. Reduan had received a fresh lance; and when the bull came up, he struck the spear deep into the animal's neck, it is true, as before; but as the bull came bounding and tossing on, the spear head glanced from the bone and sunk in the thick flesh of the neck. Maddened, but not impeded, by the blow, the animal pushed onward still, and striking his horns into Reduan's horse, dashed horse and rider to the ground together. Nothing but the senseless fury of the bull, which spent itself in goring and tearing the fallen horse, saved the life of Reduan, by enabling the attendants to run in and drag him out from beneath his horse, leaving the bull undisputed master of the field. When the latter found that the horse no longer resisted him, he seemed to disdain to triumph over a prostrate foe, and suffered the lacerated and bleeding steed to rise and drag himself undisturbed out of the arena.

A pause now ensued in the sports, as no one seemed anxious to enter the lists with the powerful animal, who, although severely wounded, did not seem to have sustained any diminution of his vigor, and infuriate with the smart of the lance-head working in his flesh, ran bellowing around the square, madly butting at the halberds of the guards, and striving to leap over their serried files. At length a masked cavalier rode into the Bivarrambla, mounted on a slight-made Spanish jennet, and

followed by a black slave on horseback carrying a full suit of armor, and leading a strong Arabian war-horse of the sacred race of *kochlani*, fully caparisoned for battle. The knight's armor was of richly polished Damascus steel inlaid with gold, his helmet being surmounted with a couched lion, and his shield bearing the device of a bull's head with the motto '*contra audentior*' in golden letters beneath it. The knight himself bore only a small dagger stuck in his sash, but was splendidly dressed in silver stuff trimmed with purple and gold. Lowly bowing to Alfayma and Boabdeli, he caused himself to be announced as a Syrian cavalier from the Turkish court of Stamboul, seeking distinction in the wars of Spain; and he prayed permission to make trial of the skill of his native land in the festivities of the day. Leave being granted, he threw the bridle of his jennet to one of the attendants, and instead of accepting the lance and horse proffered him in return, declared his intention of entering the arena as he was, and on foot.

All exclaimed at the rashness, not to say madness, of the enterprise; but, nowise regarding their remonstrances, he coolly advanced within the arena. As he passed the halberdiers, he exchanged turbans with the nearest of them, and unrolling the large scarlet shawl which he thus received, held it before him in his left hand, spread out on the end of the broken lance shaft, which Reduan had left behind him, and holding his dagger in his right,

walked slowly towards the bull,—and as they met shook the scarlet shawl in his eyes.—Enraged by this act, the animal threw himself at the shawl, and the cavalier suffering him to glide by, as he passed struck the dagger to the hilt in his spine, and wrenching it to and fro in the wound with a powerful grasp, threw him dead on the sand. At this feat of address and strength, the spectators, who had been looking on with breathless interest at the movements of the daring cavalier, raised a shout of applause, which rang through Granada.

The arena being once more cleared, the masked cavalier selected a horse from those again offered him by the attendants, and, taking a halberd from one of the guards, rode into the square, and commanded that another bull should be let in for fight. Fixing the halberd firmly between his right arm and his side, as the bull rushed on the knight received him on the point of the weapon, and by reining his horse aside suffered the wounded bull to glance off, staggering across the arena and hurried along by the fury of his own approach. Again and again the same thing was repeated, the knight sitting steadily and tranquilly in his seat, and the bull receiving a deep gash in his neck or shoulder at each unsuccessful attack, until, faint with loss of blood, the animal would no longer come to the encounter. Perceiving this, the knight suddenly threw himself from the saddle, and, stepping up full in the face of the bull, seized him by the horns,

and by an extraordinary exertion of strength jerked him aside, and threw him, rolling over by the force of his own struggles, to be despatched by the attendants.

Once more the Bivarrambla reechoed with delighted shouts ; but, in the struggle of the last achievement, the mask of the cavalier had fallen from his face, betraying,—no swart features of an Asiatic chieftain bronzed in the burning suns of Palestine or Egypt,—but the light hair and complexion, the high open brow, and the clear blue eye of the Gothic lords of Spain. The applauding cries of the fickle multitude were instantaneously changed into yells of rage and vengeance, as the name of the knight went around ; for many a Moorish cavalier, who had felt the power of his arm in the frontier skirmishes of the times, recognized the young but redoubted Marquess of Cadiz. All now became uproar and confusion. Not supposing it possible that the Marquess should have dared to appear there unarmed and alone, and suspecting some concealed treason, the Moorish cavaliers called for their arms, and Boabdeli hastily summoned about him his Mauritanian guards. Instead of a single commander of Calatrava or Santiago, standing unarmed in the midst of the Bivarrambla, one would have supposed that a Castilian army were drawn up in the heart of Granada.

Meanwhile the Spanish knight calmly waited until the commotion had a little subsided, and then

approaching the pavilion of the Queen, requested to be heard. 'Listen, O King,' he said. 'Are the brave knights of Granada afraid of the prowess of my single hand, that they arm in consternation, as if the Constable of Castile were here with all her nobles at his back? I have heard thy youthful Queen extolled for beauty above the ladies of my country, and I came hither in the confidence of all knightly courtesy and honor, to challenge the best lance of thy court to ride a course in the lists, in behalf of my Queen and mistress the Lady Isabel of Castile; but I avow that fame has only spoken half the truth, in its praise of the Lady Alfayma; and here stand I, Ponce de Leon, Marquess of Cadiz, Lord of Jerez and Arcos, ready to maintain, in battle against all comers, that the Lady Alfayma is the loveliest lady in all the realms of Spain: and to this I pledge my faith as a knight and a noble.' With that he knelt and kissed his hand to the Queen, and calling for his armor and war-horse, was speedily equipped and mounted for the lists. But who, in that presence, would accept challenge on such an argument, and enter the lists to dispute the beauty of the blushing Alfayma? Instead of this, gratulation broke from every lip. Boabdeli welcomed the gallant Marquess to his pavilion, and the sports of the arena were again resumed, although the prowess of the Spanish cavalier had forestalled the interest of the remainder of the *fiesta*. He was entertained with royal magni-

ficence, and, when he rose to depart, was accompanied to the frontier by a troop of loyal Abencerrages, rather as a suite of honor, than as an escort for any purpose of protection,—leaving the ladies of Granada enchanted with his grace, his gallantry, and his manly beauty, not less than with his courage, strength, and skill in the arena.

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Once again the scene shifted. I imagined myself, as I was, reclining in an alcove of the Court of Lions. It seemed half a reverie, half a dream; for I could hear the constant fall of water from the mouths of the lions in the marble basin below, and the gilt tracery of the fretted roof, which covered the alcove, opened the light upon me from above, while the deep blue vault of the sky was visible over the Hall of the Sisters. Two persons were walking to and fro among the coupled columns under one of the arcades of the court, engaged in earnest conversation. One of them was far advanced in life, and wore the long flowing robe of the clergy and a cardinal's hat. The other was evidently young, dressed in the black velvet doublet and slashed satin hose of a Spanish gentleman, spangled all over with gems, and wearing a hat of black velvet, looped up with a large diamond set in pearls, and ornamented with a white ostrich plume.

'And this then,' said the latter, 'is the Alhambra, the far-famed palace of the Moorish princes of Granada, the scene of so many brilliant festivities,

of so many black and bloody crimes. How much richer is the glorious Vega below than the gardens of Seville, how much blander this atmosphere than that around the heated rock of Toledo, how much more exquisite this monument of Arabian art than the alcazar of Segovia, how much more bewitchingly attractive is every thing here than in the bleak naked regions of Burgos or Valladolid! Why should not the lord of the united crowns of Castile and Aragón make the seat of his court in this Andalusian paradise?’

‘The heir of the united lines of Castile and Aragon can do much,’ replied the other, ‘which his ancestors, ruling a divided realm, and struggling with the Moor for existence, and continually at war with each other or with their subjects, could not do. But the King of all the Spains must choose his residence, not for amenity of situation, but for the welfare and honor of his crown.’

‘True, but whether for defence against the foe, or for access to the various parts of Spain, what city has greater advantages than Granada?’

‘It is not by these inducements only,’ rejoined the ecclesiastic, ‘that the selection of your capital should be controlled. The kings of Castile, Leon, and Aragon, the counts of Barcelona, the lords of Biscay, were each but the first among the grandees of their respective states; and the fate of many a descendant of Don Pelayo has shown that he was *not always even the first*. But the King of Spain

must be a king in deed as well as in name. And to make sure of this, he should build his capital in the midst of a desert waste like the village of Madrid, that his great vassals may be separated from their estates, and the bond of union between them and their retainers relaxed. Thus only can he become their master.'

'I admit,' replied the cavalier, 'thy profound knowledge and forecast ; but is not the present power of the crown adequate to bridle these refractory nobles ? What Haro, Guzman, or Pacheco would venture to raise the standard of his name against *me* ? Even the house of La Cerda accepts of rank and favor at my hands. And think how invitingly Granada stands to be the capital of a new mistress of the Mediterranean ! Is not Spain already mine ? Are not the two Sicilies mine ? Is not the passage to Africa as easy for me as for the Gothic conquerors from whom I descend, as easy to me as was the transit hither of those fierce Arabs, whom we have at last driven back to their deserts ? When my grandsire Maximilian bids adieu to earth and empire, who may pretend to the purple of the Cæsars if not I ? And who should better humble the encroaching Mahometan along the Adriatic and the Peloponnesus, and thus restore the limits of the Empire, than the heir alike of the Cæsars and of Don Pelayo ? Think, too, of the New World opened to my sceptre by the genius of the Admiral, and empire, wider than all the sway of Augustus,

acquired for me by the bravery of a handful of Spanish gentlemen. Now tell me, with Carthage and Cadiz at hand for the stations of my navy, what had Rome to recommend it as a capital, which is not exceeded in Granada ?'

'Alas,' replied the Cardinal, 'it is in these magnificent projects of conquest and power, alluring as I admit they are, that I foresee the future downfall of my country. What the public prosperity gains in diffusion it loses in intensity. When Charles of Spain has mounted the throne of the Cæsars, think-est thou the well-being of Spain will be the exclusive, nay, that it will be the first object of his regard ? No. Her treasures will be swallowed up in that fathomless gulf, the intrigues of the Germanic Empire, and the blood of her sons will fatten the plains of Artois or Lombardy ; and I fear me her *fueros* and franchises will be forgotten in admiration of the talents and greatness of her Emperor-King. And that New World, of which thou speakest,—I foresee that the precious metals it yields so exuberantly will flow through Spain without enriching her, and that all the gainful industry she now possesses will vanish before the golden harvest of these Indies. I foresee that the enterprise of Spain will pass off in expeditions of colonization beyond the Ocean-Sea, so that the day shall come when the New World will indeed become a world of itself, independent of us, wherein the glories of Spain, nay of Europe, will be absorbed and extinguished ?—

'*Basta!*' said his impatient auditor. 'Is not "*plus oultre*" the motto of my head and heart? The Pillars of Hercules shall place no barrier to the dominion of Charles of Spain. And thou, my good Ximenez, whose baseless predictions I have heard all too calmly, suffer not these thick coming fancies to cloud thy better judgment, but rather join me in devising measures for strengthening and extending the power of the Spanish monarchy.'

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As the last words fell on my ear, the vesper-bell sounded in the distance, and I awoke to the consciousness that evening was fast descending around me. The courts and halls of the Alhambra were deserted, lonely, and silent. Princes no longer feasted in its saloons, nor dispensed justice in its gates: and if a few straggling occupants were seen here and there in its precincts, they were only the half dozen officers of its nominal garrison, or the poor silk weavers permitted to dwell within the walls of the Fortress. I descended the street of the Gomeles, and paced the Bivarrambla in pensive meditation. The Romans of the older world, the Visigoths and Moors of the middle age, all were extinct alike, the stable magnificence of the one and the brilliant anarchy of the others, each was gone. And what remained to supply their place? Not the martial following of Charles and Philip, which broke the military force of the French at Pavia, and the naval force of the Turks in the gulf of Lepanto;—

not the formidable states of Philip the Second and Third, whose ministers wielded the wealth of the world for good or for evil ; not even the intellectual and imaginative courts, for which Cervantes, and Lope de Vega, and Calderon wrote : but a country, a nation, a people, which affords a standing monument of the public degradation and private misery, to which vicious political institutions can reduce a country the richest in its natural resources among the states of Europe, a nation once the most powerful in all the elements of political greatness, and a people surpassed by none, even at the present day, in genius, courage, and every moral capability.

The muleteer, who crossed the Bivarrambla at the moment these reflections were passing through my mind, in his buskined legs, in his port and features, and in the large cloak thrown like a toga over his shoulders, seemed half a Roman at least ; but he was only a poor *contrabandistu* from the mountains of Ronda after all, earning a scanty subsistence by the constant violation of oppressive laws. The horseman, who rode by me, was a Castilian noble of the first class, whose fathers led to battle armies of their own household ; but the privileges of his grandee-ship were now narrowed down to the right of wearing a hat in the King's presence, of addressing him in the second person, of shining in the *maestranza* of his province, and perchance of receiving the signal honor of the chamberlain's

gold key at the next *besamanos*, or audience-day, of Aranjuez or Madrid.

Enough. I saw beneath my feet the same fertile soil, above me the same auspicious heavens, around me the same manly forms, which Granada possessed of yore :—the body of greatness remained here with her still ; but she wanted the glorious and ethereal soul of greatness, the unquenchable spirit without which the rest is naught,—for she wanted
FREEDOM.



BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

Thy heart hath burned, as shepherds sung
Some wild and warlike strain,
When the Moorish horn was proudly rung
Through the pealing hills of Spain.

MRS. HEMANS.

O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;—
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right :
Soon may I hear and see him.

SHAKESPEARE'S KING LEAR.

The day of Roncesvalles was
 A dismal day for you,
 Ye men of France ; for then the lance
 Of King Charles was broke in two.
 Ye well may curse that awful field,
 For many a noble peer
 In fray or fight the dirt did bite
 Beneath Bernardo's spear.

LOCKHART'S SPANISH BALLADS.

Charlemagne, dont le pouvoir colossal menaçait l'Europe, avait franchi les Pyrénées, soumis la rive gauche de l'Ebre, pris Barcelone et Pampelune. Il rentrait vainqueur en France, lorsque les Navarrois, se montrant tout-à-coup sur les montagnes d'Altavizcar fondent sur ses troupes et les enveloppent. En vain l'intrepide Roland renouvelle ses immortelles prouesses, tant de fois chantées par nos vieux romanciers ; il est accablé par le nombre et reste sur le champ de bataille avec l'élite des paladins de Charlemagne ; l'Empereur lui même ne trouve son salut que dans la fuite. Tel fut le combat de Roncevaux.

MONCLAVE, HIS. DE L'ESPAGNE.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale ?
 Ah ! such, alas ! the hero's amplest fate !
 When granite moulders and when records fail,
 A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
 Pride ! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate :
 See how the mighty shrink into a song !
 Can volume, pillar, pile preserve thee great ?
 Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,
 When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong ?

BYRON'S CHILDE HAROLD.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

THE reign of Alfonso the Second covers a period of half a century, from 791 to 842, during which the Christians successfully defended themselves against the Moors in their mountain fastnesses of the Asturias and Leon, gradually extending their little territory, and acquiring confidence and firmness from time. But this period is dear to Spanish recollection, less for its long series of every day wars between the Goths and Arabs, than for an episode, as it were, in its history, consisting of a brief struggle between the Spaniards and the troops of Charlemagne, and the achievements, whether fable or fact, of Bernardo del Carpio. Alfonso bears the surname of the Chaste, and has narrowly escaped canonization for the monastic virtue he displayed, in never so much as seeing his wife Bertha, a princess of the royal family of the Franks. But, as the story runs, his sister, Doña Ximena, was not distinguished in the same way. Don Sancho Diaz, Conde de Saldaña, gained the affection of the fair but frail

Ximena ; and Bernardo del Carpio was the fruit of their intercourse. When Alfonso discovered the weakness of his sister, his indignation knew no bounds. He compelled Doña Ximena to assume the veil, and condemned Don Sancho to close imprisonment for life in the castle of Luna ; and carefully concealing the secret of Bernardo's parentage, caused him to be suitably educated in the Asturias. Such is the extraction assigned to Bernardo by the Spanish chroniclers ; and although historical critics deny that such persons as Bernardo, or his supposed parents, Sancho Diaz and Ximena, ever existed, yet traditionary and poetic lore assigns a most interesting and splendid career to Bernardo.

Nursed in the salubrious air of the mountains of Asturias, endowed by nature with a vigorous frame, and accustomed from early youth to every martial exercise, young Bernardo grew up to be a genuine hero of chivalry, valiant, frank, noble, and tender ; and soon began to distinguish himself among his warlike countrymen, in their continual encounters with the Moors. In battle or tourney, none surpassed Bernardo ; until he came to be deemed the champion of the Goths, among whom, uncertain of his actual birth, he was by many supposed to be the illegitimate son of the King himself. To this period relates the following ballad.

Bañando esta las prisiones.

Bathing in tears his prison bars,
And weeping life away,
The noble Count Don Sandiaz,
Saldaña's Señor, lay.

And thus, in solitude and wo,
He mourned his hapless lot,
Abandoned by his wife and King,
By Don Bernardo, too, forgot.

'The years that I have dragged along,
'A prisoner in this loathsome cell,
'How many and how sad they've been,
'These hairs proclaim too well.

'The down of youth was on my lips,
'When first within these walls I came;
'But now these long white locks betray
'An age of sorrow, sin, and shame.

'What scorn is in thy heart, my son?
'The blood of mine, that fills thy veins,
'Should summon thee to rescue him,
'Who withers here in felon chains.

'Or is it that thy mother's blood,
'The blood of stern Alfonso's race,
'Stifes the voice of nature thus,
'And bids thee shun thy father's face?

'All, all are now Don Sancho's foes:—
'Wretch that I am! I well might pine,
'The victim of a stranger's crime;
'But not, my gallant son, of thine.

'From guard and castellan I hear
'The story of thy chivalry:—
'For whom should be thy feats of arms,
'For whom, if none are wrought for me?

'And since, to set thy father free,
 'No knightly deed by thee is done,
 'Or I a wicked sire must be,
 'Or thou a most unworthy son.

'But thou in fields of fame afar
 'Playest the valiant soldier's part :
 'Forgive me, if, in age or grief,
 'I wrong thy nobleness of heart.'

But Bernardo still remained ignorant of the secret of his birth, and of course was guilty of no unnatural neglect of his imprisoned father. His true parentage was at length communicated to him by Elvira Sanchez, his nurse. Know, said she, Bernardo, that thou art not the offspring of the King, Don Alfonso. Thy mother was Doña Ximena, and thy father the Count of Saldaña, who lies imprisoned in the castle of Luna ; and men cast reproaches on thy name, that thou sufferest the good Count to remain in durance, affliction, and slighted old age.—Enough, cried Bernardo ; thy tale suffices to stimulate the son of so noble a sire.

Al cielo vuelve los ojos.

He lifts to heaven his weeping eyes ;
 And o'er his fair but manly cheeks,
 While tears of rage and sorrow flow,
 Gnashing his teeth, 'tis thus he speaks :—

'Followers and friends, if this be so,
 'Bernardo's war-cry will disown,
 'And leave me mid the battling Moors,
 'Captive, or slain, or smitten down.

'My steed will fling me from his back,
'And trample me beneath the host;
'And in the fight my own right arm
'Will fail me when I need it most.

'And if Alfonso give not me
'My honored sire, Saldaña's lord,
'I'll beard the tyrant on his throne,
'And waste his realm with fire and sword.'

But, before proceeding to such extremities, Bernardo very nobly resolves that he will endeavor to earn the deliverance of his father, by such patriotic acts, and such exertions of devoted loyalty, that Alfonso, for very shame, shall be compelled to grant the boon he seeks. And a fitting opportunity speedily occurred for displaying his prowess.

The Emperor Charlemagne, invited by some discontented Arab chief, had undertaken the conquest of the Peninsula. His thirst of empire might have been disguised to his own conscience, perhaps, by the glorious prospect of delivering Spain from the yoke of the Mohammedans, who, indeed, from their inroads into Gaul, and conquest of some of its provinces, were sufficiently dangerous neighbors, and very suitable objects of attack. Unfortunately, the last remnants of the Christian lords of Spain held the mountains of Asturias and Biscay, immediately contiguous to Aquitaine; and as they refused allegiance to Charlemagne, they were forced to bear the first brunt of the Emperor's arms. He marched one army into Catalonia through Roussillon,

and led another himself across the western Pyrenees into Navarre. Barcelona, Girona, Zaragoza and other cities, then possessed by the Moors, submitted to his arms, including most of the country between the Pyrenees and the Ebro ; but in Navarre he encountered an obstinate resistance. Gaining possession at last of Pampeluna, he levelled its walls with the ground : so that when a revolt of his Saxon subjects compelled him to repair to Germany with all his forces, abandoning his Spanish conquests, the Christians of Navarre were almost the only inhabitants of the Peninsula, who had seriously suffered by the invasion ; and a powerful band of mountaineers, Navarrese, Biscayans, Asturians, and if tradition may be credited, Leonese also, hung on the retreating Franks, and waylaying their army in the defiles of Roncesvalles, cut off the rear guard, says Eginhard, to a man. The Arabs, also, lay claim to the honor of this victory ; and it is probable that, as often happened in the revolutions of those times, Christians and Moors united, in order at this time to be revenged of the invading Franks. Such is the history.

It would further appear that Alfonso, whether from despair of maintaining his kingdom against the Moors, or from inability to cope with Charlemagne, or from his unwillingness to raise up heirs to the crown of Leon of his own body, was disposed to purchase peace by acknowledging himself the vassal of Charlemagne. But the love of independence

was the darling passion of the Spanish Goths; and Alfonso was obliged to change his policy by the opposition of his nobles, at the head of whom was Bernardo del Carpio.

Retirado en su palacio.

Retired within his palace halls,
Amid his ricoshomes bold,
Alfonso, King of Leon, sits,
The Cortes of his realm to hold.

The plans of Charlemagne he breaks
To warriors, famed in battle field,
To gray haired counsellors of state,
Who sternly still attention yield.

When Don Alfonso ceased to speak,
Murmurs of discord filled the hall,
And eager voices, loud and high,
Canvassed the proffers of the Gaul.

Some say: 'The liberty of Spain!
'Our ears can list no dearer sound:—
'Long, long enough our Spanish soil
'Has been the slave to false Mahound;—

'Unless, by righteous heaven's decree,
'For vengeance that our sins provoke,
'Condemned, in malison of crime,
'To bear for aye the stranger's yoke.'

Others maintain: 'Tis no affront,
'Nor is it well to scorn the aid,
'Which Charles, for honorable terms,
'Proffers against the renegade.'

With that, confused and hurried sounds
Rise from the palace court below;

And troops of armed men are seen
Tumultuous rushing to and fro.

' *Viva España!*—loud they shout :—
' *Viva* her ever glorious cause ;
' *Viva* the chaste Alfonso, if
' He stands for Leon and her laws !—

' *Viva*, who joins our rallying cry !—
' And the dastards who refuse, our swords
' Shall reach their coward hearts to-day,
' From peasants up to belted lords.

' *Viva* the brave Bernardo here,
' The champion of our Spain,
' Whose hand his native land defends,
And rends the oppressor's chain !'—

Bernardo in the front appears ;—
He stills their noisy cries ; and then,
Choosing from out the multitude
Some dozen of his gallant men,

He enters where Alfonso sat,
And thus he speaks :—' If craven fear
' Inspires you with submissive thoughts,
' Shameful alike to prince and peer,—

' Freezing the noble blood you claim,—
' If such indeed can e'er be said
' To be the blood of generous Goths,
' Who filled of yore the world with dread :—

' And if you truckle to the Frank,
' How shall the sounding trump of fame,
' Your deeds,—the deeds of recreant men,—
' In camp or palace hall proclaim ?—

' Let angry heaven pour down its fires
' To blast and burn the soil of Spain,
' Rather than bend your freeborn necks
' To be the slaves of Charlemagne.

'Never, no never :—in this cause
 'All powers of earth I here defy :—
 'Who counsels yielding to the Frank,
 'The wretch by this right hand shall die.

'And many more to this great stake
 'Are sworn in solemn league with me :
 'For sweet is freedom's glorious name,
 'And oh ! abhorred is slavery.'

Therewith he left the council hall,
 And, hastening to the plain,
 Marshalled his men in grim array,
 To strike for noble Spain.

The King, who might not choose but yield,
 Joined in the bold Bernardo's cry :
 Whereby, in spite of Gallic foes,
 Spain held and holds her liberty.

These lines exhibit, in striking colors, the characteristic aversion of the Spanish people for the yoke of France. They also illustrate, in a very curious manner, the frank and independent proceedings of the Gothic nobles, who yielded a precarious allegiance to their sovereigns, and possessed many valuable rights, until Charles the First and his successors broke down the power of the aristocracy, and gradually suppressed the franchises of the people. But, in former times, the Spaniards promised obedience to their kings with a very significant if; and as in the present ballad, were accustomed to cry,

Viva el casto Rey Alfonso,
 CON TAL que esta voz no estorbe :

Which, in spirit, is not unlike the famous oath of the Aragonese.

Alfonso, then, however reluctantly, is compelled to arm against the Emperor, and the command of his forces is, of course, entrusted to Bernardo del Carpio.

Con tres mil y mas Leoneses.

Followed by gallant Leonese,
Three thousand men and more,
Bernardo leaves the city, which
Rescued Iberia from the Moor,

And gave it back again to Christ;—
Which, sacred to our country's fame,
Preserves within its proud old walls
Pelagius's ever glorious name.

The shepherd ~~lays~~ his crook away;
Sickle and spade ~~neglected~~ lie;
The peasants, in the half-turned sod,
Leave the forsaken share, and fly.

The old reanimate their fire;
Rush to their arms the young;
The slothful rouse themselves, the sick
Feel their weak frames with vigor strung.

All to Bernardo's banner flock;
To freedom, victory, they call,
Scorning the ignominious bonds,
The threatened fetters of the Gaul.

'Free,' they exclaimed, 'we saw the light:
'Though to the sovereign of the land
'We render what is rightly his,
'Obedient to divine command,—

' Nor God ordains nor duty bids,
 ' That, reckless of the glorious dead,
 ' Our father's sons, like household slaves,
 ' To foreign masters bow the head.

 ' Our hearts are not so dastardly,
 ' Our arms so vigorless and poor,
 ' Our veins so bloodless yet, that we
 ' Such infamy should calm endure.

 ' The Frank, perchance, by force of arms
 ' Has conquered these our native glades ?
 ' Counts he on bloodless victory ?
 ' No, while our hands can grasp our blades.

 ' Say, for ye may, the Leonese
 ' Fighting in serried files are slain,
 ' But never that they tamely yield :
 ' Are they not sons, indeed, of Spain ?

 ' If, battling on for fourteen years,
 ' Numantia's single strength defied,
 ' With desperate constancy, the power
 ' Of Rome, in all her martial pride,—

 ' Shall we, the lions of whose realm
 ' Have bathed so oft their crimson flanks
 ' In Libyan gore,—shall we subject
 ' Our Leon to the invading Franks ?—

 ' The King may squander lands and gold ;—
 ' He cannot thus his liegemen sell :—
 ' For spirits brave and faithful hearts
 ' No royal sceptre can compel.'

With that Bernardo forms his files,
 The squadrons of España's boast,—
 While Don Alfonso, where he stands,
 Looks down upon the glittering host ;

 And cavaliers and billmen bold
 Come pouring in from vale and hill,

From city walls or mountain hold,
Hasting Bernardo's camp to fill.

We see, in this ballad, the instinctive habits of thinking entertained by the Spaniards in regard to the French, displayed in all their intensity. There is another description of the same occasion; and both of them strikingly applied to Napoleon's invasion of the Peninsula, and were at that time constantly in the mouths of the Spaniards.

Con los mejores de Asturias.

Leading Asturia's best and bravest
Marshaled in file and rank,
Bernardo sallies forth from Leon;
To war against the Frank,

Who comes, invited by Alfonso,
To seize the Spanish throne,
Deeming, perchance, that none are worthy
To mount it, of Spain's own.

Marching his host two leagues from Leon,
He halts upon a plain,
And thus, in strains of martial courage,
He loud harangues the train.

'Hear me, ye gallant men of Leon,
'Who high and low disdain
'To be or bear the name of villain,—
'Hidalgos, each, of Spain.

'Ye go, Alfonso's faithful liegemen,
'To guard your lives and lands,
To drive beyond España's borders
'The Gaul's invading bands.

' Resolved, no haughty foreign masters
 ' Shall here their claim advance,
 ' Nor Leon's valiant sons inhabit
 ' A fragment of their France.

' Resolved, that time nor tide shall alter
 ' Your ancient blazonry,
 ' The grim-faced lions of your scutcheon,
 To gaudy fleurs-de-lis.

' Resolved, as were your Gothic fathers,
 ' No panic of an hour
 ' Shall force you tamely to surrender
 ' Your freedom and your power.

' Who dare not fight three foemen,
 ' Depart;—we need not them :
 ' Their comrades, though in number lessened,
 ' The Gallic host can stem.

' Should I, and they who love Bernardo,
 ' But one to four remain,
 ' All France we challenge to the combat
 ' In the good cause of Spain.'

And furiously the spur Bernardo
 Dashed in his destrier's flank,
 Shouting, ' España's brave hidalgos,
 ' Follow me to the Frank.'

Bernardo accordingly marches the Leonese, to
 Zaragoza, where they join forces with the troops of
 the Moorish King Marsilio, commanded by Bravone-
 nel, and pursue the Franks to the defiles of the
 Pyrenees.

Hallaronse en Roncesvalles.
 The squadrons fought in Roncesval,
 Spaniard and Frank and Moor :

Till many a gallant cavalier
Sank down in dust and gore.

But, led by bold Bernardo still,
That doughty knight of Spain,
Proud Leon's mountaineers o'ercame
The peers of Charlemagne.

Bernardo's hand it was, that there
The gallant Roland slew,
Bernardo, bravest of the brave,
Who France's host o'erthrew.

Waving aloft his thirsty sword,
Bathed in the blood of foes,
His cry still sounded o'er the press,
'Close up, España, close.'

In the chronicle of Turpin it is related, that when the French received the onset of the Spaniards, Roland sounded his magic horn to recall the Emperor, and preserve his rear-guard from destruction. Its blast was heard even at Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, where Charlemagne lay with his army; but the traitor Ganelon induced the Emperor to disregard the summons. Hereupon Roland, losing all hope, seeks to break his celebrated sword, Durandal or Durindana, that it may not fall into the hands of the Moors. He furiously strikes at lofty trees, at the rocks themselves; but nothing can withstand the enchanted blade, wielded by so powerful an arm. Oaks are cut down, the rocks fly into fragments, but Durandal remains entire. At length, Roland buries the sword almost to the hilt in a solid rock, and by a violent struggle succeeds

in snapping asunder its blade. Having done this, he sounds his horn once more, not in demand of expectation of succor, but to announce to the Christians that his last hour is come; and he does it with so much force, that his veins burst in the effort, and he falls bathed in his own blood.

Bernardo led back the victorious legions of his countrymen to Leon, where King Alfonso received them with suitable demonstrations of welcome. In honor of the triumph, bull-fights and other national games were commanded, while the Cortes of the kingdom held their session.

All the grandes and ricos homes of Leon are present in the Cortes and jousts. Bernardo alone is absent; for he is now preparing to urge the great object of his exertions and sacrifices, the liberation of his father from the castle of Luna. Missing him, who was the ornament and glory of the realm,—him whom all eyes sought to behold,—some of the nobles embraced the occasion to promise him their services with the King, if he would honor the Cortes and festivities by his presence. He attends accordingly, and bears off the palm of chivalry in the tournament, as he had in the battle field; and thus pleads his father's cause to Alfonso.

En el castillo de Luna.

'Lord King, in Luna's dungeon keep

'Ye hold my captive sire,' he cries;

'By thee alone a felon deemed,

'But guiltless in all other eyes.

' Its walls are weary to behold
 ' So long the prisoned cavalier,
 ' Who entered there in life's gay prime,
 ' Which now is withered, old, and sear.

 ' If aught of crime, which he hath done,
 ' Ask that Don Sancho's blood should flow,
 ' Enough, I trow, myself have shed,
 ' In battling with Alfonso's foe.

 ' Your sister's only son am I :
 ' Bethink you of Ximena's fame :—
 ' Dooming Bernardo's sire to chains,
 ' You brand her with a wanton's name.

 ' Lord King, I seek not to offend :
 ' My suit is clear, my plea is known :—
 ' Ye hold my sire in prison-bonds,
 ' Whilst I am fighting for your throne.'

But Alfonso is inexorable. He alleges that he is bound by solemn oaths to hold the Count of Saldaña his prisoner for life. Bernardo concludes to try the effect of loyalty and public services a little longer ; resolving, after that, to prefer one final request to the King, and if this be refused, to hurl defiance at his head. In pursuance of this resolution, he faithfully serves Alfonso for a while in his wars with the Saracens. But, finding that no greatness of services availed him, he lost all patience, and fortifying himself, with a chosen band of followers, in the castle of El Carpio, he made incursions continually into the territory of Leon, burning, pillaging, and cutting down every thing before him, until the King was obliged to lay siege to him in his strong hold.

At length, weary of a protracted leaguer, and hopeless of reducing Bernardo, the barons, who followed Alfonso, persuaded him to offer to Bernardo the only terms of surrender to which he would listen. Alfonso agreed to deliver up Don Sancho; and Bernardo, relying upon his solemn pledge, surrendered his castle of El Carpio. But the false King, while he kept his promise to the ear, broke it to the sense. Some accounts say that he caused Don Sancho's eyes to be put out before his release, and the effusion of blood caused the immediate death of the unfortunate Count. By others, the catastrophe is differently related.

The latter story runs, that Bernardo repaired to Salamanca, where it was arranged he should meet his father; and he and the King rode out from the city together to receive the Count. They descried a company in the distance, the old knight being in the midst, mounted on horseback, and clothed in rich apparel, with all the dignity and attendance befitting his rank; and as he approached,—‘O God,’ cried Bernardo, ‘is this the noble Count of Saldaña?’—‘It is he,’ replied the King; ‘go now and greet him, whom you have so long desired to behold.’—Bernardo joyfully advanced, and took his father's hand to kiss it; but the fingers were stiff and stark, and looking up into the face of Don Sancho, he found he gazed on a livid corpse. The cruel King had caused the Count to be murdered in his prison, taking this unnatural method to gratify

his despite against Bernardo. The emotions, which this dreadful disappointment of his cherished hopes awakened, are displayed at the funeral of the Count.

Al pie de un tumulo negro.

The choir of Jesu's temple in,
Kneeling upon his bended knee,
Beside his father's sepulchre,
El Carpio's brave Bernardo see.—

Backed by his vassals and his friends,
Hidalgos, cavaliers, and all,
For duty or in sign of love
Shrouded in sorrow's sable pall,—

Bernardo comes to celebrate
The Count Don Sancho's obsequies,
While sobs convulse his stalwart frame,
And tears of grief bedew his eyes.

Covered with mournful black, he kneels
In agony of heaving breast,
Though bold and strong as when he rides
To battle field, his lance in rest.

Somewhile, betwixt his grinded teeth
With half heard curses muttering :—
Somewhile, he loudly calls to heaven
For vengeance on the traitor King,

Who swore to set Don Sancho free,
But basely slew him in his jail.
'If sceptered kings,' he cries, 'are false,
'In meaner men shall truth prevail ?

'Good name, Alfonso, thy misdeeds
'Have for thy erring sister won ;

' Good title for thy nephew's house,
' Good pay for knightly service done.

' Thank God, my honor not depends
' On thee, nor dreads a bastard's name :
' Despite of all, my trenchant sword
' Shall carve me out a road to fame.'

And turning to Don Sancho's face,
With choler in his burning eyes,
And deeds of vengeance in his looks,
Careless if friend or foe be by,—

Careless if in the house of God
Or in his castle hall he stood,—
He places one hand on his beard,
And flinging back his mourning hood,

Grasps in the other his good sword,
Furious with overmastering ire :
And these the words Bernardo spoke
Or to his King or to his sire.

' Donht not, my noble sire, he cried,
' That vengeance shall be duly paid
' For all the wrongs that thou hast borne,
' While I possess this faithful blade.

' I am but one, sir King, I know :
' I am but one poor castellain ;
' But I am he, who vanquished France,
' And broke the power of Charlemagne.

' And this the hand that Roland slew,
' And gave to Leon victory ;—
' And while Bernardo lives, he lives
' For vengeance, father, and for thee.'

It is the peculiar and characteristic feature of
Bernardo's life, that a pure and exalted filial piety

pervades and animates all his actions. In him, there is no selfish pursuit of distinction or power for his own sake; nor, as in the ordinary enterprises of chivalry, is it a common-place passion for the female sex, which inspires him to do and dare, in the tented field as in the court of princes. The romance, which describes the closing scene of his adventures, is among the best in the language.

Con solo diez de los ayos.

With only ~~ten~~ his picked men,
With hat in hand, with gentle word,—
In guise of seeming reverence.
Bernardo stands before his Lord.

The rest, some good three hundred more,
Divided two by two with care,
That none their purpose may suspect,
Straight to the palace court repair.

'False wretch,' the angry King exclaims,
'Thy presence here we welcome not,
'Base offspring of a traitor sire,
'In fraud and perfidy begot.

'Ye held El Carpio's battlements
'Against the banner of your lord;
'But trust me, I'll repay the deed;
'I swear it by my knightly word.'

Bernardo, who impatient stood
Fiercely responded to the King:
'They who inform Alfonso thus,
'False tidings to his hearing bring.

'I dare avouch with sword and lance,
'My father's old ancestral line

'Could gain, whate'er thy royal boast,
'No added purity from thine,—

'The name of traitor to my sire
'Whose'er in thought or word applies,
'Prince or hidalgo, whatso'er
'His rank, I say the villain sells.

'My service you reward right well,
'Branding me with insulting terms :—
'Ungrateful lord, unworthy king,
'Who thus his plighted faith confirms.

'Bethink thee how, at Romeral,
'Thy horse was slain, thyself wast down,
'And I rushed in to save thy life,
'At deadly peril of my own.

'I dragged thee senseless from the press,
'I held the Saracens at bay,
'I placed thee on my charger's back :—
'And this the traitor's part I play.

'For which I had thy solemn pledge,
'With words of constancy full store ;
'Thou wouldst in all good faith, my sire
'To freedom and to fame restore.

'Nobly, Lord King, thy royal word,
'Thy knightly pledge, thou hast fulfilled
'Since in the prison where he lay
'My father thou hast basely killed,

'And here stand I, Don Sancho's son,
'Defiance at thy beard to fling ;—
'Here mid thy vassals, in thy hall,
'I swear to be avenged, Lord King.'

'Seize on the frantic wretch, my knights,
'Seize him,' Alfonso cries :

'Dares he defy me on my throne ?
'The base-born caitiff-miscreant dies.

'Seize him,' still shouts the furious King :
But none in all that presence stand,
Who dare Bernardo's rage to brave.—
Folding his cloak around his hand,

He half unsheathed his falchion's blade,
And shouted : 'Touch me ye who dare ;

'I am Bernardo, and to none
'Homage or fealty do I bear.

'My sword is mine : its point obeys
'Nor king nor conde high or low ;
'And when Bernardo wields it well,
'The temper of its edge ye know.'

Whereat Bernardo's chosen men,
Watching their time with eager eye,
Put hand to sword, and flinging back
Their cloaks upon their shoulder, fly

Promptly to bold Bernardo's side,
Marshalled in grim array.
A blast upon his bugle horn
Summons their fellows to the fray.

They seize upon the alcazar gates,
Their shouts ring loud and clear ;
'Viva Bernardo,' still they cry,
'Del Carpio's valiant cavalier.'

His taunting speech and hasty threats
Sorely Alfonso then did rue :
With smothered rage he smiles, and says,
'Ye take my merry jests for true.'

Scornfully turning on his heel,
Bernardo quick and short replied,

'I give you jest for jest, Lord King,
'And sharper ones may yet betide.'

Poetry is true to the character of Bernardo to the last ; for having thus boldly proclaimed his purpose to Alfonso, he forsakes the land, which is ruled by so fell a tyrant, and takes service, as some say, with the Saracens,—or as others affirm, with the Navarrese ; and we only hear of him afterwards as an independent knight, scouring the banks of the Arlanza, at the head of his vassals, in execution of his purpose of vengeance against the murderer of the Count of Saldaña.



FRANCISCO DE TOLEDO,

THE KING KILLER.

It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humor than advised respect.

SHAKESPEARE'S KING JOHN.

Con estas imaginaciones de tan grandes méritos entró á besar la mano al rey Don Felipe II. La catolica magestad, que tenia larga y general relacion y noticia de todo lo sucedido en aquel imperio, y en particular de la muerte que dieron al principe Tupac Amaru, y del destierro en que condenaron á sus parientes mas cercanos, donde perecieron todos, recibió al visorey, no con el aplauso que él esperaba, sino muy en contra, y en breves palabras le dixo, que se fuese á su casa, que S. M. no le habia enviado al Perú para que matase reyes, sino que sirviese á reyes. Con esto se salió de la presencia real, y se fue á su posada, bien desconsolado del disfabor que no imaginaba. Al qual se anadió otro no menor, y fue que *** los del Consejo de ella mandaron embargar todo el oro y plata que Don Francisco de Toledo traia del Perú, hasta que se averiguase y sacase en claro lo que pertenecia á la real hacienda. Don Francisco de Toledo, viendo el segundo disfabor que igualaba con el primero, cayó en tanta tristeza y melancolía que murió en pocos dias.

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA, HISTORIA DEL PERU.

FRANCISCO DE TOLEDO.

WHEN the Cathedral of Cordova was a place of Mahometan worship, the appearance of its interior was very different from what it now is, and the changes made by its Christian possessors have not added to its architectural beauty. The Spaniards have constructed in the very centre of the church a rich sanctuary, which breaks the continuity of its vast ranges of pillars, and impairs the general grandeur of effect here, as it does in most of the Spanish Cathedrals. They have also erected a great number of chapels around the sides of the church, with small regard to symmetry or general effect in their form and location.

The Moors entered their mosque from the court on the north side of it, where there is a grove of beautiful orange-trees, filling the air with the fragrance of flowers and fruit. They advanced up the body of the mosque, amid its thousand columns, until they approached its southern side and reached the place of purification. Here a fountain

rose from the floor, and above it was a richly wrought canopy, if I may so phrase it, encrusted with stucco moulded into all the fantastic shapes of Arabian fancy, but light, rich, and beautiful. The spot is now enclosed and called the chapel of the Purification. It was the place of preparation for the holier spot, at the southern extremity of the church, where the book of the law was deposited.

At that period, this last mentioned locality was distinguished from the rest of the mosque, not by being enclosed, but by the richness of the ceiling, by arches resting upon the capitals of the columns, and by an arched recess in the wall, every part of it being decorated with a great profusion of the ornaments peculiar to the people. But here, at the present time, is a large chapel, obtained by building up two sides, and then separating the space between into three parts by means of balustrades, one of these parts being occupied as the place of worship. This chapel, dedicated to Saint Peter, belongs to the noble House of Oropesa, and is by far the most curious and remarkable spot in the whole Cathedral. There are some incidents in the history of the Peruvian Incas, which are intimately connected with the fortune of a celebrated cadet of this family, and which the view of their sumptuous chapel recalled to my attention.

The cruelty and rapacity of the Spanish conquerors of Peru are familiar subjects, which historians in general have united to stamp with

merited infamy. Pizarro and his fellow adventurers, brave as they confessedly proved themselves, by deeds of heroic prowess, were yet distinguished only by the harsh and stern virtues, if indeed they deserve the name of virtues, which characterize the mercenary soldier. The wanton mischiefs, which they brutally inflicted on the vanquished, are deeply contrasted with the confidence, approaching to veneration, with which they were greeted by the simple and unsuspecting Peruvians. There is a romantic charm, too, in the story of the Children of the Sun, and in their paternal government of their empire, which touches and warms the imagination. The tragic fate of the last of the Incas exhibits traits illustrative of the Indian character, and of the policy of the Spanish rulers, which are not devoid of interest, and which accord with the facts, more generally known, in the history of the earlier Incas.

Manco Capac, after his unsuccessful attempt to regain his empire, as related by Robertson, retired into the mountains of Vilca Pampa, and lived there in voluntary exile until his death. This event was accomplished by one of those unhappy accidents, which now seemed destined to pursue the race. A number of Spaniards, who were imprisoned at Cusco for their participation in some of the civil broils which divided the first conquerors; escaped from confinement, and sought refuge with the Inca among the mountains.

Manco Capac received and entertained them with much cordiality; and through them a negotiation was set on foot, for persuading the Inca to quit the mountains and live on friendly terms with the Viceroy; and a pardon was to be the recompense of their success. The Spaniards, emboldened by these means, were accustomed to play at balls with the Inca very frequently; and one of them, Gomez Perez by name, even ventured to treat the Inca with insupportable insolence. On a certain occasion of this kind, Manco Capac was so much offended as to reprove Perez, and strike him a slight blow in the side; whereupon Perez flew into a violent passion, and, making at the Inca, felled him to the ground with the ball in his hand. The Indians, who witnessed the scene, enraged at the murder of their prince, instantly attacked the Spaniards, overwhelmed them with a shower of arrows, and exposed their bodies to be devoured by vultures and by beasts of prey.

Manco Capac was succeeded by his son Sayri Tupac, who continued in the mountains of Villca Pampa, until he was induced by the Viceroy, Don Andreas Hurtado de Mendoza, Marquess of Cañete, to leave them, and reside among the Spaniards. This object was effected by means of the Coyas, or Children of the Sun, who had been married to the conquerors, and of course felt a double interest, in the Peruvians by birth, and in the Spaniards by alliance. Mendoza was accounted very fortunate

in having accomplished this without any bloodshed; because, so long as the Inca lived among the Spaniards, he was wholly within their power, and they were freed from all apprehension of his attempting to regain the empire. He accepted a grant of lands, and a yearly stipend from the Viceroy, for his support; and after being baptised and banquetted at Cusco by both nations, he retired to Yucay, where he lived in obscurity and died a natural death.

Sayri Tupac left no son, and his dignity devolved upon his brother, Tupac Amaru. His estates, however, descended to his daughter, who was afterwards married, on account of her possessions, to Don Martin Garcia de Loyola, a Spaniard who acquired distinction by his success in seizing upon the person of Tupac Amaru. This happened under the government of Don Francisco de Toledo, second son of the Conde de Oropesa. He was appointed Viceroy in 1569, and sullied an eminently happy administration, by his cruelty towards the Incas and the rest of the Peruvians. Tupac Amaru, it seems, began his reign, like his predecessor, in the mountains of Villca Pampa. But Toledo, recollecting the credit and security which Mendoza acquired by the conversion of Sayri Tupac, soon resolved to draw Tupac Amaru from the mountains, either by negotiation or by violence. Tupac Amaru was deaf to all solicitation. He scorned the paltry stipend, which was doled out to his brother

from the spoils of his own empire. He preferred independence and a life of hardship in the wilds of the Andes, to luxury and dishonor at Cusco or Yucay. Toledo, therefore, commissioned Don Martin Garcia de Loyola to follow the Inca into the mountains, and to bring him thence by force. Tupac Amaru fled before him at first, but at length desisted, and suffered himself, with all the members of his household, to be conducted in triumph to Cusco.

Little could he anticipate the scene which there awaited him, and the sufferings of which a relentless state policy was to make him the victim. No sooner had he reached Cusco than a special commission was appointed for his trial, and measures were vigorously undertaken to annihilate the royal family of Peru. The Inca was accused of employing his vassals to rally from the mountains and rob the Spaniards; and of conspiring with his relations of the mixed blood, (the *mestizos*) to rise in a mass, by concert, and massacre all the Europeans. This accusation involved in ruin a numerous body of men of the best Spanish American families in Peru. The conquerors had frequently married the daughters of Peruvian caciques and females of the blood of the Incas, in order to disguise, under more plausible pretexts, the plunder of the lands and vassals of native princes. The fruit of these marriages inherited the rank and pride of their fathers, with the Indian blood of their mothers. All of

these, who were capable of bearing arms, the Viceroy seized and imprisoned, and at first destined to death; but the fear of insurrection induced him to mitigate the sentence, and to banish them, some to various parts of the New World, and some to Spain.

The fate of the Peruvians of the royal family was still more deplorable. All the males, to the number of thirty-eight, including the two sons of Tupac Amaru, were exiled to Lima, and forbidden to quit the city. It is known that the warm and humid atmosphere of Lima, and of the plains, is often destructive to constitutions habituated to the dry and bracing air of the mountains; and in less than two years thirty-five of these youthful exiles, what with grief at the misfortunes of the race, and affliction at their separation from their friends, and what with the deleterious climate of Los Reyes, all sickened and died; and the remaining three did not long survive their fellow sufferers. Thus by cruel murder perished the males of the blood royal of Peru.

Tupac Amaru himself, the head of the family and the acknowledged Emperor, was condemned to be publicly decapitated in the sight of the whole Peruvian nation. When the Inca was notified of his sentence, he strenuously protested against its cruelty and injustice. He urged, that the impossibility of his procuring any benefit by rebellion was conclusive refutation of the charge that he was

guilty of plotting it. How should he imagine that he, with a handful of vassals, could overturn the Spanish power now that it was firmly established, when his father, Manco Capac, had failed to do it with a host of two hundred thousand men of war against two hundred Spaniards? Besides, if he had been contemplating an insurrection, would he have surrendered himself voluntarily to Loyola? He concluded with the strongest asseverations of his innocence; and appealing from Toledo to his master, he demanded to be sent to Spain, to hear his sentence from Philip himself, confiding that he should receive kingly treatment at the hands of a king.

But the Viceroy was immovable. His mind was fully made up that the Inca should die. It is probable that he was actuated by motives of devoted attachment to his country, and fixed determination that the stability of her vast possessions in America should be secured at all hazards. And his elevated character would seem to countenance the idea; for he was confessedly one of the purest and ablest of the Spanish viceroys; and it is impossible to conceive of any thing else of sufficient weight to cause him to persevere against so much public odium, and so many obstacles of various kinds, which opposed his design. He was unwilling even, it would appear, to trust to the mercy of his master, Philip II., a man who was not liable to be deterred from the pursuit of his interest by scruples of the nicest

character. And learning that the principal Spaniards in the country were coming to supplicate him to commute the punishment of death for exile or imprisonment, he surrounded his house with guards, and peremptorily refused admission to the applicants.

In the mean time the preparations for the immediate execution of the Inca were actively hastened. A scaffold was erected in the large public square of Cusco, it being the purpose of the Viceroy to intimidate the whole Peruvian people by the most studied degradation of the Representative of the Sun. On the day appointed for the execution, the Inca was led forth on a mule, with his hands pinioned, a halter around his neck, and the crier going before him proclaiming his approaching death, and the imputed cause of it. While moving to the square, the procession was met by a numerous band of Peruvian women, exclaiming with passionate cries and loud lamentations against the conduct of Toledo, and demanding that they might be slaughtered in the company of their prince, rather than to remain alive to be the slaves of his murderer. Never, indeed, upon whatever occasion, was a movement of popular grief communicated through a greater mass of indignant and agonized beings. Entering the square, where the scaffold stood, the eye gazed upon three hundred thousand souls, assembled to witness the last mournful hour of him, who was the object of profound veneration

to all, as the heir of their ancient sovereigns, and the descendant, not of a long line of kings only, but of the very gods themselves whom the nation worshipped. In his death they were to behold, not merely the prostration of the Incas, but the finishing stroke given to the glorious empire of the Sun, and the sceptre of Peru passed into the hands of a foreign race, the despisers of the religion of the land, the usurpers of its dominion, and the tyrannical oppressors of its inhabitants. They seemed invited, as it were, to attest the act of finally setting the seal to their own perpetual servitude. The idea roused them to shouts of vengeance. As the Inca ascended the fatal stage, and stood environed by the priests in their sacerdotal vestments, and near him the hateful executioner, with his drawn sword displayed, their excitement and indignation broke all bounds; and, but for an incident as remarkable as it was timeous, the Peruvians might even then, in the extremity of their just rage, have fallen upon the Spaniards, and crushed them beneath the mere weight of the eager thousands, who seemed ready to rush upon death to rescue their adored Inca. But just when the elements of discord were on the point of being wrought up to fury, the Inca raised his right hand till the open palm was on a line with his right ear, and then slowly depressed it down to his right thigh. At this familiar signal of silence, instantly, as if the angel of destruction had swept over the assembled crowds, the noisy

and tumultuous multitude sank into stillness the most profound, and not less appalling than its previous commotion. The Spaniards were struck with amazement at the scene, which manifested so clearly the extraordinary authority still exercised by the Inca over the minds of the Peruvians, and justified in some degree the policy of Toledo. The execution now proceeded tranquilly to its conclusion, and the Inca met his end with that unshrinking fortitude, dignity, and contempt of death, which have universally marked the Indian in the last struggles of dissolving nature.

Thus terminated the direct male lineage of the Children of the Sun. Don Jose Gabriel Candor Canqui, the individual who revolutionized the Peruvians in 1781, and filled the provinces of Upper Peru with bloodshed by his noble and daring, but unfortunate, attempt to restore the empire of the native princes, was, it is believed, a collateral descendant of the Inca Tupac Amaru, whose name he assumed to awaken the historical sympathies of the Peruvians.

Toledo, on his return from his government, did not meet with the favorable reception which he anticipated. His long vice-regal rule had been remarkably prosperous. He counted upon holding a rank at court proportioned to the importance of his services abroad, and the large fortune he had there accumulated. Especially he presumed that his labors for rendering stable the Spanish empire

over Peru, by regulating the *mita* for the mines, and by cutting off the royal family, the rallying point of disaffection to the Peruvians, would be amply and suitably remunerated. But in this hope he was most egregiously disappointed. His enemies had pre-occupied his King's ear with an exaggerated account of his riches, and had so represented his execution of Tupac Amaru, that when he entered the presence chamber to kiss the hand of Philip II., the King commanded him, very shortly, to betake himself to his house, for that he had been sent to Peru to serve, not to slay, monarchs. Broken hearted at this harsh repulse, and at the complete overthrow of his ambitious expectations, he retired to learn that he was also accused of embezzling public moneys, and that the fiscal officers were commissioned to take possession of all his gold and silver until the truth of the charge was ascertained. His proud spirit could not brook these indignities from a master, whom if he had offended, it had only been by reason of excess of zeal in his service. In a short time the once confident Toledo sickened and died of pure disappointment and chagrin,—in this respect accomplishing the poetic justice, which his cruel and unrighteous, though politic, murder of Tupac Amaru and of the Incas deserved.

The destiny of the Indian races in Spanish America has been widely and remarkably different from what it is in the United States. Here the

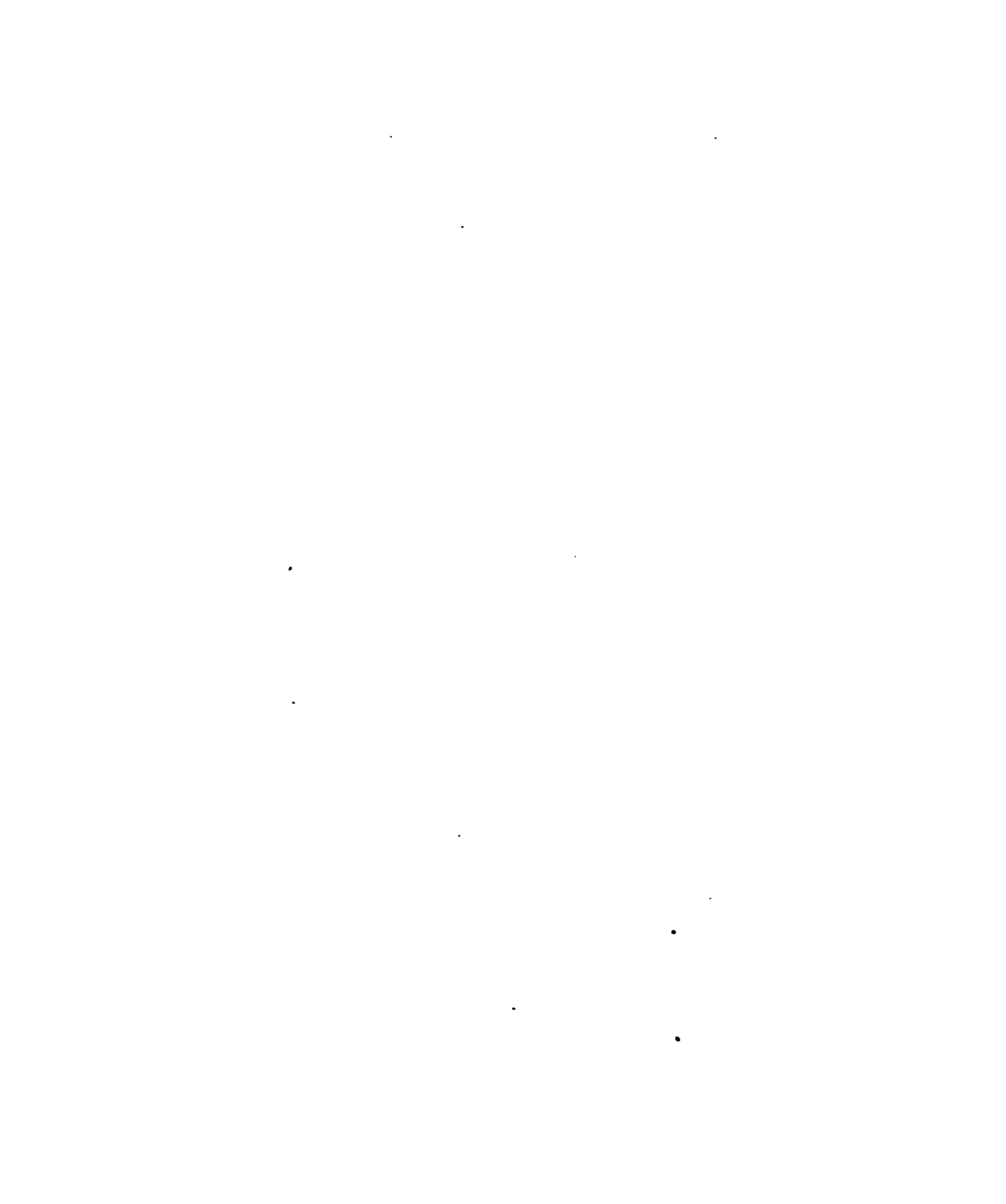
aboriginal nations have little or no physical weight in the progress of events, and are scattered, in weak tribes, over the face of the land, withering and dwindling daily before the overpowering beams of civilization. There they constitute a large and important element in the population, aggregated into powerful masses, capable by themselves alone of exerting a decided influence upon affairs, and holding, whether as independent communities, or as the subjects of the Spanish Americans, a rank in the scale of public estimation, from which no conceivable change of dynasties or governments can cast them down, and possessing importance which the late revolution has powerfully contributed to strengthen and perpetuate.

Of the independent nations, like the Araucos, the Abiponians, and the various other tribes in the vast interior regions of the continent, who have never bowed the neck under the Spanish yoke, the spirit, vigor and numbers are well known to be far from contemptible. The possession of that noble animal, the horse, especially, by bestowing pastoral habits on the wanderers of the immense savannahs of the South, has communicated an energy and a power of forcible and rapid impression to the movement of the Indians, through the means of which, should they ever become concentrated by any common point of union, they would infinitely surpass, in barbaric splendor, the achievements of the ancient Peruvians and Mexicans. With these Arabs of

the West, compare the Creeks, the Cherokees, and other tribes in the United States, who, hemmed in by our fixed population, have no resources but either to adopt the manners of their civilized neighbors, to be gradually extinguished, or to fly with the feeble remnants of their might beyond the Mississippi: and how striking is the relative consequence of the South Americans! These nomadic nations, therefore, who sweep the verdant plains of the South, on steeds tameless and swift as the winds, uniting the errant propensities of the Indian hunter and the Tartar horseman, are peculiar objects of interest to the philosophic observer of events intrinsic to America.

But other portions of the Indian population are fast attaining importance from quite different causes. Among these are the Peruvians, and the observation may serve as an apology for now rescuing from unmerited oblivion, some of the obscurer incidents of their political history. They have been a despised and an oppressed race. The hand of power has fallen heavily upon them in every age, from the days of the conquest, when the lawless bands of Pizarro trampled upon the nation, down through the tyranny of many a provincial autocrat, to the time when Tupa Catari shook the walls of La Paz with the cry of liberty or death, and the limbs of Tupac Amaru were torn asunder by four wild horses. But a ray of hope smiles upon their future prospect. The revolution has

raised them, in common with the other degraded casts, from the dust where they had been grovelling for centuries. In a democracy, rank must follow the lead of talent; and in South America men of Indian descent, particularly those of mixed blood, begin to learn their consequence from the fortune of war. Mulattoes and *mestizos* are among the best and bravest soldiers of the revolution; and some of them have arisen upon its stormy waters to that distinction, which, in times of civil commotion, it is impossible to withhold from superior qualities. It may be long ere the multifarious and many-colored classes, which compose the population of the revolutionized countries, will acquire the regular and systematic movement of our own more fortunate land. But whether in peace or in war, in times of discord or of tranquillity, a race of men, which rises to two thirds of the whole population, which furnishes the laborers and mans the fleets and armies of a republican country, cannot easily relapse into insignificance or into the state of abject servitude. And a permanent melioration of condition is, therefore, the necessary consequence of the actual position of the Peruvians.



SAN LORENZO

DEL ESCORIAL.

Como quando en la octava maravilla
Del grande Escorial tan celebrado
Se mueve el coro, donde el arte brilla,
Al furioso uracan desenefrado :
Tiembra el panteon, la altisima capilla,
Y estupendo cimborio agigantado ;
Por los claustros bramando el ayre zumba,
Y el portico magnifico retumba.

MORATIN, NAVES DE CORTES.

C'était San-Lorenzo del Escorial, ce bizarre et gigantesque monument du pouvoir, de la dévotion, peut-être des terreurs de Philippe II. * * * Le vaste édifice n'annonce point à l'œil ses dimensions colossales : au lieu d'être tournée du côté de la vaste plaine, celui par lequel arrive le voyageur, la façade disparaît pressée contre les montagnes ; l'œuvre de l'homme est écrasée par l'œuvre de la nature ; des détails seuls naît l'étonnement dû à l'ensemble. En voyant l'espace se prolonger sans fin, je crus parcourir une ville, un monde de granit. La beauté de la structure, l'étendue de l'ouvrage et la puissance du fondateur se révélèrent à moi tout entières. Je compris que trente années eussent à peine suffi à l'exécution de ce prodige, mais ce fut pour déplorer l'usage de tant d'efforts. Un cloître sombre et infect, un collège et un séminaire abandonnés, une maison royale qu'entoure une nature affreuse, lieu de plaisance qui ne peut convenir qu'à des morts, voilà ce que la monarchie espagnole, aux jours de sa splendeur, travaillait toute entière à créer. Cent ans plus tard, un de vos rois employait aussi l'or de ses peuples à tailler de la pierre et du marbre ; mais Louis faisait Versailles. Cette fastueuse demeure allait servir de rendez-vous aux plaisirs d'une haute civilisation, aux jouissances des arts, de l'élégance, de la volupté ! * * * Hélas ! avec sa pompe stérile, son deuil et sa solitude, avec ses moines et son *Panthéon* funéraire, San-Lorenzo ressemble à Versailles comme notre Espagne à votre France.

SALVANDY.

SAN LORENZO.



THE Emperor Charles of Spain, after controlling for so many years the destinies of Europe and America, voluntarily abdicated his double crown to mortify his ambition in the monastery of Yuste. On bidding adieu to the world, he enjoined it on his son and successor in Spain, to erect a fitting sepulchre to receive the mortal remains of himself and of the Empress. The care of this duty occupied, at an early period, the thoughts of Philip, and served to strengthen a resolution, which other circumstances had led him to conceive. On the festival of San Lorenzo, the arms of Philip, under the conduct of the Duke of Savoy, achieved a memorable victory over the French near Saint Quentin, in the north of France, (Aug. 10th, 1557.) Although Philip's victory was followed by no important results, yet it was unquestionably one of the most brilliant of the age. It filled all France with consternation and mourning. In the great number of distinguished men lost by the French, in the

suddenness and fatal effects of their rout, as well as in the imprudent conduct of the commander in chief, it strikingly resembled, as Robertson justly observes, the dreadful days of Crecy and Agincourt: and the gallant Constable de Montmorency, who commanded, vainly endeavored to throw away his life in the engagement, in order to wipe out the sense of his misconduct. The exultation of the Spaniards was in proportion to the sorrow of the French. In memory of the victory, Philip vowed to erect a church and monastery to the honor of the blessed martyr San Lorenzo, in whose day it had been gained, and to whose miraculous favor he ascribed the success of his arms. It was the accomplishment of these two objects, the providing of a place of sepulture for the royal family and the discharge of his vow, which induced the foundation of San Lorenzo el Real.

In the selection of a site for the edifice, Philip was influenced by other considerations. He desired a place of retirement, a country palace, where, secluded from the bustle and pomp of the court, he might indulge in those dark and sombre reflections, those mingled emotions of pride and superstition, which had already come to characterize his temper. His eyes were first directed to the solitudes of the mountains of Guisando; and afterwards to the region called Real de Manzanares, at the foot of the elevation on which Madrid stands; but not finding a satisfactory site in either of these localities, he

at length fixed upon one lying between them, on the slope of the mountains of Guadarrama. The wild spot selected for the future edifice, the motives which occasioned its erection, and the edifice itself, a stupendous yet gloomy combination of palace, convent, and cemetery,—are alike worthy of each other, and of the stern spirit, at whose command its huge masses were raised in such a place.

The work was commenced in 1563, under the superintendence of Juan Bautista Manegro, who made the plans, and on his death left the completion of them to his disciple Juan de Herrera. More than thirty years were consumed in the construction of the whole, twenty-one in the main parts of the edifice, and the rest in the pantheon or cemetery, which was not finished until the reign of Philip IV.,—so that the founder himself did not live to see its completion. Its cost was enormous; but notwithstanding the onerous expenditures of his government, which all the riches of the New World were unable to meet, Philip would not suffer anything to interfere with the execution of his magnificent purposes in this favourite object. From the spot known as the King's Seat, on the brow of the mountain above the Escorial, the gloomy despot was accustomed, in his lonely walks, to look down upon the immediate work of his power at his feet, and on the wide realms which he ruled, from the mountains of Guadalajara on the left to those of Toledo on the right, including the city of

Madrid, and the ridge-broken expanse of New Castile, spreading out like the undulating surface of a troubled ocean.

It was at the close of the year, that I prepared to visit this celebrated edifice. In Madrid, it is impossible, in the winter months, not to look towards the region of the Escorial as the scene of desolation and horror. Sharp airs blow from the bleak summits of the Guadarrama, across an open tract of country, and come sweeping through Madrid, like the breath of a polar circle let loose upon the sunny south; and the capital, which in the summer season is subject to oppressive heats, is now consigned for awhile to the dominion of intense cold; and the sentry, as he keeps his nightly guard by the royal palace, is not seldom frozen to death on his post. But winter, of course, had no terrors for me; and if, at this time, I might see little of the rural beauties, which are not wanting in the gardens and environs of the Escorial, I knew that I could not fail to be profoundly impressed with its desolate grandeur and peculiar style of magnificence.

I was accompanied in my visit by a Spanish gentleman, who, although for many years a resident of Madrid, had never yet seen the wonders of the Escorial. It was necessary for him, as for me before taking so trifling a journey as a single day's ride into the country, to be furnished with a passport duly *visé* by the police, specifying the precise day of departure as well as the direction of travel,

—such is the jealous supervision, with which the motions of every person in Spain are watched. This passport, moreover, must be submitted to the inspection of the local authorities every night passed on the road. Strongly as this fact illustrates the abuses of the government, the situation and circumstances of my companion did so in a still more striking manner.

Don Jaime, as, from considerations of delicacy, I shall call him, was a native of the pastoral region in the rear of Cordoba. His uncle, an ecclesiastic of talent and standing, designed him for the same profession, and left means to enable him to study to advantage. The property was invested in public funds, and disappeared under the dilapidations of Godoy, and the consequences of Napoleon's invasion. Of course, young Jaime was soon obliged to leave his college and studies, the troubles of his country cutting off his prospects and deranging his plans, as happened to so many others of his countrymen at that disastrous period. Matrimony and an official employment at length fixed him at Madrid. But then came the constitution and the Cortes, the second invasion of the French, and the restoration of absolutism ; and Don Jaime, although his careless temper and unambitious spirit were little likely to cause him to embark in measures of revolution, had the misfortune to find his name on the list of *impurificados*, or persons suspected of liberalism, who required to be *purified* before they

could be restored to the functions and emoluments of office. By means of the friendship of the Count of Ofalia, Don Jaime got through the process of purification. But what followed? Don Jaime's employment had meanwhile been bestowed upon another; and, according to every rule of common sense and rational government, he himself, if he was considered worthy of public consideration, should have been appointed to some vacant office within his competency. But in Spain they view it otherwise. Don Jaime was neither restored to office, nor left to seek a livelihood by his own industry; but became one of a class of persons, peculiar to Spain, who receive a stated portion of the salary attached to office, but have no duties to perform, and in theory are considered as having claims to the first vacancy. But the ministry have their friends to gratify, their dependants to compensate, and their partisans to reward; and whenever a vacancy occurs, it will, in all probability, be filled by some new man, while the displaced *pretendiente* must remain content with idleness and half-pay. Such was the predicament of Don Jaime, who was fain to eke out his means by affording occasional instruction to foreigners, who needed his services, and even thus found scanty employment for intelligence and capacity worthy of a better lot.

We bargained, over night, with a horse-letter of the Calle del Barquillo, for a *calesa*, a stout horse, and a *mozo* or driver, to convey us from Madrid to

the Escorial; but notwithstanding our precaution in making a price beforehand, the knavish old Catalan contrived, as it turned out in the sequel, to cheat us in his terms, after all our forethought. Our carriage was too characteristic of Spain to pass unnoticed. The *calesa* closely resembles a cabriolet or common chaise; but differs in some curious particulars. The form is large and square at the top, like the venerable chaises of other times, whose model we occasionally see reproduced among us at the present time, by those who choose to sacrifice appearance to comfort. The body is painted in gaudy colors without, and the inside is hung with a profusion of silk linings in festoons or other ornamental forms. The shafts being short and thick, the wheels rather small, and the saddle high, the carriage inclines backward, and is rendered insecure by the closeness and convergence of the wheels on the ground. A profusion of woollen tassels of bright colors, with a kind of crest of the same materials, and a bunch of bells, adorn the head of the horse or mule, and a tall brass knob usually bedecks the saddle. To the fantastic appearance of the whole, the costume of the *mozo* adds an additional feature of singularity, in his low broad-brimmed hat with its band of bugles, his particolored jacket, and his fanciful *chausserie*. Thus borne and attended, we started for the Escorial, which is situated at some seven leagues distance from Madrid.

It was a cold frosty morning, and the ground, which had been cut up during recent rains, was now congealed into a solid mass, which, in the immediate rounds of the city, presented a rough surface incapable of being travelled over with much rapidity. Issuing by the gate of Santa Barbara, we proceeded along under the walls by the barracks of the Guards, the magnificent palace of Liria, and the Seminario de Nobles, to the small, but neat and beautiful church of San Antonio de las Floridas, where we turned in the direction of the *royal road*, which conducts to the Escorial. A little farther on we came to the grounds of Moncloa, belonging to the King, after which no habitation occurs before the toll-house at the Puerta de Hierro, as the spot is called from its lofty portal like a triumphal arch, with three iron gates, where the road turns to the left, to cross the river by a long costly bridge of masonry, ornamented with a statue of Ferdinand and another of Isabel, placed on its parapets. After leaving the river, the road continually ascends through a bleak, desolate, dreary region with the ridge of the Guadarrama bounding the horizon. Presently we reach the gardens and stunted groves of the royal country-house of Zarzuela; and at two leagues from Madrid the little village of Las Rozas.

From Las Rozas to the equally miserable village of Galapagar, a space of nearly three leagues, not a single inhabited house occurs on the road.

except a small stone cottage, a solitary *ventorrillo*, where the traveller may gather a little breath for the trials which await him towards the end of the journey. You pass, indeed, the fragments of several post houses, of which little remains but their stone walls thrown about in confusion and ruin. We whiled away our time in conversation as we best might; for on the way there was nothing to see but desolation, and still desolation.

Castile, it is well known, is nearly destitute of trees. Various theories exist to account for this fact, which forces itself upon the attention every where, and not least between Madrid and San Lorenzo. Their absence is generally ascribed to the prejudice of the Castilians against planting them; it being a prevalent opinion that they have an unfavorable effect on the air. Others aver that the climate and soil are uncongenial to their growth. However this may be, certain it is that the few trees in this region have a sickly aspect, a hue of disease, quite remarkable to the eye. The Zarzuela is planted with trees, but they have the appearance of low tufted bushes. Trees have been placed occasionally along the road; but their trunks are dwarfish, stubbed, often swollen, not seldom hollow, and with a few stunted branches springing from the summit; and they are almost never tall vigorous trees with full branches and luxuriant sprouts. The consequence is that while the whole country, except where planted with wheat, has the face of a desert, it is

swept over by the sharp winds of the mountains in winter, and in the summer is parched up by the unobstructed rays of the burning sun.

At Galapagar, for the first time, we could plainly descry and distinguish the monastery of San Lorenzo. A stupendous mass of buildings and spires stood on the declivity of the mountain, while the lofty *sierra* filled the entire back ground, rising like a wall behind the monastery, and covered with a mantle of snows. The prospect was gloomy beyond description. Embosomed in a vast amphitheatre of precipitous cliffs, the Escorial seemed to lose all its magnificence as a work of art, and to look rather like one of the freaks of nature, when she piled up these everlasting rocks. That which had employed the resources of a vast empire for so many years in painfully heaping up its granite walls,—what was it, after all, in comparison with the mighty peaks and pinnacles of the *sierra*, in the midst of which it stood, hardly claiming equality with the meanest among their number? The Pyramids soar upwards from the level surface of the desert, and the impression of their vastness is increased by the contrast; but San Lorenzo, which the Spaniards claim to be the eighth wonder of human art, and which, when examined in the detail, almost warrants the assumption, is so situated that, in the first grand prospect, all sense of its architectural grandeur disappears before the majesty of creation. Man has presumed to pile together his

little heap of stones, where nature had long since preoccupied the field with the unapproachable profusion of her own gigantic masses. Such, and so vain, is the caprice of despotism.

During the whole ride, although the sun shone bright and clear, a cutting blast had descended upon us from the mountains; and as we approached them, it gradually increased to a hurricane of wind and snow. Our unsteady vehicle could ill withstand the shock of such a tempest, upon the slippery and uneven ground over which a part of the road proceeded. Once, before reaching the village below the monastery, called Escorial Bajo, we had been overturned in a moment of incautious driving, although without sustaining any serious injury. But the ascent from Escorial Bajo, or the lower village, to the upper one, which is grouped near the monastery and called Escorial Alto, was more tempestuous and terrific than any thing of the kind, which, even in our own variable climate of driving snows and sweeping storms, it was ever my lot to experience. The atmosphere was full of ice or snow, but it was not a descent of gentle flakes, such as the surcharged sky lets fall upon us in the months of winter; it was the frozen covering of the Guadarrama, torn and hurled from its abiding place by the fury of the blast, and dashed in piercing fragments down the sides of the steep, blinding the eyes and torturing the face. Mixed with it came

naked of snow, was torn up in eddying clouds, so as to darken the very air with the commingled sweepings of the tempest. We did not, of course, attempt to ascend the acclivity within the *calesa*. Indeed, it required all our combined efforts to prevent its being overturned by the hurricane, by steadying its wheels, and aiding the horse in his task; or rather we ourselves, Don Jaime, myself, and the *mozo*, were glad to cling together in a joint effort with the strength of the horse and the *vis inertiae* of the heavy vehicle, for our mutual security and preservation. At times, it seemed as if our utmost exertions would be fruitless, and that we must be snatched up from the earth by the blast, and hurled along by it in some whirling cloud of snow to the foot of the mountain; and it was with emotions of hearty gratitude for our escape, that we at length arrived within the solid walls of the *Fonda de los Milaneses*.

It was now too late to visit the monastery, even had the weather been such as to render it desirable. We resolved, therefore, to take our ease at the inn, with such appliances to comfort as 'mine host' might furnish, in the hope of seeing a better condition of the elements on the morrow. By the ample fire of the *cocina*, that hospitable common room of every Spanish inn, where gentlemen and muleteer are alike privileged to chat over the savory viands in preparation for their respective meals, we restored the circulation of our chilled limbs, while Doña

was arranging a table and a *brasero* of coals for our own apartment. A smoking *guisado* from the kitchen, a bottle of generous wine of Valdepeñas, with the gay and black eyed Paquita to serve the dessert, and a cigar to crown the whole,—for what Spaniard would think of contentment without his allotted portion of the Indian weed to wrap his soul in elysium with its fragrant fumes?—these various ministers of tranquillity enabled us to listen unconcernedly to the howling of the blast, which still raged without, as indeed it continued to do through most of the night.

We rose in the morning to find the storm abated, although a strong wind, a rarefied atmosphere, and severe cold still remained. These are the accustomed effects of winter at the Escorial. True it is, that, during the past day and night, the wind had been unusually violent, and to a degree which does not occur in every season; but it required slight observation of the situation of the place to become satisfied, that winter here was clothed in all its terrors. Nor was it any longer matter of surprise that the air of Madrid, at this period of the year, should be loaded with chills, and that the Madrileños, as they folded their cloaks around them, should be continually talking of their dreaded *pulmonia*. Here, on the edge of the *sierra*, we stood in the very workshop of consumption and death. A long chain of mountains, forming a circuit of great extent, and shutting in as it were the plain

of Madrid at the distance of only eight or ten leagues, towered up with its coronet of snows, constituting in winter a perpetual reservoir of cold blasts, which came down from the *sierra* a tempest, and when they reached Madrid were barely moderated into a bleak and chilling north-west wind. What wonder, then, that a mounted guard should freeze in his saddle, or a sentinel in his rounds, standing exposed as they do, and by night, on the open brow of the city facing this region of ice?

I lost no time in proceeding to the examination of the splendors of the Escorial. It is not my purpose to enter into a detailed and particular description of the several parts of the edifice, but rather to communicate a general idea of it, with such traits of the country and the place, as are of less familiar notoriety.

San Lorenzo is built of a dark, grey granite. It consists of a vast assemblage of buildings, so constructed as to represent the humble utensil of a gridiron, it being that which served as the instrument of the martyrdom of Saint Lawrence. It might seem to require some ingenuity to construct an edifice on such a model; but Juan Bautista escaped all difficulty by turning the gridiron upside down; and after that every thing was easy of arrangement. The edifice consists of an oblong square, divided into chequers by buildings which cross each other at right angles, thus making a

great number of interior courts, and figuring forth the bars of the gridiron. Towers, distributed with symmetry and taste at the angles, are the legs of the instrument; and a range of building, which stretches out from one of the fronts of the main edifice, and is used as the royal habitation, represents the handle. Fantastic and absurd as such a model might appear to be, the skill of the artist has removed all traces of bad taste from the work as executed; and the sublime proportions and sumptuous decorations of the edifice are suitable to the most pure and classical design.

Some persons, says Laborde, who have never viewed this monument of the piety, grandeur, magnificence, pride, and perhaps fear of Philip II., have ascribed to it whatever an excited imagination could suggest of ridiculous and false: they have multiplied, beyond reason, the number of its gates, windows, pilasters, and columns; they have lavished upon it gold, silver, porphyry, precious stones, ornaments the most diversified, delicate, and rich, with unstinted prodigality. Others, directed by unjust prejudices, have seen in it nothing but enormous and confused piles of stone, a heavy, monotonous, fatiguing mass, without taste or elegance. They have alike erred in their estimation of its merits. The Escorial, without being a marvel, is nevertheless a beautiful, noble, majestic edifice, imposing by its mass, astonishing by the riches it contains, remarkable for the beauty and regularity of its ex-

ecution, and worthy, by its magnificence, of the greatness of the monarch, who caused it to be constructed. And the judgment, thus passed upon it by Laborde, seems to me to be dictated by good sense and sound taste, and entirely conformable to the truth.

There is, within the walls of the Escorial, such a multitude of courts, galleries, and passages, that it would be vain for a stranger to attempt to find his way through the more public parts of the edifice. We therefore obtained, at the *fonda*, a guide to conduct us to the cell of the father, Fray Antonio Guadalupe, whose appointed duty it was to attend visitors through the various apartments; and this guide, strange as it may seem, was a blind man, a hanger-on at the *fonda*, who cheerfully afforded us his services for a trifling reward. Our guide led us directly to the proper gate of entrance, and through a long arched passage into the interior, and thence into the *patios* of the monastery, numerous as they are, with a precision altogether wonderful. He knew all the doors which led to this or that place, the cells of the different friars, the sacristy, staircases, and other localities, and arrived at them without hesitation or uncertainty. Even windows, which opened upon particular prospects or spots of interest, he selected and raised, just as if he possessed the use of sight. It so happened that Fray Antonio was not in his cell at the moment; and in seeking or waiting for him, our

blind leader conducted us over a very considerable portion of the edifice, entertaining us meanwhile with his explanations and remarks.

Students of the college were loitering in one of the courts, as I suffered some expressions of impatience to escape me, on finding that it was necessary to trouble one of the fathers to accompany us, and that he was not at hand. The by-standers appeared anxious that a foreigner should have no cause of complaint or dissatisfaction in visiting the place, and several of them hastened away in different directions to look for Fray Antonio, lest any imputation of discourtesy should rest upon the house. In fact, the arrangement is not a very convenient one for strangers, who are continually arriving, and would find it agreeable to be attended by a *cicerone*, whose time they might command without scruple and for a price. Or, if the good fathers deem it unfit their house should be shown, as it were, for money, a *suisse* might be employed in this task, as in the palaces and other public establishments in France. But, in Spain, they have different notions of these things; and why should we complain of arrangements, the reasons of which we may not perfectly comprehend, and which, at any rate, are designed in a hospitable and friendly spirit?

Certain it is, that, when Father Guadalupe at last made his appearance, and especially after becoming acquainted with him, I deeply reproached myself for having indulged in a single word or sen-

timent of impatience upon the subject. He expressed his regret, on account of the delay we had suffered, in the most amiable and cordial manner, and instantly won upon my regard, by the mild and gentle yet intellectual cast of his clear pale face, his tall erect form and air of dignity, so entirely free of the gross and sensual appearance, which I have observed too often among the monks of Madrid. Under his guidance, and with Bermejo's minute *Descripcion de San Lorenzo* in my hand, I gave up myself to the gratification of examining, too cursorily indeed, the grandeur and riches of this noble edifice.

San Lorenzo abounds in splendid pictures of the great masters, in canvass and fresco. Most of them are in good preservation, although some of the paintings in fresco are injured by damp, and not a few of the large pieces in the open galleries have been disfigured, partly by the French, but still more by idle and ill-bred youths placed here for education, who, in the same wretched spirit of vulgar mischief, which is apt to disgrace the inmates of other places of instruction, have scratched, defaced, or written upon the lower part of the panels. France, it would seem, is almost the only country, where the young and uneducated pay such entire respect to these national monuments of art, that nothing need be apprehended from rendering them freely accessible to all classes and ages.

Of these paintings, such as are in fresco, that is,

upon the interior walls and vaulted ceilings of the Escorial, in the chapel, library, sacristy, cloister, and stair-cases, and of course painted for the special decoration of the edifice, are of the highest merit and by eminent masters, such as Carducho, Giordano, Pellegrino dei Pellegrini, and Caravajal. But splendid as are these works of art, they are surpassed by the multitudes of exquisite productions of all the great masters of Italy, Spain, and the Netherlands, suspended in different parts of the monastery and palace. Here are the master-pieces of Navarrete surnamed El Mudo, of Ribera, Carducho, Coello, Caravajal, among the Spaniards; celebrated works of Raphael, Albert Durer, Titian, Carducho, El Greco, Coxie, Rubens, Pellegrino, Sebastian del Piombo, Tintoretto, Vandyck, Guido Reni, Guercino, Lionardo da Vinci, Giordano, Paul of Verona, and I know not how many others of the eminent names in the art of painting. There are single apartments, which, independent of all the rest, suffice to form splendid galleries of the very highest order of selectness and richness. Such is the sacristy, containing, among other pieces, Our Lady of the Rosary by Murillo, the Visitation of Saint Elizabeth by Raphael, an Agnus Dei by the same artist, his unrivalled picture of the Virgin, familiarly known as the Pearl, the Interment by Ribera, and exquisite pieces by Lionardo, Titian, Tintoretto, and Guido. Such also is the old or temporary chapel, where, in company worthy of it,

hangs the celebrated picture by Raphael, denominated La Virgen del Pez, or Our Lady of the Fish. I am aware that I do but recount the names of artists and their works ; but to describe their beauties would occupy a volume ; and in speaking of the Escorial, it would be treason to genius which the world admires, to omit to designate some of these its greatest productions.

Of the statuary, sculptures, columns, and other architectural ornaments, why should I attempt to speak ? Here is a vast edifice, seven hundred forty-four Castilian feet in length and five hundred eighty in breadth, filled with objects of interest in these branches of art ; and instead of attempting to particularize them, let us repair to the church, which affords the best idea of the general style of architecture and ornament adopted in the Escorial. Imagine a temple three hundred twenty feet in length and two hundred thirty in breadth, surmounted by an immense dome rising three hundred thirty feet above the pavement, constructed of solid blocks of stone, abounding with statues, pictures, columns, and every thing which can render a place of worship imposing, and you will then obtain some general idea of this majestic church. The greyish tint of the stone, and the sparing admission of light, contribute to awaken sombre emotions, allied to superstitious gloom ; but the effect is withal grand, overpowering, I had almost said sublime ; and it is while standing in the

great nave, and gazing on the lofty vaults and heavy pillars and long lines of masonry, interrupted only by splendid pictures, or sumptuous mausoleums, or the magnificent altars and chapels, that one learns to appreciate the Escorial. Viewing it without, we feel a sensation of disappointment, because we are compelled to compare it with the surrounding mountains: here, within the walls of its church, we judge of it, as we should of every work of human hands, by reference to ourselves and our own stature;—and here, therefore, we are overwhelmed with the sense of the grandeur of its conception and the nobleness of its effect.

Here, as in other large churches, the choir, sanctuary, and chief altar, are the particular objects more especially deserving of attention, for their rich carvings, pictures, and statuary in stone or metal. The sanctuary contains two superb mausoleums. One, in honor of Charles V., is ornamented with five bronze statues, representing the Emperor armed, and clad in his imperial mantle, accompanied with the Empress Isabel, his daughter the Empress Maria, and his two sisters of France and Hungary. The other, of Philip II., consists of similar bronze statues of the king and three of his wives, Maria, Elizabeth, and Anna. The chief altar and its tabernacle are also extremely magnificent.

Fray Antonio carried us to a small apartment, looking out upon the gardens, where many of the reliques belonging to the house are preserved. How

much soever Don Jaime might have experienced of reverence in viewing them, it was impossible for me, free as I was from the influences of Roman Catholic education and habits of mind, to regard them with lively interest except as objects of curiosity. But still I could not refuse to listen with respectful consideration to the explanations of Father Guadalupe; nor could I presume to deny the sincerity of his faith in their genuineness and their valuable qualities. Apart, indeed, from the miraculous property claimed for such reliques by the Roman church, the sentiment, which leads a Catholic to revere a fragment of the true cross, or to prize the remains of a saint, is a natural one, allied to our best feelings and principles. Do not men lay by, as memorials of the place, a leaf of laurel plucked in the gardens of Blenheim, a wheatsheaf from the blood-fattened field of Waterloo, or a wild flower gathered at the tomb of Mount Vernon? Who may not have cherished even a lock of hair in memory of an absent or deceased friend? Let us exercise tolerance that we may deserve to receive it; let us be just towards the opinions of others, if we would have them generous in respect of ours. We of the Protestant faith, especially in Old and New England, whose law-books contain or have contained so many penal provisions against Catholics, should be less prone than we are to condemn them for a spirit of persecution. And it argues little in favor of our own charity, that we

so readily ascribe to superstition the peculiarities in religion of the Spaniards, and of the vast body of Christians who accord with them in belief; and that we denounce their habitual respect for consecrated things as mere clerical imposition or art of interested men.

The Escorial is rich in literary treasures. Its books are deposited in two noble and beautiful apartments. The principal library consists of printed works, arranged in a large hall, one hundred ninety-four feet in length, decorated with fluted columns and appropriate paintings. The second library is above the first, and of the same length, and contains, with many printed books, an invaluable collection of manuscripts. Among the manuscripts of the Escorial are a Greek Bible of the Emperor Cantacuzene; manuscripts of Athanasius, Basil, Gregory, Chrysostom, and other fathers; part of a rich Arabic library, captured in the reign of Philip III. from Zidan, King of Morocco; and a splendid copy of the Evangelists, written in letters of gold by order of the Emperor Conrad. There is a singularity in regard to the fine old volumes, which composed the original basis of the library. They are richly bound, and have the edge of the leaves gilded; and the title being printed on this gilt edge, the books are placed on the shelves with the front of the volume advanced to the eye instead of the back. In visiting this, as the other great libraries in Europe, one is forcibly struck with a sense of the

treasures of calm enjoyment they contain, the advantages they afford for studious labor, the allurements to intellectual pursuit they hold forth, and the munificent means, which the scholar thus possesses, of associating with the mighty dead in the study of their writings here in the very palace of kings. How poor, how mean, at such moments especially, appear all the feverish pursuits of gain, ambition, or corrupt pleasure, which occupy the world so intensely,—the senseless violence of party rancor, the wordy warfare of newspapers and public assemblies, the deadlier strife of the battle field! Who, if the consideration of our great duties as men and as members of society sanctioned it, but would choose the learned leisure of the Escorial or the Vatican, before the cares of government or fortune in Rome or Madrid?

It remains only that I speak of the *panteon*, that sumptuous but sad repository for the mortal remains of the monarchs of Spain, which surpasses all other portions of the Escorial in magnificence. It is a vault, so constructed under the church, that the priest, who officiates at the great altar, stands upon the keystone of its arch. Descending twenty-five steps of granite, you arrive at the outer portal of the *panteon*, ornamented with columns of marble with bases and capitals of gilt bronze, and two allegorical statues of bronze, and bearing a Latin inscription, indicative of the purposes of the place. Entering here, you proceed by thirty-four steps of

polished marble, separated into stations or landing places, to the sepulchre itself. This whole passage is covered with marbles and jaspers of the richest quality and workmanship, with occasional ornaments of gilt bronze. From the last landing place a side stair-case conducts you to a sepulchre called Panteon de los Infantes, designed for members of the royal family; the principal vault, called Panteon de los Reyes, being appropriated to crowned kings and to queens who have left posterity.

The Panteon de los Infantes is a highly finished oblong apartment, thirty-six feet in length by sixteen in breadth, containing the bodies of upwards of fifty of the queens and children of the royal House of Spain. Here lies the unfortunate Don Carlos, slain by order of his father Philip II., on account of a supposed intimacy with his third wife, and the young Queen, Elizabeth, who also fell a victim of the same accusation; and their remains were deposited here on the same day, the first tenants of this chamber of death. Here are the three sons of Philip's fourth marriage, who one after the other were cut off in youth, as if in punishment of the cruel acts, which made way for their birth. Here is the celebrated Don Juan de Austria, an illegitimate son of Charles V., but the heir of his talents and of no small share of his fame. Here is the great Duc de Vendôme, natural son of Louis XIV., who, by his courage and conduct, could place his nephew, Philip of Anjou, on the throne of Spain, but, dying in the

vigor of his days, gained for himself only a niche in the vaults of the Escorial. And here lie the successive wives of the seventh Ferdinand, good, amiable, and pure hearted enough to have graced private life and to honor a throne, but each doomed to a childless bed and an early death, as if Heaven willed to save them from the infirmities of sex and the contamination of this world.

But it is in the Panteon de los Reyes that all the luxury of funereal art has been exhausted. It is an octagon thirty-six feet in diameter and thirty-eight in height, composed of jasper, marble, and bronze. The door of entrance occupies one of the octangles, and the altar is placed in the opposite one ; and the remaining six, separated by marble pilasters, contain twenty-four marble tombs supported on claws of bronze, which are destined to be the last temporal abiding places of those, to whom the wealth of the Indies and the power of Spain were all too little for contentment on earth. The floor is paved in marbles of diversified colors and in radiating lines like a star. Over head, the vault or cupola, pierced with eight windows, two of which admit a faint light, is decorated with bronze mouldings, and from it hangs a beautiful chandelier. The altar, and all the other details of this royal grave, are of corresponding beauty and splendor. Eight kings and eight queens have already been interred here : the sepulchral urns, for those who shall succeed them, stand ready to receive the last remains of

royalty. The Emperor Charles, the great founder of the Austrian dynasty, begins the melancholy tale of death; and it ends with the fourth of this name, and his weak and vicious Queen Maria Luisa, in whom the glories of their kingdom and house were sacrificed to her hatred of her own offspring, and her criminal fondness for an upstart adventurer.

‘Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;’—

monarchs, whose will was law and their look command,—they, and their glories, triumphs, conquests, are all ‘shrunk to this little measure.’ Within this narrow chamber their descendants may retire from the splendors of royalty, to muse on the nothingness of life, or draw lessons of admonition from the actions of their predecessors; for too few of them afford examples of true greatness or virtue:—and indulge in those feelings, so peculiar to their race, which caused Charles V. to enter his coffin, and submit in anticipation to the solemn services of burial,—which induced Philip II. to build his palace and cemetery under the same roof,—and which prompted Maria Luisa to select and mark with her name the niche in which her remains should be deposited.

I ascended from this mansion of the dead in no mood to be interested by the palace, or the grounds around the monastery, which, however tasteful and pleasing, are not deserving of very particular notice, at least in comparison with other parts of the founda-

tion. Don Jaime and I kissed the hand of the kind father, as we parted from him, with sentiments of sincere esteem and regard ; and when I left the Escorial to return to Madrid, it was with far other emotions than when I first beheld it ; for I had now learnt to feel its magnificence by close inspection. And I saw that it stood, and must forever stand, a noble monument of the perfection of the arts in the reign of Philip II., and of the dignity and opulence of the monarchy. Its beautiful pictures may be defaced, its pillars and statues and marbles may be broken and scattered to the winds, but the solidity of its structure will defy the malice of man and the hand of time. Nothing but an extraordinary convulsion of nature could shake it from its base ; for even the most persevering efforts, with all the explosive power of gunpowder, could but overturn, without destroying it ; and after all, its ruins would survive, rendering San Lorenzo admirable in its very fragments, and a fit emblem of the genius and fortunes of modern Spain.

ABDERAHMAN'S TESTAMENT,

A LEGEND OF CORDOBA.

Oh royalty ! What joys hast thou to boast,
To recompense thy cares ? Ambition seems
The passion of a god. Yet, from my throne
Have I with envy seen the naked slave
Rejoicing in the music of his chains,
And singing toil away ; and then, at eve,
Returning peaceful to his couch of rest :
Whilst I sat anxious and perplexed with cares ;
Projecting, plotting, fearful of events :
Or, like a wounded snake, lay down to writhe,
The sleepless night, upon a bed of state.

DOWE'S SEPTIMA,

Ce prince, dont le nom chéri des Musulmans, semblait être d'un heureux présage, prit le titre d'*Emir al Muménim*, qui signifie *Prince des vrais croyans*. *** Battu souvent, quelquefois vainqueur, mais toujours grand et redouté, il sut réparer ses pertes et profiter de sa fortune. Politique profond, habile capitaine, il entretint les divisions parmi les princes espagnols, et porta douze fois ses armes jusque dans le centre de leurs Etats. *** Les arts, enfans du commerce et qui nourrissent leur père, ajoutèrent un nouvel éclat au règne brillant d'Abdèrame. *** Il occupa le trône plus de cinquante ans; l'on a pu voir si ce fut avec gloire. Mais rien ne prouera peut-être combien ce prince était au-dessus des autres rois, comme l'écrit que l'on trouva dans ses papiers après sa mort. Voici cet écrit tracé de sa main :

“ Cinquante ans se sont écoulés depuis que je suis calife. Richesses, honneurs, plaisirs, j'ai joui de tout, j'ai tout épuisé. Les rois mes rivaux m'estiment, me redoutent et m'envient. Tout ce que les hommes désirent m'a été prodigué par le ciel. Dans ce long espace d'apparente félicité, j'ai calculé le nombre de jours où je me suis trouvé heureux : ce nombre se monte à quatorze. Mortels, appréciez la grandeur, le monde et la vie ! ”

Ce monarque eut pour successeur son fils aîné Aboul-Abbas el Hakkam. *** Hakkam, moins guerrier que son père, mais aussi sage, aussi habile, jouit de plus de tranquillité. Son règne fut celui de la justice et de la paix.

FLORIAN.

ABDERAHMAN.

Rise Aragon, and proud Castile,
And Leon lift thy lance ;
For o'er thy subject fields no more
The victor shall advance :
Azrael's wing o'ershadows now
The Caliph of the West,
Abderahman, the glorious King
Of Cordoba the blest.

Low in the dust the Emir lies,
All powerless as a *slave*,
And Allah takes the pomp away,
Which gracious Allah gave.
The monarch of a hundred thrones,
He sinks into the tomb ;
The conqueror of a hundred fights
Shares the poor peasant's doom.

To him, what boots it that on high
The Arab name he bore,
And planted on Valencia's towers
The standard of the Moor ?
That myriads hail him for their lord,
The lord of lovely Spain,—
That myriads bless the majesty,
The glory of his reign ?

That on Granada's princely plains,
In Seville's golden halls,
Along the Guadalquivir's tide,
And o'er Toledo's walls,
Though many a rich and verdant realm
His kingly rule extends,
And Christian foe and Moslem chief
Beneath his sceptre bends ?

Oh ! nought avails the greatness now,
Which rested on his name,
His boundless wealth, his conquering arms,
The splendor of his fame.
He dies : Abderahman prepares
To leave his Azharà,
Its gardens, fountains, palaces,
Which rang to the guitar,

So oft, so gaily, and so long
Of HER, his beauteous Flower,
The peerless Ornament of Earth,
The loved one of his bower.
His hours are told, his lamp of life
Sends up a flickering flame,
And fast the tide of being ebbs
Within his sinking frame.

The swarthy sons of Afric's race,
Chiefs, whom he proudly led
To dangers, freedom, victory,
Crowd to his dying bed.
Hark ! is the busy multitude
Of Cordoba no more,
That not a sound of man is heard,
Where all was life before ?

Has the destroying angel swept
Its thousands to the grave,
As when he slew the Assyrian host,
The lowly with the brave ?

No :—but the pillared mosque is filled
With Arabs dumb in grief,
Who mourn their Emir's dying hour,
The empire's parting chief.

But hark again! the air resounds
Loud, and more loudly yet,
With many a mingled voice, that comes
From dome and minaret!
Mounts o'er the wall the Christian foe?
Is that the cry of fear?
Shouts, with his deadly spear in rest,
The Spanish cavalier?

No : but the true Believers there,
In tones of clamorous wo,
Wail the Miramolin, who leaves
His people here below :
Who leaves them to the vengeful sword
Of Castile's banded knights,
The fiery charge of Aragon,
Asturia's mountain fights :

Who leaves them to the fatal rage
Of fratricidal war,
More deadly to the Moorish name
Than Leon or Navarre.
'T is done :—the Caliph is in heaven,
Among the glorious just,
And, earth to earth, his mortal part
Moulders in kindred dust.

El Hakkam wears his father's crown,
El Hakkam mounts the throne,
And rules in tranquil peace the realm
His father fought to own.
The Emir's palace now is his ;
He treads the bright saloons,
He roams amid the jasper shafts,
Crowned with their gay festoons.

He stands at last within the rich
 Pavilion of his sire,
 Where all that's sumptuous, splendid, all
 That princely souls desire,
 Scattered around the marble hall
 In wild profusion lay :
 Treasures of every clime or sea,
 From Ormus to Cathay ;—

Bassora's purple silks ; the gold
 Of many a Spanish mine ;
 And work of matchless Grecian art,
 The gifts of Constantine.
 Filled with intoxicating joy,
 The haughty Saracen
 Threw his undazzled, lofty glance
 Around the glittering scene.

' Mine, mine, is all this grandeur now,'
 Exultingly he cried ;
 ' Mine is the Western Caliphate,
 The Moslem nation's pride.
 The banner of my might shall fly
 Triumphant over Spain,
 And trembling Burgos hear the clash
 Of Moorish zell again.

' Victorious from the fight returned,
 Here peaceful will I rest,
 While houris, fair as Eram's, wait
 Eager to do my heat.
 Thus in the stirring pomp of war,
 Or sweeter joys than this,
 Days, weeks, and years will glide away
 In never ending bliss.'

A brilliant casket met his eye,
 Even as he kindling spoke ;
 He pressed the spring : it open flew,
 Beneath his gentlest stroke.

Lo! an illumined scroll within,
 Sealed with his father's ring,
 And bearing on its gilded page
 The inscription of a king.

El Hakkam raised it to his lips,
 With reverential awe ;
 And these the memorable lines
 The wondering Emir saw :
 'How great in council and in camp,
 Let fifty years attest,
 Whilst armies of the faith I led,
 As Caliph of the West ;

' While honor, pleasure, fill'd my cup
 Of gladness to the brim ;
 And rival kings, who feared my power,
 Still praised the Moslemim.
 Propitious heaven for fifty years
 With lavish bounty shed
 Whate'er the human heart could ask
 Of blessings, on my head.

' I've counted o'er the hours of bliss
 Through all my glorious reign,
 And, give to grief and toil their share,
 But fourteen days remain.
 Man ! from the lesson of my power
 Learn the unreal worth,—
 The vanity of human life,
 The nothingness of earth ! '

Deep in El Hakkam's bosom sunk
 The dying words of age,
 Clothed in the grandeur of a prince,
 The wisdom of a sage.
 To visionary dreams of bliss,
 Thenceforth he bade farewell :
 How peaceful, wise and just his reign,
 Let Moorish annals tell.

GARCI PEREZ,

A TALE OF THE HOLY OFFICE.

This even handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips.

MACBETH.

But such is the infection of the time
That, for the health and physic of our right
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.

KING JOHN.

Este fue el mas sutil medio
Para que mi afrenta acabe
Dissimulada, supuesto
Que el veneno fuera facil
De averiguar, las heridas
Imposibles de ocultarse :
Y asi, contando la muerte
Y diciendo que fue lance
Forzoso hacer la sangria,
Ninguno podrá probarme
Lo contrario, si es posible
Que una venda se desate.—
Medico soy de mi honra.

CALDERON.

Sie ist Philipps Frau,
Und Königin, und das ist span' scher Boden.
SCHILLER'S DON CARLOS.

The people say, There is the prince shall reign
When Philip is no more : old nurses bless
His beardless face, and silly children toss
Their tiny caps in the air; while I
Am met by frigid reverence, passive awe,
That fears, yet dares not own itself for fear.
And this it is to reign,—to gain men's hate.
Thus, for the future monarch, fancy weaves
A spotless robe, entwines his sceptre round
With flowery garlands, places on his head
A crown of laurels, while the weary present,
Like a stale riddle or a last year's fashion,
Carries no grace with it. Base vulgar world !
'Tis thus that men forever live in hope,
And he, that has done nothing, is held forth
As capable of all things.

RUSSELL'S DON CARLOS.

G A R C I P E R E Z .



THE Holy Office, or, as it is popularly styled, the Inquisition, exercised, for centuries, a marked influence over the sentiments and actions of the Spaniards of every rank of life. Its great power,—the secret and mysterious means by which it was accustomed to proceed, contrasted with the terrible publicity of its *acts of faith*,—and the deep-seated religious feelings of the people, conspired to render the Holy Office an object of mingled veneration and dread throughout the Peninsula. In general, there is reason to believe, the operations of the Inquisition were *conscientiously* directed, however tyrannical, bigoted, and cruel they may have been ; but still there is no want of well-authenticated cases, wherein its transcendant authority was perverted to purposes of individual vengeance. And although its executions were for the most part a studiously devised ceremony of faith, yet sometimes they were performed within the speechless walls of its dungeons ; and sometimes, when public

in fact, they were brought about by agency as covert as its ordinary judicial proceedings. Some idea of the corrupt objects, to which its power was occasionally applied, may be gathered from the following incidents, which, although chiefly fictitious in themselves and grouped around a supposititious personage, correspond in their nature with facts recorded in history.

There dwelt in Madrid, during the reign of Charles First, a pains-taking Valencian, Gil Cano by name, who successfully exercised upon the persons of the King's lieges the double mystery of barber and surgeon, uniting therewith some occasional practice as a *memorialista*, or intelligencer. Although Gil Cano had as good a right to his proper Christian and surname as the proudest noble of Castile to either of his two or three *hats*, yet he was familiarly known by the simple appellation of *El Valenciano*, and so universally, indeed, that Gil himself had learned to accommodate himself to the popular usage, and to consent to be called 'the Valencian,' as it were *par excellence*. He occupied, for the multifarious purposes of his calling, two small apartments on the Puerta del Sol, a few doors from the corner of the Calle de la Montera ascending into the Calle de Alcalá, one room being within or behind the other, and the latter opening immediately into the public square. The Puerta del Sol, it is well known, is the favorite daily lounge and rendezvous of all the idlers of this idle city, and of the

multitudes from the provinces, who seek a livelihood in the court by industriously doing nothing. The great thoroughfares from all quarters of Madrid centre here, just as the circulation of the human system begins and ends in the heart. Here the old *militaires*, retired from the wars to eke out their days on scanty pensions, meet to fight over their battles anew; and the young officers on furlough, to discuss the ankles of the young Andalusian, who made her first appearance at the theatre in the *boleros* of the last evening's representation. Here, as many a sprightly fair one, carefully muffled in her *mantilla*, glides through the press, it is only the glance of her dark eye, or the graceful contour of her form as seen through the close black robe, which prepares the cavalier she approaches for the sly salute of her fan, or perchance the softly whispered assignation for a more unreserved interview. Here the titled courtier and the meanest beggar who sleeps by night in the church door,—the priest and the penitent,—the magistrate and the bold robber of the highways,—all jostle each other in the indiscriminate crowd,—while the rattling of *calesas* and coaches, and the shrill cries of fruitwomen and water-sellers, are heard above the loud hum of a thousand voices earnestly engaged in animated converse, in this great popular exchange of Madrid. In short, the little story of *El Valenciano* was the most graphic upon in the whole city.

The heart of *vicola* had grown, and the *moder-*

tudes, which for a short space had left the *Puerta del Sol* to comparative solitude and quiet, were again thronging its pavements. El Valencianno was busily plying his trade, standing under the significant basin which constituted the sign over his door, or passing in and out to receive an order from one or communicate a message to another of the numerous passers by, and disappearing occasionally for a few minutes to open a vein or trim a chin; when suddenly the confused murmurs of the *Puerta del Sol* seemed to acquire unity of object, and the crowd to gather in a dense mass around the door of Gil Cano. The cry arose that the poor wretch, whose life and character had been entirely inoffensive, had been barbarously murdered in his own shop. It was some time before the *alguazils* could penetrate the noisy mob, so as to reach the scene of interest, and obtain a connected account of the circumstances; but when this was at last accomplished, the whole affair seemed sufficiently mysterious.

El Valencianno was found lying extended on his back along the floor of his inner apartment, entirely dead, although still warm with recent life, his body being stretched out and his limbs composed, as it were, with some degree of care; and as no mark of violence caught the eye on a cursory inspection of his person, it was for a moment supposed that he might have died of a disease of the heart, or of some other ordinary natural cause of sudden death. But on partly removing his dress and examining his

body more exactly, it was perceived that there was a small wound on his right breast, just above the papæ towards the side of the body having the external appearance of a scratch merely or a slight laceration in the skin, but proving to be a deep stab of some pointed weapon, which struck through the lungs into the vessels of the heart, and had produced almost immediate death, although without being followed with any external effusion of blood. There could be no mistake about it: the practical eye and hand of one of the *alijanos* not only followed the wound to its termination in the heart, but detected the red and lacerated spot, where, as the weapon had been drawn from the breast, the hit had left its mark on the skin around the stab. And to render assurance double, since the weapon itself was presently discovered, fixed in another wound lower down in the body, and concealed among the folds of the doublet and hose, which second wound would have been fatal, had not the first performed its office effectually. It was a small silver-mounted dagger of very peculiar workmanship, the hilt of the one being encased with two scales of silver same, and the pointed end being the beautifully wrought head of the *ibramo*, these admirable features, which tradition has so faithfully preserved.

That which was the dagger of *Andrés*, also, turned out to be a very skilfully executed *ibramo*—but for the difficulty of supposing that a *ibramo* could be so

entered the shop, and murdered El Valenciano thus under the very eyes as it were of all Madrid, it was suggested that it was a case of suicide; and that Gil Cano, who was a lone man, of somewhat eccentric habits, and without ties to attach him to the world, had killed himself in some fit of despondency or mental aberration. But this hypothesis was discarded almost as soon as formed; for beside that the feeble arm of the old man could not have struck so heavy a blow as the upper wound implied, it was manifest, from its direction and position, that it was physically impossible it should have proceeded from the hand of the deceased himself. Who, then, the question recurred, could have dared to commit this murder in a situation so exposed, where the slightest cry would have been audible to hundreds, where so many spectators were at hand to observe the assassin, where the successful performance of the deed, without being detected, presupposed a combination of fortunate circumstances little less than miraculous?

El Valenciano's body had been brought to the door by the officers of justice, one of whom held the dagger in his hand, as the speculations, just detailed, were going on among the bystanders. Suddenly a shout of 'Seize him, seize him in the King's name,'—burst from the *alguazil*, who felt the dagger to be snatched from him by a hand from amid the crowd, and who vainly endeavored to follow the bold arm, which he saw, but could not

arrest. But the confusion which this extraordinary incident occasioned was changed to consternation, when the cry of the *alguazil* was interrupted by a deep stern voice, seemingly at his very side, uttering in distinct and measured accents the words '*Venganza de Garci Perez.*' The startled officers were stricken dumb with amazement at the sound; and the multitude hurriedly dispersed from the spot, holding their breaths in suppressed fear, and scarcely daring to whisper to their own hearts that the Valencian had drawn upon him the 'vengeance of Garci Perez,' and that this daring criminal, a noted robber of the mountains of Granada, had presumed to pursue his victim at mid-day into the very shops of the Puerta del Sol.

But in those times, when Madrid was become the capital of half the globe, the assassination of an humble individual, however mysterious in its manner, was not a thing to fix attention for any length of time. For a day, the death of El Valenciano was the passing subject of light jest, or honored at most with a shrug of the shoulders at the slight of hand of Garci Perez; and on the following day it would have ceased to be remembered, but for another extraordinary event, evidently connected with the first, and strongly calculated to excite the wonder of the curious Madrileños.

It was the festival of the Conception, a day held peculiarly sacred in Spain; and the civic authorities of Madrid heard mass in the church of San

Salvador, where the remains of the poet Calderon have since been deposited, and which is also decorated with a rich monument in memory of the last Duke of Arcos of the name of Ponce de Leon. The *corregidor* of Madrid, in military dress, accompanied with his aids also in uniform, and four macebearers in crimson silk cloaks, occupied a kind of enclosure made by means of moveable benches, to separate him from the ordinary worshippers, who, kneeling upon the *estera*, filled the body of the church. The gorgeously gilded stoles of the officiating clergy, the rich apparel of the *corregidor* and his followers, the multitude on the floor in the humble attitude of adoration, the lofty architecture of the church, with its pictures and sculptures, and its heavy tapestry swung from pillar to pillar, composed one of those impressive spectacles of religious solemnity, so common in Catholic countries, and so well fitted to recommend the Catholic worship to the imagination. The half audible responses of the worshippers, as they struck the breast in penitential sorrow, and bowed down at the elevation of the Host, seemed to soften the heart to a sense of its sinfulness, while the noble peal of the organ raised it again to the hopes and aspirations of immortality.

Father Joaquin Arteaga, a Carmelite friar pre-eminent for his learning and piety, officiated at the altar of Our Lady of the Conception. He had passed through various minor dignities of the church, was

now one of the King's confessors, and had lately been nominated to the Pope for the vacant see of Jaen,—a preferment which he had well deserved, not merely for his general merits, but still more for many years of assiduous labor in diffusing the knowledge of the Gospel among the natives of the New World, and at the same time protecting them, so far as he might, from the rapacity of the first conquerors. Above the altar where he stood was one of those unsightly representations of the Virgin, which are so frequently consecrated to favorite shrines in Spain;—wooden or composition figures, tawdrily dressed up in silks and muslins, and placed in chapels to the exclusion of the numerous beautiful sculptures of holy persons, which otherwise abound in the churches, but which, as symbols of the beings to whom supplication is addressed, seem to be regarded with less of respect than humbler images, wholly destitute of merit as works of art. Father Joaquin had deposited the Host on the altar, and was bending his head upon his clasped hands before it, when a single shriek broke from him, and he fell prostrate on the floor of the chapel, with a heavy sound, which seemed to indicate that he was struck down by violence. The assistant priests ran to raise up their beloved brother, but they found him a lifeless corpse; and horror froze every soul, when they perceived a silver-mounted dagger stuck in the heart of Fray Joaquin, and saw that he had been sacrilegiously murdered at

the very altar of God, and with the words of worship on his lips.

An immediate inquisition into the circumstances ensued, under the personal direction of the *corregidor* himself. The weapon was drawn from the wound, and examined; and strange to say, it proved to be the very dagger, which had taken the life of Gil Cano in the Puerta del Sol; and scarce was the fact ascertained, when the identical words, which had proclaimed the vengeance of Garci Perez, and repeated in the same stern voice, seemed to issue from the very lips of Our Lady of the Conception. In vain did the *corregidor* command the doors to be closed, that Garci Perez, or whoever else was the perpetrator of this daring imposition,—for imposition he affirmed it unquestionably was,—might be apprehended and brought to condign punishment. But all within the church had now become a scene of wild tumult and irremediable confusion. Women shrieked, and men uttered incoherent ejaculations of mingled prayer and execration; while some, more thoughtful or more superstitious than the rest, when they glanced upon each others panic-struck faces, felt as if they were witnesses of some awful visitation of divine justice upon crimes too dark and atrocious for human laws to reach. So far from the orders of the *corregidor* being observed, the mysterious dagger itself disappeared in the disorder, and thus every clue to the truth seemed irrecoverably lost.

But this time the public curiosity was thoroughly aroused, and every body manifested the greatest anxiety to probe the affair to the bottom. It was no longer the case of an obscure individual, stabbed in his dwelling by a private enemy; but a distinguished ecclesiastic had been struck by the same hand, under circumstances, equally calculated to shock the sensibility of the rationally devout, and to work on the superstitious fears of the unreasoning multitude. All Madrid was in commotion from one end of the city to the other: the 'vengeance of Garci Perez,' and the mysterious power possessed by this bold bad man, constituted the sole topic of conversation. Conjecture was weary with seeking to imagine or discover where he was, and how he was enabled thus to elude, or rather to defy, pursuit and inquiry. But in the midst of the perquisitions of the municipal authorities, and the wondering speculations of the good people of the most noble and loyal city of Madrid, a royal proclamation appeared on the corners of the Puerta del Sol and in other public places, which informed the citizens, that, for sound and sufficient reasons of state, it imported the service of our Lord the King that the deaths of Gil Cano the barber surgeon, and of Fray Joaquin Arteaga, Bishop elect of Jaen, should be forgotten, and that the name of Garci Perez should cease to be mentioned in Madrid. Of course the dutiful subjects of Don Carlos took care to banish the subject forthwith from their memories. But

the hidden motives and mysterious means of those two deaths constitute a curious and instructive trait of Spanish manners and feeling.

Among the Castilian gentlemen, who, attracted by the love of distinction, followed Gonzalo de Cordoba to the wars of Italy, when, in the year 1500, Ferdinand of Aragon commissioned the Great Captain to undertake the second conquest of Naples, none was more preeminent for his skill in all martial exercises, or the reckless bravery of his character, than Don Diego Garcia, the young Conde de Orotava. His bodily strength and stature were in proportion to the vigor of his understanding and the resoluteness of his temper; and it was not doubted that, in whatever field of fame he should exert his military talents, he would speedily acquire high reputation. Ardent and adventurous in spirit, he had contemplated trying his fortunes in some scheme of discovery and conquest in the New World; but was turned towards Italy, partly by the desire to serve under so splendid a chief as Gonzalo Fernandez, and partly by his fondness for the pleasures of refined European society, from which he would necessarily be cut off among the barbarous inhabitants of the Indies.

Gonzalo's first point of attack was the castle of St. George in the island of Cefalonia, which the Turks had wrested from the Venetians, and which, by the terms of compact between the Venetians and Ferdinand, the latter was to aid them in recovering,

before entering upon the Neapolitan campaign. The castle was reduced by the united Spanish and Venetian forces, after an obstinate defence, wherein, among other devices, the Turks employed machines, which, being let down from the walls, seized upon the besiegers, and either crushed them in pieces, or raised them up to be killed or taken prisoners by the garrison. Don Diego had the misfortune to be attacked by one of these machines; but he astonished the whole army by an obstinate attempt, in the exertion of all his amazing muscular force, to withstand the action of the machine; and when at last he was raised to the wall, he defended himself with so much valor, that he won the respect and forbearance of the Turks, and was preserved from injury to be released on the conclusion of the siege.

Although circumstances protracted the war in Naples at the outset, yet opportunities occurred for displaying the characteristic qualities of the Count of Orotava; and especially during the long confinement of the Spaniards in Barletta, so famous for the various passages of chivalry, wherein the gallantry of the French and Spanish officers caused them to be engaged. A dispute arose as to the relative merit of the two nations in arms. The French admitted that the Spaniards were their equals on foot, but denied that they were so in fighting on horseback; averring that the result of the daily rencounters of the besiegers and be-

sieged in their frequent sallies from the town proved the inferiority of the Spaniards. At length a message came from the French camp, challenging eleven Spaniards to take the field with eleven Frenchmen, and settle the controversy on the spot. This affair was no idle bravado of hot-headed young men :— it was conducted under the direction of the Duc de Nemours and Gonzalo de Cordoba, the two opposing generals, and the Chevalier Bayard was appointed to be one of the combatants on the part of the French. A spot was selected for the battle, half way between Barletta and the French head-quarters of Viselo ; hostages were exchanged for the security of the field ; and Prospero Colonna, the second person in the army, was appointed to be *padrino* or second for the Spaniards. Although the Conde de Orotava was suffering from imperfectly healed wounds, he insisted upon taking part in the combat.

When he and his associates were fully equipped and prepared for the lists, the Great Captain summoned them to his presence, and exhorted them to remember that the glory and military reputation, not only of themselves, but of the whole army and of their nation, depended upon this conflict ; and that, bearing in mind what practised and skilful cavaliers they were, they must join battle in determination to die rather than leave the lists without gaining the victory. All made oath so to do ; and issued forth to the field, each accompanied by two pages ; and the lists having been previously pre-

pared, and the sun divided for the respective combatants by their seconds, they rushed to the encounter, wounding each other by every possible means with battle-axe, sword, and poniard. After the battle had lasted for several hours, there remained in the field eight Spaniards on horseback and one on foot, whilst of the nine French cavaliers remaining, only two continued mounted. The Spaniards now resolved to attack the French in a body; but the latter, entrenching themselves as it were behind their dead horses, and arming themselves with the lances scattered about the field, presented an impenetrable front to the Spaniards. The Count of Orotava alone, furiously spurring his horse, forced him to leap over the mimic trench, and vigorously defended himself for a while, alone as he was in the very midst of the French. At length it was proposed, as by common consent, to make it a drawn battle, and that both parties should withdraw from the field with honor; there being no prospect of bringing the battle to any other conclusion. But Don Diego would by no means agree to this; for it was not thus they had pledged themselves to Gonzalo Fernandez. He insisted that they should fight it out; and when his sword broke in his hand, and other arms failed him, he betook himself to hurling upon the French cavaliers huge masses of rock from the field;—not, certainly, that he had ever read Homer, or be-thought him of the similar feats which Greek and

Latin verse ascribes to heroes of antiquity. But the opinion of the others, supported by Prospero Colonna, their *padrino*, prevailed; and the French cavaliers agreeing that they had erred in claiming any superiority over the Spaniards, the combat was determined. And it is a curious fact that the Great Captain was greatly enraged at the result of this combat, and threatened to punish the Spaniards for not having obliged their opponents to surrender; and when Don Diego very honorably endeavored to excuse his companions, pleading that the French had been compelled to confess the Spaniards were as good knights as themselves, Gonzalo Fernandez cut short the conversation by passionately exclaiming,—‘But it was for better, it was for better than them that I sent you to the lists.’ Thus it was, in those days, that the ablest commanders nourished among their officers a chivalrous love of honor, and contempt of danger and death, which they contrived to reconcile with prudence and address in long campaigns, and which contributed so greatly to the success of the Spanish arms in Europe and America.

The Count of Orotava exhibited this union of qualities, and was a trusted and brilliant coadjutor of the Great Captain in the subsequent series of victories, which annexed the kingdom of Naples to the crown of Aragon. He partook largely of the honors and possessions, which Gonzalo showered upon the chief captains of the Spanish army in

Italy. When, however, the Great Captain, having grown too powerful to be longer confided in by the jealous Ferdinand, returned to Spain, Don Diego left him to serve under Prospero Colonna, and thus gave occasion to Gonzalo to regard him as an enemy. During this period it was that, one day in the King's apartments, the conversation falling upon the Great Captain, when two of the gentlemen present, knowing how agreeable it was to the King, cast reproaches on the loyalty of Gonzalo,—Don Diego, raising his voice, exclaimed: 'Whoever dares to deny that the Great Captain is the truest of the King's vassals and the most meritorious, underlies the challenge of Diego García.' With that he flung his glove on the table with so much force as to sound through the hall, in defiance as it were of the King; and as no man ventured to take it up or make reply, Ferdinand himself, half ashamed of his own suspicions, and respecting the manly and hearty spirit of Don Diego, who he well knew was no dependant or private partisan of Gonzalo, rose and restored the glove to its owner, observing to the astonished courtiers that the Conde de Orotava, he believed, did no more than justice to the Great Captain.

Don Diego continued for sometime to distinguish himself among the Spanish nobles serving in Italy, when suddenly he resigned all his commissions, and disappeared entirely from the public eye. Various contradictory rumors prevailed in regard to

this singular step,—all men vainly seeking to understand for what reason he should resolve, thus in the prime of life, and with every object of ambition fully accessible before him, to turn his back upon every thing which the world deems to be most desirable. Some affirmed that, filled with melancholy by the mournful termination of a *liaison* he had formed at Milan, his mistress dying of a contagious malady contracted while nursing him during a dangerous illness, he had abandoned the world, and shut himself up in the Cartuja of Porta-Celi, near Valencia. Others averred that he left the army in consequence of a quarrel with the Viceroy Cardona on the evening of the battle of Ravenna, wherein the French, after gaining a splendid victory, lost all by losing Gaston de Foix, who fell in attempting to break the retreat of the Spanish infantry; and that Cardona having refused the liberty of a French officer to the solicitations of Don Diego, who had been every where first in the battle and last in the retreat, Don Diego challenged Cardona to single combat, and extorted his object at the point of the sword; whereupon he had been compelled to leave Italy, and had since been seen fighting against the Spaniards at the head of the victorious Araucos of Chile, in the New World. Still darkness and mystery hung over his fate; and several years elapsed ere it began to be more confidently reported, that the Conde de Orotava had been recognized in the dress of a hunter among

the recesses of the Alpujarras, by an old comrade of his Neapolitan campaigns, who had occasion to conduct a convoy across the mountains. Whether he was there only casually, or whether he resided there, and if so, what were his occupations in that wild region, no man could say. It was inhabited chiefly by half-converted Moriscoes; and lay contiguous to a favorite haunt of *contrabandistas* and robbers, the terror of the kingdom of Granada.

At length, as unexpectedly as he had disappeared from the bustling scenes of life, Don Diego presented himself before the Emperor, at Burgos, demanding to be employed in the approaching operations in the Milanese under the veteran Prospero Colonna. Don Diego was some ten years older, than when last he was familiar with the Spanish court; but he had lost little of the freshness of his youth, and possessed, indeed, that native gentility of manner, and that dignified and manly beauty of person, occasionally to be met with in the world, on which time leaves hardly a trace of his presence. His established reputation for brilliant courage, lofty generosity of character, experience in war, and intimate knowledge of the theatre of operations in Italy, assured to him a distinguished command in the army and the full confidence of the Emperor. Don Diego immediately repaired to Italy, and was actively engaged in the military movements of the time, for the three or four most active years of the war. In the great battle of

daughter, Don Diego began to learn that sickness or care was undermining her life ; and it was in the agony of a broken heart that she at length confessed to her father that she was a husbandless wife, and was about to become the mother of a fatherless child ; for Don Philip had deluded her with the cruel device of a simulated marriage, and had just publicly given his hand to Doña Maria of Portugal.

Who may describe the feelings of the father, and such a father too, at this discovery?—That the hopes of his heart in the person of his beautiful and beloved one were blasted forever, to gratify the transient fondness or the unbridled luxury of the Prince, —that the sole offspring of his house and of the wife of his affection was descending to the grave, a shamed and dishonored thing, although innocent of crime,—intolerable as all this was, it was little, in his estimation, compared with the affront which had already been done his honor, and the disgrace which would fasten upon his name, if the facts should become known among the wits of the court and the haughty nobles of Castile. In the dark and stern resolves which settled down upon his soul in that calamitous hour, the path of reparation and vengeance was marked out by him in the map of his mind, and unshrinkingly followed up to the full consummation of his purposes.

It was a dark and rainy night in December, and El Valenciano sat dozing over his *brasero*, in a

kind of transitive state between sleeping and waking, when he was roused from his reveries by a tap on the shoulder, and lifted his eyes upon a masked cavalier, who, he saw by the faint light of his lamp on the wall, held a poniard in his hand, and with a threatening gesture signified to him to be silent. The cavalier commanded Gil Cano, more by signs than words, to submit to be bandaged, and to follow him without speaking; and when the terrified surgeon would have remonstrated, the stranger held the dagger to his heart, and sternly bade him to obey, on peril of his life. El Valenciano tremblingly submitted, as he was commanded; and closely muffled in his cloak he issued into the street; and as they left the shop, he heard the cavalier turn the key in his door. How far they proceeded, Gil Cano knew not; but after walking some time at a rapid pace, and making so many turns that he lost all idea of the direction in which they were going, he perceived that they entered a house, and after passing through a long corridor and two or three different apartments, at length stopped, the door having been bolted behind them by the masked cavalier.

When Gil Cano's face was unbandaged, he found himself in a small but richly furnished apartment; books, mingled with articles of female ornament and occupation, lay upon the table; a guitar beautifully inlaid with pearl and tortoise-shell hung by the window, near a large and splendid mirror; on

one side was a small Saint Catherine, a masterpiece of Lionardo, and on the other that inimitable Madonna of Raffaele, called for its surpassing beauty the PEARL; and costly hangings of damask shaded an alcove and bed, where, supported by a dueña, lay a lady, who, but for the stifed and just audible sobs which proceeded from her, would have seemed, from the motionless repose of her form and of her beautiful but pallid features, to be past all art of the leach, and all resources of human skill. A moment's glance at the apartment sufficed to show its contents to El Valenciano; and he had but a moment wherein to observe them; for the fearful voice of the cavalier hastily commanded him to perform his office on the arm of the lady. Gil Cano started:—was it a work of cure, or of death, which he was called upon to execute? The mysterious secrecy of his introduction; the statue-like stillness of his patient, and yet the unambiguous accents of mortal sorrow, which broke from that young and lovely being; the stern bearing of the masked cavalier;—these were elements of speculation, which forced upon his mind the suspicion that he was to be made the instrument of some cruel husband, perhaps, to disguise to the world, under the forms of medical aid, the murder of an erring or it might be an injured wife. His soul revolted at the act; he fell on his knees before his conductor; he begged, he prayed, to be released from the task to which he was ordered.

But what availed words? He addressed a being deaf to pity, incapable of being shaken by remonstrance or petition; and he was compelled to apply the lancet to the veins of the passive victim, as victim he could no longer doubt she was; and when the deed was done, he was again bandaged, and reconducted to his little shop in the Puerta del Sol. As the cavalier took leave, he filled the hand of Gil Cano with gold, and uttering the single word *beware!*—disappeared. El Valenciano dared not follow the retreating footsteps; but he indignantly flung the gold on the ground, disdainingly retaining the wages of guilt, as if he were a bravo to kill for hire; and he had secured, in his own way, the means of detecting his employer; for as he left the mansion where the lady was bled, he touched the extremities of his spread fingers upon the outside of the door, and thus impressed upon it the stain of blood, resolving to seek out the house the next day by this infallible mark. He did so; and discovered, to his amazement and regret, the bloody sign upon the door of the Emperor's bosom friend and minister, the powerful Conde de Orotava.

Alarmed at his own boldness,—anxious,—afraid to speak, yet unable to retain the portentous secret which labored in his breast, El Valenciano repaired to the cell of his confessor, Fray Joaquín Arteaga, and unburthened his conscience in the ear of his ghostly adviser. Never was priest more horror-struck by the development of the confessional,

than Father Arteaga on this occasion ; for he himself had been conducted during the past night to the same apartment, in the same secret and mysterious manner, and had administered the last rites of religion to the same lady on her death-bed ; and he was now doomed to learn that it was a daughter dying by the commands of her father, and that father second in place or fame to none in the realm. He charged Gil Cano, by his hopes of salvation, not to breathe the fatal secret to any living being, with the assurance, that he himself would reveal it immediately to the Emperor in person. But it needed not that El Valenciano should be cautioned to silence ; for the eye of an enemy was upon him ; and he had not long returned to his ordinary avocations, when, as we have seen, his violent death forever sealed his lips.

It was not until the next morning that Father Arteaga could obtain access to the Emperor ; and the tale, which he told, received terrible confirmation from the circumstance that a servitor of Don Diego Garcia's had just announced the sudden death of the Count's daughter, to account for his vacant place at the council-board. Philip was the only person present, when Fray Joaquin made his communication to the Emperor ; and the priest proceeded directly from the palace to the church of San Salvador ; but the knowledge that he possessed and had imparted Don Diego's secret, was already gained by one, who allowed no space between the

resolution and the execution of vengeance, and who struck him at the very feet of Our Lady. Wherefore he and Gil Cano had been slain with such ostentatious publicity, did not appear; nor why the name of Garci Perez had been so boastingly associated with the two assassinations, unless it were to divert the investigations of justice into a quarter where pursuit would be hopeless, and to direct the public indignation to an individual already steeped in crime and infamy. Nor did the inducements, which prompted the Emperor to suffer these deeds of blood to go unpunished, transpire. We may conjecture that Don Diego possessed some potent means of influencing his determination, unseen to the vulgar eye; or that a suspicion, perhaps a knowledge, of the foul part played by Don Philip in this dark tragedy, stayed the hand of the Emperor. Suffice it to say, that, on the morning when the proclamation relative to Garci Perez was made public, the Conde de Orotava left Madrid with the commission of ambassador of the Emperor at the court of Rome, the great focus of the intrigues and negociations which agitated Europe.

Years rolled on, and the tragic incidents here described had passed from the minds of men, or were only remembered by the careful chronicler or the curious antiquary, who, aloof from the stormy scenes of actual life as it rages around him, seeks occupation and instruction in tranquilly poring over the records of by-gone time. History in-

forms us, that Maria of Portugal died, after bearing to Philip the Infante Carlos ; and Philip was again married to Mary of England. At length, sick of empire, and sated with conquest and power, the Emperor renounced the imperial crown in favor of his brother Ferdinand, and that of Spain in favor of Philip, to shut himself up in the monastery of San Geronimo de Yuste, and there dedicate the remnant of his life to the service of God. Meanwhile the young Carlos grew up to manhood, possessed of every quality of head and heart fitted to render him a wise and beneficent prince, and manifesting indeed a liberality and elevation of feeling the reverse of that which characterized his father, whether in the public or private passages of life. Philip was again a widower ; and, on the conclusion of the truce of Cateau-Cambresis in 1558, the hand of the princess Elizabeth of France, who had been destined for his son, and was of that son's own age, was bestowed on the King himself, to the destruction of the hopes of Don Carlos.

The subsequent circumstances, so far as they concern our present purpose, are enveloped in uncertainty. It is known that Don Carlos was committed by his father to the Inquisition for trial ; that after several month's confinement he died in prison, either by violence or poison ; and that the true circumstances of his death were carefully concealed at the time. Detached facts, appertaining to the point, are not wanting, and speculations upon it

occur in the books. It is averred by some, that Carlos was guilty, or suspected, of retaining or nourishing his passion for Elizabeth; in revenge of which the King caused his life to be taken. Others affirm that Carlos entered into treasonable relations with the leaders of the insurgents in the Netherlands, and having at the same time incurred the resentment of the Holy Office by his undisguised dislike of that institution, Philip was willing that he should be tried and dealt with by its officials, according to their discretion.— There is yet another hypothesis, which, while it admits the imprisonment and the death, yet ascribes them both to alleged insanity of the Prince. However this may be, there is enough of mystery still hanging about the singular transaction, to render it a fit subject of romance, and more especially of dramatic invention. I resume the thread of my own tale at the period just prior to the termination of his life.

Don Carlos sat in his prison, given up to melancholy reflections on his singular destiny. His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of an ecclesiastic, the Prior of San Lorenzo, who, although seldom seen at court, yet had acquired distinguished reputation and high rank in the church, and had become slightly known to the Prince in person. Carlos felt surprised, yet relieved, and in some sort gratified, when he beheld the Prior.

‘Welcome, good father,’ said the Prince. ‘I re-

and that I am permitted to see thee, within these
 four walls of the Holy Office: for knowing, as I
 do, the nature of thy character, I cannot doubt that
 thou wilt be obedient, as I trust thou hast the
 good fortune to be delivered from the ignomi-
 nious bonds which thou findest the Prince of Spain.'

Successive discourse. I may aid thee in this
 holy mission, the Prince said, and it is for that
 purpose I have granted admission to thy prison.'

Second discourse. Now it is that its doors
 are shut to thee, thou seeing that so it is, I
 will not use thee less influence and authority
 than I have done. I thou art not indeed, as I
 have said, a man of his merits thyself; and
 I will not be less than I should be acquainted with
 the nature of thy case, and charged: for my con-
 science will not allow me in any crime, which
 is not approved by the injunctions of the Holy
 Spirit.

Third discourse. Thou dost to terrate the church,
 and thou dost speak scornfully of her
 authority, and denounce the outrages of the
 council of Trent and Trident by expressions
 of contempt to the guilty wretches? Is it no crime
 against the honour of the persecuted monk of Saxony,
 whose life and memory so anxious-
 ly I should be to suppress?

Thou art Lord Max, and suffer me to say
 what I have seen done, if such are the im-
 munities which attend to my name. I abhor the

doctrines of Luther and Calvin alike ; I am a true and faithful son of Holy Mother Church, and I condemn all schismatics as deadly enemies to salvation. This, and this only I avow :—I have not been able to contemplate calmly the destructive war waged by the Inquisition against my father's subjects in the Netherlands ; because I perceive that it serves only to foster faction, and thus give the means of mischief to discontented men, who, I fear me, will gather strength from persecution to sever one of the fairest possessions of Spain from her empire.'

'Speak not of war waged by the Inquisition against thy father's subjects. It is the hand of the law, which descends upon their persons, in mercy of their guilty souls. And admitting, what I willingly believe to be true, that thou art in good faith a Catholic, how much soever thy words may have thrown doubt on the fact, yet the unworthy sympathy avowed by thee for incorrigible heretics, and the free speech, which thou hast too often permitted thyself on this topic, demand, and must receive, punishment.'

'Alas !—and is every thoughtless expression we utter, every syllable not duly weighed in the balance of strict and orthodox belief, to be thus harshly visited ? And in me, too, the descendant of so many royal lines, and the heir of Spain ? If Carlos have incurred the guilt of imperfect duty in religion, surely something may be pardoned me, in behalf

of the Catholic King, my father, who sees in me the sole inheritor of his name.'

'Flatter not thyself that Philip can, if he would, or will, if he might, seek to rescue thee from the judgment of the Holy Office. Knowest thou so little of the narrow, jealous, vengeful spirit of the King, as to deem that he feels any disposition to throw the mantle of his power over thy frailties? I tell thee, no. The nobles and people hate Philip, and love Carlos, and Philip feels it to the heart's core. He feels that Spain groans under his sceptre, and would gladly exchange it for the more generous rule, which is anticipated from his open-souled son; and he dreads lest you should one day become as impatient to seize upon his succession, as he was to grasp that of the Emperor.'

Carlos turned pale at these words of the Prior, and gazed upon him with profound astonishment pictured in every feature, and yet with an expression, as if the monk was exposing to him a view of his father's character and purposes, which he had already held before his eyes, but had not dared to contemplate in the nakedness of its actual deformity. There are feelings, facts, opinions, which we ponder in the mind, perhaps, or which, at any rate, fit through it repeatedly in moments of reverie, until they become familiar to our thoughts; and yet when they are fixed in words, and spoken audibly in our ears, we start back from the sound, full of consciousness, and with clear perception of their fa-

miliarity, and yet affrighted, as if we beheld some fearful phantom of our own diseased imagination. Thus it was in this case with Don Carlos.

‘The terms of obloquy,’ he at length said, ‘which you apply to the King, are new and strange to my ears. I cannot, I will not listen to such language; I will not harbor the horrid idea they are intended to suggest.’

‘Unhappy youth,’ replied the Prior, ‘thou dreamest not of all that Philip charges against thee, or thou art a more apt dissembler than I can readily believe. Elizabeth of France,—thou startest, and well thou mayest:—what has Don Carlos to say in respect of the young Queen? Might she not better fill the arms of the Prince than of the King? What father would brook a rival in his son? Certainly not Philip of Spain.’

‘It is false, false as hell,’ cried Carlos: ‘thy shameless insinuations are as abominable as they are destitute of foundation in truth; and I repent me that, misled by thy garb, and by something of praise which fame spoke in thy behalf, I have suffered thee to look into my heart. Whether as a base instrument of the King, or as a spy of the Holy Office, thou seekest to entrap me by thine arts, which, thank heaven, are so abhorrent to my temper that I could not anticipate their exercise in others,—whatever thou art, I scorn thy malice and I defy thy power. After presuming to blacken the purity of an angel by thy whispers of wickedness, with me thou canst hold no further converse.’

Carlos retired back in his cell so far as he might, in act of shrinking from the proximity of what, it would seem, contaminated by its mere presence. Some powerful emotion appeared also to agitate the bosom of the Prior. He drew his cowl more closely over his face, and kept silence for awhile, as if endeavoring to subdue his feelings, or debating within himself some question of doubt, difficulty, or danger. At length, he approached the Prince, and speaking, not in the sneering tone of his last remarks, but in a suppressed and withal compassionate and paternal manner, he resumed :—

‘Don Carlos of Spain, time wears, and I must perform the functions appointed for me to discharge on earth. Neither to extort from thee unwilling confessions, nor to excite thy indignation by irritating charges, nor to punish insulting speech addressed to myself,—for none of these things do I stand here in a condemned cell of the Holy Office. Thy doom is pronounced. I would, when I witness thy gallant bearing, it might have been otherwise; but it cannot be: we are creatures of circumstance, and instruments in the hand of a power above human control; and thou must bear thy lot in all manhood, as becomes a child of Spain. Don Carlos, thou art adjudged to die; and albeit the dignity of mine office devolves not such duties upon me, yet I will not see thee die unshrived, and ere thy peace be made with heaven. I come, as a minister of the cross, to prepare thee for thy death.’

Carlos was emaciated, and apparently weak from long confinement; and had sunk exhausted upon a seat as he ceased to speak; but when he heard these words of the Prior, he rose up calm, firm, and collected; no longer passionate or excited, but yet with the light of a clear conscience in his face, and the dignity of a prince in his air and attitude.

'I thank thee, father,' he said. 'Although I cannot lay to my soul the crimes, for which, it would appear, I am to suffer, yet I am but a poor sinful mortal, whose best actions fall so far short of the high standard of divine excellence, as to be little better than sins. God permits a portion of his creatures to remain upon earth until they have earned themselves a deathless name among men, and laid up for themselves a title, as it were, to salvation by their good deeds. Others he takes from the world in the morning of their days, before the blossom of their virtue has had time to ripen into fruit. I had fondly hoped that the second Charles, if he did not equal the first in martial fame or extent of empire, might yet live to raise to himself an equally enduring monument of glory, in the affections and prosperity of his people. But the will of God be done.'

'Better thus, better thus,' exclaimed the Prior. 'The warm blood of youth beats in thy pulses, and life is to thee full of hope; but I tell thee, I, who have "sounded all the depths and shallows" of glory, I tell thee, as our legends aver the Calif Ab-

derahman left it in legacy to his son El Hakkam, that he who lives the longest and drinks the deepest draught of power, does but gain the keener sense of the nothingness of earth. Would you seek to conquer fame in the ensanguined field? Like Annibal, to be deluded, perhaps, with a season of triumph, and after expending a long life in the defence of your country, to die at last a miserable exile? Like Charles, to look for happiness in the fascinating splendors of war, and when everything is gained and tried, to fling it contemptuously to the earth? Or would you earn imperishable laurels by the arts of peace? To see your best actions blackened by inventive malice, your slightest indiscretion magnified into a crime, friends whom you deemed the truest proving false, and the light of woman's love, should it beam in its brilliancy and beauty on your path, extinguished prematurely by the hand of death?—No, Don Carlos; resign thee to die, when the summons comes, not only because it is God's will, but because *it is best* that such should be the will of God.'

Carlos kneeled before the Prior, confessed his sins, and received those rites of absolution and of preparation for another world, which the doctrines of the Roman Catholic faith prescribe. He remained absorbed in mental prayer, when the Prior left the prison. The sound of the monk's footsteps had just died away in the corridor, when the Prince was aroused from his abstraction to but momentary

consciousness, by the blow of a poniard, which terminated his life with scarce an instant of pain, and ere he could observe by whom the blow was given, and of course without his having any opportunity, if he had possessed the inclination, to struggle for his life. His body was conveyed by the agents of the Holy Office to the palace, to be, in the sequel, interred in the royal vaults of the Escorial. If the unnatural father, who, from jealousy of the fame or personal charms of his son, commanded or sanctioned his death, mustered sufficient resolution to glance, with mingled agony of madness and grief, at the yet warm corpse of the Prince, with the weapon of death remaining sheathed as it were in the heart of its victim, yet the access of fury, which nerved him to the effort, gave place to sentiments of a different kind when the purpose of his cruelty was accomplished. He flew from the sight of the Prince's remains, to pour out his gushing feelings in the sacred recesses of his private oratorio. He thought of the brilliant qualities of Don Carlos; of his lineage and succession cut off, of the horrid circumstances of his death, and the effect it might have upon the people,—of the indignation of a justly offended God.

As these reflections passed through the mind of Philip, he, mechanically as it were, sunk on his knees at the feet of the Virgin, and with clasped hands and closed eyes, poured out his heart before her in humble supplication, interrupted by sobs of irre-

pressible grief. He was suddenly checked by the sound of a slight laugh in the small apartment, followed by the scornful interrogatory,—‘And is this Philip of Spain, whom I see grovelling in the earth like men of meaner mould?’

Rage and vexation absorbed every other emotion in Philip’s breast at these insulting words, and his hand slid to his dagger in the first impulse of the moment, that he might strike the audacious intruder dead. But when he started to his feet, he saw only the Prior of San Lorenzo, who stood with his arms folded, as if he neither feared nor respected the resentment of the King.

‘What means this intrusion?’ angrily demanded Philip.

‘I come,’ said the Prior, ‘to witness thy tardy repentance: tardy, since unless tears might restore the dead, they little avail against the long record of guilt, which every hour of thy life accumulates.’

‘Spare me, O spare me, father, I intreat thee. Think of the death of Carlos,—its fatal cause, its unnatural manner, the curse that men pronounce upon me living, the stigma that history will affix to my name, and, O! close not upon me the prospect of making my peace with heaven.’

‘Peace with heaven, sayest thou?—Reflect, remember, Don Felipe of Spain:—What shrift had thy murdered wife Catalina? What peace had he, whom the inexorable laws of Castilian honor compelled to part from that sainted victim of thy arts?’

Philip trembled and shrunk back at these words, as if touched with a searing iron ; but not a syllable escaped his lips.

‘Thou knewest,’ the Prior continued, ‘thou knewest well that the sense of honor was the dearest passion in the bosom of Diego Garcia, and that next to it was the love he bore to his wife and to her only child. Thou knewest,—for did not the Emperor himself recount the whole story to thee point by point ?—that when Doña Mencia Sol gave her hand to the Count of Logroño, shocked by the seeming wantonness, caprice, and perfidy of her in whose fond smiles he lived, Don Diego buried himself in the cloister, swearing eternal hatred to the sex ; that when accident disclosed to him at the confessional the treacherous and abominable means by which Gaspar de Pimentel had constrained his niece to a union she loathed, the Count of Orotava procured a dispensation of his vows and issued forth to the world on a mission of vengeance ; that he tracked his enemy from one end of the New World to the other, traversing and defeating that enemy’s plans at every step, until Gaspar returned to Spain a broken, desperate man, and became the chief of a band of robbers in the Alpujarras, where Don Diego encountered him in his lair, and gave him as a last favor, what the felon little deserved, the chances of an honorable death ; that restored now in his own estimation, the Count of Orotava resumed his appropriate station in the world, and

finally accomplished the dearest wish of his heart in marrying the object of his early affection, Doña Mencia Sol. Thou knewest him to be a man alike immoveable in love or hatred, and yet didst venture to deceive and betray the child whom he doated on, forcing him to cut short her young days to save his and her honor, although it should rend his heart-strings; and thus drawing upon thee all the extremity of his fell resentment. Now, thou hast thy reward!

When the monk first abruptly introduced the name of Doña Catalina, it seemed to seal up the lips and benumb the very soul of Philip in the instant; but as the Prior proceeded to refer to the feelings and fortunes of Diego Garcia, surprise, wonder, curiosity were successively depicted upon the royal countenance.

'It was true then,' cried Philip, 'what Father Arteaga averred, that Don Diego caused Doña Catalina to be bled to death by the hand of Gil Cano?—And that, notwithstanding the solemn asseverations of the Emperor to the contrary, he slew the Valencian in his dwelling, and the priest at the altar, to suppress the knowledge of his crime?'

'Doña Catalina died as thou sayest, with her own good will, and by her father's procurement, because his and her fair fame exacted the sacrifice; but deem better of the Count of Orotava than to suppose he would stain his hands with the blood of peasantry artisans or feeble friars slain at vantage,

as a common stabber takes off his man. Know that Gil Cano and Joaquin Arteaga were the marked victims of the Holy Office, the first as a relapsed Jew, and the second as a secret favorer of the damnable heresies of Martin Luther; and it was only in regard of the time and the mode of their end, that the commands of the Count of Orotava intervened.'

'But the carefully announced and yet secret Garci Perez? The dagger, so openly displayed, and so strangely withdrawn? The place and manner of each death, selected as if in defiance of God and man?'

'Trifle not with thy conscience, Don Philip. It was for thine ear the vengeance of Garci Perez was so fearfully performed and so loudly proclaimed. Who, beside the Emperor and thee, knew that Garci Perez, the ancient appellation of his house, was the name the Conde de Orotava bore among the *sierras* of the New World and in the rocks of the Alpujarras, while pursuing his enemy; and that after Don Gaspar had fallen by his hand, Garci Perez was made to stand godfather to every act of violence done by the mountain outlaws, just as our ballad singers string their endless tales of chivalry on the name of the Cid? Trifle not with thy conscience, I say. To thee were his admonitions addressed, and thou didst hear and tremble. Bethink thee of the days of disquiet and the nights of anxiety the fear of him has occasioned thee,—

of thy incessant efforts to shake his credit with thy father, of thy machinations against his life, delation, poison, the dagger, which thou hast so liberally but vainly employed to remove him from thy path, —of the innumerable supplications to heaven for mercy, extorted from thee in thy secret hours by the agonies of thy remorse and apprehension,—of thy despair to learn, when Don Carlos retired from the cares of empire to the solitudes of Yuste, that the object of thy dread then disappeared from thy sight and thy power, to be the more terribly present to thy conscience,—bethink thee of these, as thou didst fondly imagine, the hidden passages of thy life, nor seek to disguise thy knowledge of the Garci Perez of the Puerta del Sol, the Garci Perez of Our Lady of San Salvador.'

Strange light seemed to break on the soul of Don Philip, as, with scarce audible voice, he gasped out,—'But the dagger, the dagger, Lord Prior?'

'Behold it here,' said the monk; and he reverentially kissed the crucifix upon the silver-netted handle of the poniard, as he drew it from his bosom, and tauntingly held it before the eyes of Philip.

'Gaze thy fill, King of Spain. This little weapon has done good service in its day. It saved my life at the bridge of Garellano, when the grip of a fierce Norman was on my throat; it drank the heart's blood of Gaspar de Pimentel; it served to deliver Mencia de Sol from the outrages of a sottish Saxon brute in the sack of Rome; it chastised the officious

impertinence of the priest of San Salvador ; and it is yet damp from the body of its last and greatest victim, the gallant and princely Carlos.'

The Prior seemed to look at the weapon, as he recounted its uses, with something akin to the affection we bear a valued servant. Philip had dropped upon a seat, as the monk proceeded : his quivering features, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, and his convulsed frame, betrayed the tempest of passions which raged in his bosom ; while terror of what further the monk might say or do overmastered his every faculty.

'Fear not,' the Prior continued, 'that I design to take thy worthless life.' And he flung the dagger on the floor as he spoke. 'I may have been tempted to do it, time and again, when thou hast unconsciously been, as now, at my mercy ; but I reserved thee for higher purposes of punishment. I chose that thou shouldst live on, as I have, through long years of corroding sorrow. For I come to tell thee that thy Carlos died as guiltless of raising his thoughts or wishes to the Queen as the babe that is unborn, and innocent of aught else, indeed, unless it be the guilt of springing from so wicked a sire. And he died by thy orders, because I did so will it, and did cause thy purposes to be so moulded as to effect it ; for thus only could fit retribution be meted out to thee for thy own black deeds.'

'And who art thou, mysterious arbiter of my destiny,' cried Philip, 'who presumest thus to harrow

up my soul with reminiscences of the buried sins of youth, and who fillest mine ears, like a night-raven, with more horrid words of present guilt and wo?’

‘Who am I?’ slowly responded the monk:—
‘Look, and if grief and penitential vigils have not obliterated every lineament of the features once familiar to thine eye, look, and learn that the barriers, which the fortune of birth interposed between Philip of Spain and me, are broken down by community of anguish. I court concealment no longer, for it is only to see this hour, that I have dragged along the weary years of a painful existence. Sometimes the frail body communicates disease to the mind; but in me the fixed purposes of the soul have sustained the sinking strength of its tabernacle. But, now the great object of life is answered, there is no longer the tension of its pursuit to uphold me; and I shall meet death as cheerfully as I ever rested on a hard-won field of battle, since the VENGEANCE OF GARCÍ PEREZ is complete.’

He dropped his cowl on his shoulders, as he spoke the last words, and exposed to Philip the sunken and emaciated features of the Conde de Orotava, bearing marks of extreme old age, but with unbroken nobility of air, and an eye of fire, which gleamed on Philip, like the grave-lamp burning in the mansions of the dead. The soul-smitten King buried his face in his hands, and uttering a loud groan, sunk insensible on the floor; and when his terrified attendants, summoned to the apartment by

the noise of his fall, had succeeded in restoring his suspended faculties, they could gather no explanation, either of his sudden illness, or of the long fit of profound melancholy and abstraction which ensued. As Philip slowly opened his eyes, he glanced anxiously and hurriedly around, as if seeking for some object, which he expected and yet dreaded to behold; but he saw only his customary domestic attendants, with whose faces he was intimately familiar. The rays of the morning sun were streaming through the window; and as their cheering light shone upon him, hope whispered that the horrors of the last hour were only a troubled dream. But no:—he could not apply this ‘flattering unction to his soul;’ for there lay the fatal weapon, which the Prior had left behind him, as if its functions on earth were performed; and it was a dreadful witness to the realities of the scene, wherein Philip had just participated. How Don Diego had entered, or how he departed, Philip knew not; nor did he discover the place of his retreat, until, scarce a year afterwards, the Cardinal Legate produced an instrument transmitted to him from Rome, purporting to be the will of the Conde de Orotava, who, it appeared, had recently died in Italy, where, under an assumed name, he had long exercised the authority and functions of General of the order of Dominicans.

Philip ordered the oratorio and suite of apartments connected with it to be abandoned and dismantled;

and in doing this, a passage was found within the wall leading from the great chapel to the back of the picture of Our Lady, in the oratorio; and although it was impossible to detect the mode of passing through the picture, it was evident such means of entering the room existed; and similar means, no doubt, existed, for entering the chapels of San Salvador, together, it may be, with secret control over its regular parochial clergy or inferior attendants. And the Holy Office had power, in this way, to penetrate church or prison, palace or private house at will, and thus to subject all ranks and classes alike to the inspection of its unseen agents. Don Diego had plainly perverted his official influence to serve his private aims. But yet, when Philip reflected that he himself had covered his private revenge with the ostensible inducements of public justice, and sought aid from the Holy Office to rid him of his own son, and thus to have that done indirectly, which he had not courage to dare directly,—how could he, in his conscience, complain of the Count of Orotava for treading in the same paths of vengeance?

Peace never again returned to the bosom of Philip. The stings of remorse were planted there, never to be plucked out but with life. And the reflection that, for so many years, his every moment had been watched over by a being, whose intellectual energies defied the powers of the monarchy, to whom all places seemed accessible at all times, who con-

trolled his counsels and governed his actions, although unseen as well as unknown, and who in his most secret hours, could start upon him like an invisible spirit suddenly invested with corporeal form, to harrow and madden his soul—this reflection, and the consciousness that others might possess the same means of countermining his plans, were sufficient in themselves alone to embitter his whole life; and no man, who could have penetrated the thoughts of Philip, as he brooded over the past in the congenial gloom of the Escorial, would have envied him the throne of Spain.*

* Two or three traits in this tale are copied from the adventures of a Spanish officer mentioned in Quintana's *Vida del Gran Capitan*; and the mode of Doña Catalina's death from a play of Calderon's, cited at the head of the article.



FERNAN GONZALEZ,

THE GREAT COUNT OF CASTILE.

Heroic ditties of the elder time,
Sung by the mountain Christians in the holds
Of the everlasting hills, whose snows yet bear
The print of Freedom's footstep,—and wild strains,
Within the dark serranos, teach the rocks
And the pine forests deeply to resound
The praise of later champions.

MRS. HEMANS.

En el mismo tiempo volaba por el mundo la fama de Fernan Gonzalez, Conde de Castilla. El nombre y título de Conde (porque su padre solamente tuvo nombre de Juez) no se sabe si lo tomó con consentimiento de los Reyes de Leon, ó lo que parece mas verisimil, por voluntad de sus vasallos, que lo quisieron honrar por esta manera maravillados de las excelentes virtudes de tan gran varon. Señalóse en la justicia y mansedumbre, zelo de la Religion, y en el gran exercicio que tuvo y larga experiencia en las cosas de la guerra : virtudes con que no solo defendió los antiguos términos de su señorío, sino demas desto hizo que los del reyno de Leon se estrechasen y retraxesen de la otra parte del rio de Pisuerga. Ganó de los Moros ciudades y pueblos, castigó la insolencia de los Navarros. * * * Falleció en Búrgos, fue sepultado á la ribera de Arlanza. En aquel monasterio de S. Pedro, junto al altar mayor se veen las sepulturas dél y de su muger Doña Sancha con sus letreros que declaran cuyos son. Las exéquias fueron célebres no mas por el aparato, quebranto y lutos de los suyos, que por las lágrimas de toda la provincia que lloraba la muerte de tan bueno y tan fuerte Príncipe, por cuyo esfuerzo las cosas de los Christianos se conservaron por tanto tiempo.

MARIANA.

FERNAN GONZALEZ.



WHEN the Saracens had over-run Spain, and completely prostrated the power of the Goths as a nation, still many of the Christians, who disdained all composition with the infidel invaders, took refuge in the mountainous regions of ancient Cantabria, consoling themselves for the loss of riches and power by the possession of liberty of person and worship. Out of these fragments of the Gothic race grew up the kingdom of Leon under Pelayo, celebrated as the restorer of the Spanish monarchy. Meanwhile, the Christians, who were scattered among the recesses and wild hills nearer the centre of the Peninsula, had gradually assumed some degree of independence, partly because their places of refuge rendered them difficult of access, and partly because the Arabs were attracted elsewhere by richer conquests. For the security of their humble possessions in case of attack, the Christians built castles wherever suitable situations could be found, and under shelter of their strong holds began to

cultivate somewhat extensively the neighboring territory. Such was the number of these castles, that the whole region at length acquired the name of *Castilla*. The word, at first, was employed in a very limited sense ; but came to be more largely applied, when the Christians felt themselves strong enough to build and fortify Burgos, in the year 882. At this period, Castile was governed by counts, who held of the kings of Leon. The earliest of the counts, who figures in history, is Rodrigo, whose son, Diego Porcalos, founded Burgos. The grandsons of Rodrigo, by his daughter Sula Bella, were Nuño Rasura, the ancestor of the kings of Castile and of the Cid Rui Diaz,—and Gustio Gonzalez, the grandfather of the seven Infantes of Lara, the subjects of one of the most tragic stories in the chronicles of Spain. Nuño Rasura's grandson was Fernan Gonzalez, the famous Count of Castile, who has acquired so much celebrity in tradition, as to impair the credit of his genuine historical reputation.

It is very certain, however, that Fernan Gozalez was one of the most brave, indefatigable, and successful warriors of Christian Spain ; that he gained great accessions of territory by means of conquests from the Moors ; that he was victorious in various contests with the Christians, also, of the adjacent countries ; and that he finally rendered Castile independent of the kings of Leon. In one of these wars, it was the fortune of Fernan Gonzalez to

slay, in single combat, Don Sancho Abarca, King of Navarre, whose daughter Teresa thereupon became the inveterate enemy of the Count. At the conclusion of another of the wars between Castile and Navarre, in which Fernan Gonzalez was the victor, it was agreed that the Count should proceed to the court of Don Garci Sanchez, King of Navarre, for the purpose of marrying his sister, Doña Sancha. The Count repaired thither, unsuspecting of any fraud; but at the instigation of Doña Teresa, he was immediately seized and imprisoned by the false King. He escaped in the manner described in the following ballad.

The noble Count of fair Castile
Rides forth no more to war,
Imprisoned by that traitor-king
Don Garci of Navarre.

There came a Norman Count to Spain,
Bound for Saint Jago's shrine,
Who saw the gallant Spanish knight
Condemned in bonds to pine.

Whilst long discourse the barons held
On deeds of chivalry,
It grieved the Norman cavalier
Such shameful sight to see.—

And straight he seeks Don Garci's court,
Resolved, whate'er betide,
To gain the fair Infanta's ear,
Of Spanish maids the pride.

He knew her wise and bold as fair;
He saw, within her speaking eye,

The soul of ardor, love, and truth,
That dares or do or die.

'God pardon you,' the Norman said,
'God and Saint Mary too;
'The noblest knight of Christendom
'Is lost for love of you;

'For hither came the gallant Count
'Thy love and hand to gain;—
'For thee, in durance vile is held
'The bravest lord in Spain.

'Succor, I say, the prisoned Count;
'Your wounded honor heal;—
'Unloose his bonds, and thou wilt be
'The Queen of broad Castile.'

So well the Norman plied his speech
He touched the Infanta's heart,
Who vowed to set Count Fernan free,
And with him to depart,

If he would take her to his arms,
To be his wedded wife:—
'Fear not, my lord,' she said; 'I'll save
'Thy freedom and thy life.'

They gain the alcaide to their cause,
And, issuing from the keep,
They leave the city walls behind,
And on their journey keep

By night and day, until they reach
A mountain's wooded brow,
Where, glancing in the sun they see
A band of knights below.

Trembled the lovely Sancha then,
Who deemed Navarre was come
To seize the noble Count once more,
And drag his mistress home.

'Come on, come on, my lovely bride,'
Cried Fernan, loud and clear;
'I see the pennon of Castile,
'My gallant men are here.'

And joy the Infanta's bosom filled
To see that pennon wave,—
To hear the shout,—'Castile, Castile,'—
From many a vassal brave.

Nor was this the only occasion, where Doña Sancha was of service to the Count. It seems that Doña Teresa once more contrived to procure the imprisonment of Fernan Gonzalez, when he was peaceably attending the Cortes of the kingdom of Leon as a vassal of Don Sancho. Soon afterwards Doña Sancha announced her determination to repair in pilgrimage to the shrine of Santiago, to intercede with heaven for the release of the Count; and on the way she could not but pass through Leon, where the Count lay in prison. In passing she was graciously received by the King, who was her near kinsman; and of course she obtained permission to visit her husband. She did so, and, as the guards supposed, departed at the appointed time; but it turned out that the Count had issued forth disguised in the female apparel and pilgrim's weeds of Doña Sancha, who remained to abide the resentment of the King, but was, ere long, honorably released by him; for it was impossible to punish a lady, who had so gallantly and ingeniously served her husband. She deserves to be associated in

fame, as she is in gallantry, with the wives of Gro-tius, of Nithsdale, and of Lavallette. And the bold Count skilfully availed himself of his freedom to be revenged of the King of Leon. Don Sancho, it seems, had purchased a valuable war-horse of Fernan Gonzalez ; and one of the conditions of the purchase had been, that for every day's delay of payment, after a certain period, the price should be progressively doubled. In this way, Don Sancho had unwittingly incurred a debt which all the treasures of his kingdom could not pay ; and as Fernan Gonzalez insisted upon the penalty of the bond, and there was no court of equity which could relieve the poor King from the unconscionable bargain, he was fain to agree, in consideration of the discharge of the debt, to release Castile from all further fealty to the crown of Leon ; and thus, it is averred by the chroniclers, did Castile become independent.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Fernan Gonzalez should have become, as he is, one of the favorite heroes of Spanish romance, dividing the field with Don Pelayo, Bernardo del Carpio, and the Cid.

VALENCIA,

A PICTURE OF THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

There was a time, in the gay spring of life,
When every note was as the mountain lark's,
Merry and cheerful to salute the morn ;
When all the day was made of melody.

SOUTHERN.

—Lay her i' the earth ;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring !

SHAKESPEARE.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed,
The tear forgot as soon as shed
The sunshine of the breast :
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue ;
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigor born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.
Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play !
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day.

GRAY.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, all bright and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul
Like orient diamond never dims,
But when death's knell is heard to toll,
Then chiefly lives.

HERBERT'S TEMPLE.

VALENCIA.

How pure in spirit, how joyous in the unsophisticated simplicity of an overflowing heart, are the sports of early youth! It is the very 'May of life,' when its atmosphere is bland, its blue sky serenely cloudless, and the beams of a cheerful and vivifying sun shine forth on its path.—It is the spring-tide of our existence, when the waters of happiness come welling up in the soul in the unstinted abundance of their native freshness. There is no after period of our journey on earth, which, in blended vivacity and purity of pleasure attached to the mere enjoyment of life, can equal our juvenile days.—Goldsmith has said,

'The sports of childhood satisfy the child.'

But they do more. They awaken, in the breasts of the mature, the thoughtful, even the busiest of the devotees of worldly pursuit, delightful reminiscences of those gladsome hours, when time was to them, also, full of a mellow brightness, like a

flowery slope on the hill-side gilded by the morning sunbeams. Who, as he witnessed the gay laugh, the light step, the gesture redolent of joy, has not felt the 'melancholy wish' rise unbidden to his lip, that

'He were the little trifer once again,
Who could be pleased so lightly?'

For time, as he carries us onward in his flight, bring us to deeper fountains of happiness, to pleasures of a more thrilling and absorbing interest, to enjoyments lifted higher up in the scale of moral and intellectual measurement,—if he open to us the means of usefulness to others and of honor to ourselves,—if he spread before us the hopes and aspirations of religion, the brilliant prospects of wealth, power, fame, and whatsoever else attracts and animates the grown, full-souled man,—if our being gain expansion by age, not only for the responsible duties of life, but also for corresponding sources of interest and felicity in concurrent acquisition of domestic peace and of the power of benefiting or enlightening our fellows,—grant, I say, that all this be so:—and yet, at every remove from the careless gaiety of youth, has not the sphere of our sorrows become enlarged with expansibility equal to that of our joys? And if so, who then would cling to life for life's own sake?

I was forcibly impressed with such feelings by two little incidents, which occurred to me in the

kingdom of Valencia. On a lovely morning of spring, I departed from Murcia for Alicante, proceeding for a while through the enchanting *huerta*, that is, garden, as the richly cultivated plain is deservedly called, in the midst of which the city of Murcia is constructed. Hamlets and detached houses abounded, consisting often of little wattled cottages, rising above bright green fields of clover, flax, and wheat, sometime under shelter of a clump of palm-trees, and generally accompanied by plantations of the mulberry. A tall rock, aptly denominated *Monteagudo*, with the remains of an old Moorish castle cresting its pinnacle, is conspicuous in front of you so soon as you issue from the city. It seems difficult to conceive what valuable purpose could be answered by these little castles, which the Moors have left behind them every where, unless, perhaps, they were serviceable as watch-towers; for they are too small to receive a considerable garrison and the supply of water and provisions requisite for a long siege; and perched, as they often are, upon the naked summit of some insulated rock, it seems as if they were designed to be the mountain eyrie of a solitary robber, rather than a military strong hold for the defence of the country. The little village of *Monteagudo* is gathered around the foot of the rock; and from thence to the *sierra* of *Oribuela*, the road winds along over a territory, which is broken and uneven, but still in general well-cultivated, and interspersed with groves of olive trees from time to time. At

the hamlet of La Parecia you enter the kingdom of Valencia; and shortly afterwards arrive at Orihuela.

Nothing, in the limits of agricultural art and rich vegetation, can surpass the approach to Orihuela, or indeed its entire luxuriant *huerta*. The city itself is of considerable magnitude and population, the see of a bishop, containing numerous public edifices, and celebrated, in no small degree, for the part it has acted in the various epochs of the history of Spain. But its attractions consist less in its public monuments and historical associations than in the beauty of its situation, and the richness of cultivation, which the industry of its inhabitants has imparted to a fertile soil. Orihuela affords an example of the singular juxtaposition, which so frequently occurs in Spain, of the most luxuriant vegetation with natural scenery of the wildest aspect. Behind it rises the rough *sierra*, with its jagged rocks, and its antique castle half-way up the steep, while the river Segura flows below; and the buildings and turrets are seen to command an extensive *huerta* on the right, which forms a picture of verdure and fertility unequalled in other lands.

The *huertas* of Murcia and Valencia are plains of greater or less extent, embosomed in hills, which, enjoying a delicious climate, abundance of water by means of the immediate proximity of small rivers and the extensive use of artificial irrigation, and a deep soil, are brought, by assiduous cultivation, to a state of

wonderful embellishment and productiveness, which needs to be seen in order to be fully believed. If industry exists any where upon earth it is among the people of these luxuriant plains. Nature seems to be tasked by art to the furthest reach of her resources. Whilst irrigation supplies continual moisture, the vegetative energies of the soil are maintained by careful manuring; and every month almost has its appropriate seed-time and harvest; for the process of planting and gathering seems to be going on incessantly, in every day of the year. The boasted cultivation of England and the Netherlands is wasteful and slovenly compared with these admirable gardens of the Mediterranean coast of Spain.

And scarce any among them are superior to that of Orihuela; for it has passed into a proverb that, rain or no rain, there is wheat here;—*Llueva ó no Llueva, trigo en Orihuela*. Every field in it is like the richest bed in a kitchen-garden; and the whole plain like one of those chosen spots in the neighborhood of our large cities, where hot-houses and incessant care combine to cover the earth with fruits, flowers, and herbage. Table vegetables of the greatest variety and most savory qualities; wheat, flax, and grass in profuse abundance;—countless numbers of mulberry-trees affording sustenance to vast quantities of silk-worms; the orange, lemon, almond, pomegranate, in gay profusion:—such are the productions, which luxuriate in the rich plain of Orihuela.

From Orihuela to Albateri you coast along the foot of the *sierra*, through a succession of hamlets, just on the edge of the plain, which continues to stretch out on the right in verdant loveliness. Clumps of olives are frequently to be seen ; but the most remarkable objects are still the lofty date palms, with their pendulous clusters of fruit, hanging from a crest of long foliage on the summit of their tall, naked, knotted trunks. Having passed Laiosa, you arrive at a white castle on the summit of a conical rock, where you leave the *sierra* of Orihuela, and enter upon another extended plain, which continues to Elche. Several of the same naked rocks are seen rising out of the plain, in singular contrast with its bright verdure ; and you proceed through an uninterrupted succession of vineyards and olive trees ; for industrious cultivation is around you still, although different from that of the *huerta* you have left.

Crowds of people are every where seen at work in the fields, grouped together in little companies, in the costume peculiar to the peasantry of this region, consisting of a small cap on the head, a shirt, loose white trowsers coming just down to the knee, and cloth sandals on the feet, leaving the legs bare, the whole dress being such as to bespeak an African origin and a climate of perpetual serenity and warmth. Indeed, the Numidian is indelibly stamped upon the physical exterior, as it is upon the moral constitution, of the peasants of Murcia and

the southern districts of Valencia. Their prominent cheek bones, short face, dark eyes, coarse black hair, and tawny complexion, are not less decisive characteristics of the race, than is their laboriousness of disposition combined with keen relish for pleasures and amusements, or their lively, ardent, fickle temper, so strikingly associated with proverbial ferocity and promptness to revenge a wrong. Who, that is familiar with Spanish history and literature, can fail to recognise by such traits, the blood of the invading Moors?

Elche is the land of palms. It is devoted to the cultivation of the date, which constitutes its chief article of commerce; and it seems to lie in the heart of a forest, as it were, of these picturesque denizens of the desert, which give yet another feature of Arabia to the aspect of Spain. A single glance at the palm groves of Elche is worth a volume of speculation on the subject of the style of architecture, which, from whatever cause, bear the name of Gothic: for its lofty columns and fanciful capitals and arches are the very image of the tall knotted trunks and culminating foliage of an avenue of date palms.—I was gazing upon these noble trees, and on their rich clusters of fruit bound up in sheaths of fanlike leaves, and reflecting on the resemblance I have indicated, when my attention was called by an exhibition of juvenile festivity, which, as it was the casual result of the feelings

and habits of the people, acquired from its very spontaneousness an additional charm.

A group of young peasant girls, but just emerging from childhood, and full of the careless gaiety and exuberant vivacity of a southern clime, were enjoying an hour of license on a festival day, in an open court yard where I passed. Children as they were, and too young for suspicion of wrong, they readily admitted the attentions of two strangers, who accosted them in terms of interest and courtesy; and entered into conversation with us, if conversation it could be called, with all the native sprightliness of the light-hearted Valencians. I say, if conversation it could be called; for I confess it demanded no slight exercise of ingenuity to comprehend the language they spoke. It was the dialect of the country, a combination of Castilian with the old Provençal, which the French brought into Catalonia when they conquered the country from the Moors, and which spread with the progress of the Christian arms into Valencia. This idiom sounds harsh and repulsive in the mouths of the Catalans; but is liquid, delicate, and soft when articulated by Valencians, and especially by the musical lips of their lively women. But little as we could comprehend of their youthful accents, they, of course, found no difficulty in apprehending the *bonbons* we offered them, nor in understanding our wish, that they should continue their amusements undisturbed by our temporary presence.

It was then, for the first time, that I realized the difference between dance, when it is the tutored result of elaborate discipline, as with us,—and the same thing, when it grows up with the growth, and is, like vernacular language itself, the spontaneous acquisition of the social freedom of childhood. I had seen Taglioni delighting the fashionable *habitúés* of the Opéra Français with *pirouettes* that dazzled the eye, and all those miraculous achievements of saltatory skill, which awaken the despairing admiration of the *badauds* of Paris. In the theatres of Madrid, I had seen the choicest pupils of art, displaying to royal eyes the magic figures of the *bolero*, in movements of grace, which defy all powers of description. In Seville, in Cadiz, in Granada, how often had the click of the castanet and the tinkling of the light guitar sounded in my ear, from the stage or the *patio*, as the animated Andalusians joined in the mazes of the *fandango*.

Such sounds as when, for sylvan dance prepared,
 Gay Xeres summons forth her vintage band,
 When for the light bolero ready stand
 The *maja* blithe with the gay *maja* met,
 He, conscious of his broidered cap and band,
 She, of her netted locks and light corsette,
 Each tiptoe perched to spring, and shake the castanet.

But, while the national dances of Castile, La Mancha, and Andalusia as much exceeded the French in gracefulness, in beauty, nay in *delicacy*,

notwithstanding the current prejudices respecting the *bolero*,—as much as light is lovelier than darkness,—here was something more enchanting yet; for the elastic muscles and free limbs of the children before me, as they joined in the dances of their country, did indeed form the very ‘poetry of motion.’ And it was nature herself, fresh in her unvarnished loveliness, more agreeable than any thing which mere art accomplishes, just as the carnation upon the cheek of beauty, laid on by the ‘cunning hand’ of youthful innocence, outshines the divinest limning of a Guido or a Titian.

The Valencians have the reputation, and with just cause, of being the most graceful dancers in all Spain. Many of them gain a livelihood in the other provinces of the Peninsula, by the exercise of their national address and agility, and return to their native villages to expend the earnings of their skill in the dance, just as the Galicians do after devoting so many years of life to the business of portage and water-selling. The little girls, whom I was observing, were specimens of the proficiency in this respect, which seems to be indigenous to Valencia. They performed a great variety of dances, sometimes to the singing of one of their number, but always accompanied in some simple mode by the dancers themselves. Thus, in one dance, they employed small rods or wands, which they struck together to mark the time,—sometimes advancing, sometimes receding,—now in slowly mea-

sured cadence, and then again with extreme rapidity,—yet never failing to beat in perfect accordance with each other and with the notes of the air. Pleasing as this was to the eye and ear, another dance was not less so, in which they imitated the clicking of the castanets with astonishing accuracy, by snapping their fingers together, so as perfectly to mark the time.

In a *seguidilla*, sung by one of the children, I recognized the words of an old Moorish ballad.

Zayda dear, I do confess
 No Moorish maid excels thee ;
 Youth and grace and loveliness,
 All this, I know, adorns thee,
 All this, I know, adorns thee :—
 Song, that soothes and warms the heart,
 Is heard when Zayda warbles ;
 Charms, that pass all human art,
 Are seen, when Zayda dances ;
 Oh ! such is lovely Zayda,
 Oh ! such is lovely Zayda !

Magic dwells upon thy tongue,
 Thy words are pearls of beauty,
 Darts of death are from thee flung,
 In all thy kindling glances ;
 Death, death, is in thy glances :—
 Wedding thee were perfect bliss,
 And losing thee, I perish ;
 Oh ! if Zayda felt but this,
 To live would be to love her ;
 To live and love thee, Zayda,
 To live and love thee, Zayda.

Zayda, once my heart was thine ;
 I loved, I worshipped Zayda ;
 Lightly vowed she to be mine,
 But lighter still she changes,
 But lighter still she changes.
 He should harsh and heartless be,
 Who seeks to fix thy fondness ;
 Love and truth are lost on thee,
 Thou art so false and fickle ;
 Oh false and fickle Zayda,
 Oh false and fickle Zayda !

And thus it continued, stanza after stanza, ringing the changes upon the name of Zayda, in the customary manner of the Spanish airs, half sigh and half song, to which the guitar and the castanet form so appropriate an accompaniment.

There was nothing striking, nothing elevated or extraordinary, still less any thing partaking of adventure, in this little scene ; but nevertheless it interested and pleased, for it addressed the heart in the language of simple, artless, unaffected nature in its most unsophisticated form. I parted from the youthful triflers with regret : and I had ample leisure to reflect on the incident ; for the way from Elche to Alicante is destitute of attraction, unless it be the prospect of its castle on the summit of a steep hill beetling over the calm blue waters of the Mediterranean.

Alicante is situated at the bottom of a small bay open to the sea, with a mole calculated to afford some imperfect protection to the anchorage ground

of the port. Upon a hill in the rear of the easternmost of the two capes forming the bay is the castle, while the buildings of the city stretch along towards the western cape, the first part being called La Villa Vieja, and the latter, which contains the principal shops and the *cabildo*, is distinctively termed La Ciudad. The whole range of the city, on the side next the Mediterranean, is fortified by a strong sea-wall, extending from the Baluarte de Ramiro at one end to that of San Carlos on the other; and suitable defensive works are constructed on the land side, so as to render Alicante a strong military post. It is a neat well-built town, with spacious squares and streets, and agreeable public walks; and in other times has been busy and prosperous in the possession of very considerable commerce. There is a peculiarity in the position of its castle, which, imposing as it is to the eye at first view, ends in communicating the idea of great insecurity; inasmuch as the rock, on which the castle stands, rests upon a base of soft and crumbling earth, which constitutes the main bulk of the elevation. Its environs are celebrated for their wines; but the soil is wholly dependent upon irrigation for its productiveness, and derives a supply of water from a large reservoir constructed for the purpose. Such, in a few words, is a general idea of Alicante.

The Cathedral, dedicated to S. Nicolas, is not without merit and beauty as a work of art. It is constructed wholly of hewn stone, from quarries

behind the city, which furnish an abundant supply of excellent material for building. Over the entrance to the nave is a lofty dome, executed with much boldness and effect, but formed, like the rest of the interior of the structure, of naked stone, which, bare as it is to the eye, yet possesses withal an appearance at once dignified and simple. Arcades, opening into chapels, cover the sides of the church. Contiguous to the nave is a large chapel, denominated *Capilla de la Comunion*, composed of a dome supported on four arches, and ornamented entirely with sculptures; and from this chapel a very richly wrought door opens to a cloister or interior court planted with trees. As I stood in this chapel, the tinkling of a bell attracted my attention just in season to enable me to pay that deference, which it is neither safe, nor indeed reasonable, to refuse to the religious usages of the Spaniards.

A priest was conveying the consecrated host, for the purpose of administering the *viaticum*, or last rites of the church, to a soul about to depart on the great journey of eternity; and I fell on my knees in silence, in imitation of those about me, without stopping to reflect or desiring to reflect, whether the emotions of solemnity and awe, which the spectacle occasioned, were well or ill founded. I cannot say by what accident it had happened, that I never before was called upon for the demonstrations of reverence proper to such an occasion; and perhaps

it was the novelty of the fact, which contributed to give it a deeper hold upon my thoughts, and led me to make inquiry concerning the circumstances of the dying fellow creature, to whom the sign of salvation was to be borne. Fortunately I succeeded to a certain degree in gratifying my curiosity in this respect.

It was a young maiden, just blooming out into womanhood, on whose 'lovely limbs' death was laying 'his rude hands.' Her life had been spotless and serene, and her decease, if it rent asunder the dearest earthly ties, appeared rather like a glad assumption of the soul to its appropriate mansion on high, than a forced surrender of its mortal abiding place to the approaches of disease. She was made of

'That fragile mould,
That precious porcelain of human clay,'

which, too gentle and pure for the rude commerce of the world, scarce waits for the touch of time to snap asunder its transparent fabric. Consumption,—not in the form of a repulsive malady, but in that gradual decline of the functions of vitality, which fills the sorrowing parent or friend with contending despair and hope as he witnesses its almost insensible progress,—which steals upon us hour by hour as if only to prove to us how lovely and dear is the feeble being before us,—which seems to spiritualize the suffering body as it mines away its

energies, and, while it emaciates the frame and blanches the cheek, imparts a kind of seraphic sweetness to the soul, as if it were already purified from the dross of earth and were become a descended angel, rather than the mind of a mortal verging towards dissolution:—such was the cause and manner of her decease, whom the bereaved were now called upon to mourn in the agony of a wounded heart, and yet with the consolatory consciousness that she had exchanged the trials of time for the enjoyments of eternity.

She had hovered so long upon the wing, as if being just ready yet reluctant to depart, that none but a practised eye could have distinguished the immediate proximity of death. If, on that last day of life, any thing peculiar could be discerned in her aspect, it was not so much any manifestation or symptom of pain, as a more chastened gentleness of look, a more subdued sweetness of temper, the very air of immortality gathered like an *aureola* around suffering mortality, a breath of heaven breathed upon it as if to embalm the future denizen of the skies. She drooped with the declining sun, sinking, like him, with a softened, not a lessened brightness; and, as the last rays of his vanishing disk streamed into the windows of her apartment, —with an expression upon her fair features, which, if not indeed a smile, yet had all the sweetness of one, mellowed into that indescribable, saint-like serenity of look, which makes even death lovely,—

she expired, in the utterance of words of affection and hope, which dissolved, as it were, into a sigh, when earth yielded up at last its informing spirit.

'Then life gave way, and the last rosy breath
Went in that sigh.'

And still, even then, when vitality had ceased, the grace and tenderness, which belonged to the very essence of the departed spirit, seemed to have left their impress upon the lifeless clay, the 'farewell beam of feeling,' in the yet unchanged features.

'Their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die!'

Beautiful, beautiful, indeed, with loveliness that is not of earth, and a charm that awakens higher emotions than aught of living beauty, are the features of the youthful dead, contemplated in the sweet, calm, soulless yet expressive aspect, which belongs to such an hour, and which Byron depicts in language how true to nature!

'He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death be fled,
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek;
And, but for that sad, shrouded eye
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,—

Yes, but for these, and these alone,
 Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power,—
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
 The first, last look by death revealed !'

And such was the sad, but enrapturing object of beauty, on which I gazed. Light glossy auburn locks were gracefully parted over a broad intellectual forehead, as polished, as clear, as tintless as alabaster,—the very throne of youthful innocence. The eye was but half closed with its fringe of silken lashes, and still beamed in the gentle radiance of its liquid blue, overarched by delicately pencilled eyebrows, which the painter's art would vainly strive to emulate. The roses had faded from her cheeks ; but their outline was rounded off in such fair proportions, that disease had scarce impaired its charm ; and their whiteness bespoke some beautiful hue of the lily,—or of that gentle anemone, which sprinkles its delicate blossoms in the lap of retiring winter,—rather than the 'pale flag' of death. And her lips, where alone a slight blush of carnation yet lingered,—her mouth, whose faultless perfection of symmetry seemed instinct with a silent melody,—gave to the whole mien an expression of celestial grace and purity, which words are inadequate to describe. It was a countenance, which no eye, that once rested upon it, but must be loath to quit ; for

'Death lay on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field ;'—

a flower of 'the first world's spring,' where sin had not yet planted his footsteps.

Methinks that I see that fair form still before my eyes, and the funereal tapers burning beside it, and the priest at the altar, and the young acolytes in their white vestments; and that I hear the solemn notes of their clear voices, chanting Saint Francis Xavier's beautiful hymn, which I venture to imitate, in the following imperfect stanzas :

I love thee, God, with warmer love,
Than aught of earth may be;—
With fervor human fires above,
My spirit clings to thee.

No hopes of bliss nor fears of woe
Add to its mystic force;
Its gushing fountains, Jesus, know
A purer, loftier source.

Thou, thou, oh God, a felon's death
Didst bear, that I might live,—
Thou, on the accursed cross, thy breath
For love of me didst give.

And, Jesus, thus to thee alone
My life, my soul I bring,—
Loving, for boundless mercy shown,
My Saviour, Father, King.

It is no rare scene or object, which I have described on this occasion, any more than the juvenile sports of the children of Elche; nay, it is one, which the infirmities of our nature, and the misfortunes of the world, render but too common to us

all, sooner or later in the course of life's pilgrimage. For who, but may have been doomed to close the eyes of a sister, a daughter, a wife, prematurely consigned to the grave, and to look on life as a blank, from which all that rendered it grateful or desirable, was blotted out and expunged? In the lapse of a few days, I had seen **THE LIVING**, in the bloom of health, exuberant with joy, and tasting of the first unalloyed sweets of existence; and **THE DEAD**, lately endued with the same sensibilities, keenly alive to the same joyous impressions, but now cut off to earth, its joys, affections, and sorrows, forever. To derive no instruction from the contrast were to be wanting in the power to be wiser and better to-morrow than this day,—devoid of the capacity of harvesting from the seeds of time the fruits of eternity. They tell us, when our dearest friends are snatched from us by death, that we should cease to cherish their image, to multiply memorials of them around us, to dwell on the recollection of the past in desolate fondness;—but it is not so:—for though the links of affection be severed by the stroke of heaven, let the shattered fragments remain to us, to be gathered up and garnered in our hearts as the brightest and most priceless of gems. They bid us be consoled, because that which is, happens by unerring decrees of eternal wisdom, and therefore is right: but they misconceive an argument of submission for a means of solace; since it is far easier to acquire the sentiment of patient and

humble acquiescence in what we cannot avert, than to discipline the soul to *feel* that it is better thus,—how loudly soever the voice of reason may speak it in the ear of faith. But if not so,—yet, when the young, the lovely, the pure, the bright, are lifted out of the dull round of earth's cares, and thus early rescued from its troubled atmosphere of mingled sunshine and storm,—if for ourselves we mourn, still for them we may rejoice,—for them, who, lost unto earth, have gained a rest in heaven.

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FORTUNE,

A VISION OF TIME.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
 The deathless few ;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er its fragrant leaves,
 Lies poisonous dew.
To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth,—the Good and Wise.

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE,

O lady, in the turmoils of our lives,
Men are like politic states, or troubled seas,
Tossed up and down with several storms and tempests,
Change and variety of wrecks and fortunes ;
Till, laboring to the havens of our homes,
We struggle for the calm that crowns our ends.

FORD'S LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

Oh gloria de mandar ! Oh vana cobiça
Desta vaidade, a quem chamamos fama !
Oh fraudulento gosto, que se atiça
Co' huma aura popular, que honra se chama !
Que castigo tamanho, e que justica
Fazes no peito vaõ que muito te ama !
Que mortes ! Que perigos ! Que tormentas !
Que crueldades nelles experimentas !

Dura inquietação da alma, e da vida ;
Fonte de desemparos, e adulterios ;
Sagaz consumidora conhecida
De fazendas, de Reinos, e de Imperios.
Chamam-te illustre, chamam-te subida,
Sendo digna de infames vituperios :
Chamam-te fama, e gloria soberana ;
Nomes com quem se o povo necio engana.

OS LUSIADAS DE CAMÕES.



F O R T U N E .

ONE of Schiller's Odes represents a young man introduced into a sanctuary of ancient Egypt, where, veiled from the profane gaze of vulgar eyes, stood the image of Eternal Truth. The rash intruder presumptuously raised the mysterious veil, and on the morrow the priests found him stretched upon the pavement of the temple, struck with incurable madness, and raving in frantic despair. The idea is impressive and striking in itself; and there are moments of time, and conditions of the mind, when such a picture is calculated to sink deeply into the soul. I rose ~~from~~ the perusal of the ode, but the image it awakened ~~and~~ continued to haunt me in sleep. Agitated by a kind of delirium of the imagination, slumber fell upon my eyelids, but caused no interruption to the current of my thoughts.

I fancied myself to be wandering amid arid and barren mountains, bewildered in their savage wilds. Insensibly I seemed to be entering one of those subterranean galleries of Spain, where the

Carthaginians and Romans dug for gold, where the Goths sought a refuge, and where the Saracens hunted their human prey. I walked in darkness, except that, from time to time, a glimmering light penetrated through the fissures of the rocks, and illumined this abode of horrors. Plaintive accents or frightful howlings re-echoed through the gloomy vaults of the cavern, whose only tenants were ferocious beasts of prey, noxious reptiles, or unclean animals weltering in corruption.

In the midst of this scene of terror, rose a gigantic statue, enveloped in a silver shroud, graven with unknown and mysterious characters, which led me to suppose that the colossus was an Isis, transported perhaps into ancient Hesperia, in the days, when, according to the recital of the old historians, Scæveris embraced the Peninsula in the limits of the empire conquered by his arms. I approached, and soon discovered, beneath the pendent veil, the name of *VAURIE*, traced on the pedestal in letters of fire.

A religious awe seized on my soul. "What!" cried I: "this terrible power, whose mysteries I have longed to penetrate, abides then within reach of my hand, and my regards? I can push aside the thin barrier, which veils her from my view; but the example of the wretch sung by Schiller confounds me; I do not dare." "Dare!" echoed an imposing voice; and falling on my knees, as if in obedience to a divine inspiration, I raised my hands

to the sacred veil. The tissue, which I feared to find too heavy for the strength of my arm, was of the lightest silk; and the corner, which I touched, yielded to my slightest movement. In a moment the earth is brightened by a new day, and all is changed around me: broken rocks throw up their sharp points here and there; steep paths appear in the distance, mingled with perilous gulfs; the serpent rears his head, but it is no longer armed with the envenomed dart; again the precipices become easy to avoid or pass over; and there is no path so rough as not to be carpeted with flowers.

Emboldened with these changes, I proceeded to raise the rest of the magic curtain, and prostrated myself, dazzled and amazed, under the floods of light poured out from the new world around me. The dark vault of the cavern was opened, the firmament displayed above my head its globes of flame, and I seemed to hear the sublime harmony of the spheres, celebrating the praises of Him, who created sentiment and intelligence, the Infinite and the Eternal. My feeble sight could not have penetrated this ocean of splendor, even had I presumed to think of reading the bright volume of the skies. But near me, upon a vast tripod of bronze, with her eyes elevated towards heaven, and a balance and square in her hand, sat the auspicious Divinity, whom I had so often invoked. She displayed, under a light tunic, her transparent, her divine beauty, sometimes exhibiting only the stature, the

look, the appearance of a simple mortal, sometimes escaping from my dazzled sight, and sometimes elevating her radiant brow into the region of innumerable suns and of eternal melodies. Around her shone a brilliant and balmy atmosphere, which developed in my heart, as I breathed it, a joy indescribable, and a force as it were superhuman.

Farther off reposed upon the clouds, like travellers whose journey is ended, about sixty white-haired spirits. The remotest of them were clad in the spoils of wild beasts; others in the flowing oriental robe, the Greek mantle, the Roman toga; some in the tunic of Christian priests, others in armor of warriors from the north, or in the costume of later times. Whatever else might distinguish them, whether they held to view the trowel of Semiramis or Cheops, the tables of Solon or Numa, the crosier of our pontiffs, or the compass of Columbus,—all, gashed and bloody, bore at the same time in their features something of a cruel and agonized look. Still, as my eye receded from the first among them, whose hair was wet as if he had just risen from amid the waters, their attitude or their countenance manifested more of intelligence and of dignity, more of satisfaction and of energy. He among them who sat nearest to me, remarkable for an air of meditation mingled with an expression of irony, was engaged in removing blood-spots from his hand, while near him appeared one still young, who, in listening to his companion, agitated vehe-

mently a book and a sword, concealed beneath his mantle. The youthful genius approached the mysterious figure.

'I come,' said he, 'to reproach you with the vanity of your promises. You proclaimed that the long sufferings of mankind should not be lost upon them; that a brighter future was about to bless the earth; and I believed I might at length march on free and fortunate. So far from it, conquerors enslave the world; it is filled with prejudices, and given up to oppression.—Speak:—Is it not I, whom mortals call the nineteenth century; and if so, what faith is due to your assurances?'

'Son of time, listen,' she replied, detaching her eyes from the balance, on which they were fixed; 'the evils whereof you complain are at the same time the work and the chastisement of mankind. You would not inherit the miseries of your sixty predecessors; why have you partaken of their passions and their vices? Why, after the experience of six thousand years, are not the governors at last weary of corruption, and the governed of abasement? Why is it that the nations continue to vibrate between slavery and anarchy? The human race received from the Author of being the benefit of free will; let man employ it but once, in preferring moderation to violence, justice to force, the manly enjoyments of liberty to the lethargy of servitude.—I have promised that one day they shall do so; but this future, you alone can hasten it on. Al-

ready is your condition better than that of all the ages which have preceded ;—you have received in deposit, knowledge more vast, doctrines more elevated, institutions more nearly allied to equity, manners more gentle ; may you, constant in your purposes, extend the progress of reason and of public morals ! May it not be your lot to deserve that future generations should curse your memory, and accuse you of having perverted the destinies of man !’

‘What derision,’ replied the genius, ‘to utter vows, which you yourself might accomplish ! Why, instead of happiness and of glory, do you send me misfortunes and outrages ?’

‘Rash being,’ answered the Immortal, ‘must I tell you once more, that your sufferings attest my justice ? The whole human race is but as a single man in presence of the Father of life. He declared, when the ages sprang into birth, that evil should grow out of vices, and good from virtues. The decree, once pronounced, continues to be accomplished forever. Reflect on yourself ; interrogate your recollections of bygone times ; and you will perceive that wherever there is a reverse, error had preceded it. The fall of empires, war, bloody reactions, all those great vicissitudes, which the world, in its impiety, calls the sports of chance, are nothing but merited expiations. I promise that I will cease to send tyranny upon the earth, whenever there shall be neither excesses to provoke, nor cowardice to suffer, its outrages.’

The genius inclined his head in chastened submission, and passed on. I burned with desire to consult the oracle in my turn. 'O thou, whoever thou art,' I cried, 'is it forbidden a simple mortal to interrogate thee?'

'Speak,' replied the celestial voice, 'I answer to all who address me, and it is but too rarely that I have occasion to answer.'

'Who art thou,' I continued, 'thou whose hand seems to hold the reins of the world?'

'Who am I? Men call me Fortune. They think me blind and changeable. You see that I repose on a throne of brass, and bear the balance of justice in my hand, instead of the bandage of blind fate on my eyes. Daughter of the Most High, who created me after his own image, I am Conscience, appointed by Providence to be the minister of his judgments, and the arbiter of human vicissitudes. It is I, who, weighing all actions and all thoughts, have received the mission of rewarding and punishing. I dispense to families, to states, happiness or misfortune, according to their several merits.'

'Oh queen of the earth,' cried I, 'when pestilence, war, and famine desolate our provinces, these fatal ravages strike without discrimination, and the just suffers with the unjust.'

'Think you,' she replied, 'that many of those who fall, have invariably been sincere friends, faultless husbands, incorruptible magistrates? The

purely just exists not: and if he did, why should he complain of the trials, which his virtue undergoes, or of the death which assures him a recompense? Recompenses are not wholly in heaven, nor wholly on earth.'

I heard; my trembling lips could hardly articulate, 'Why do we sometimes see the just cause overcome? The most righteous nation——'

'Stop! tell me, where is the righteous cause, which crimes have not stained? Where is the nation, which has not called rapine and murder to its aid? which, after having been violent in the days of its triumph, has not shown itself pusillanimous, mean, apostate, in the time of adversity? Produce the man, the party, the people, who have for their device Justice and Constancy, and I engage to deliver up to them the world, and to deliver it to them forever.'

I was silent, astonished at what I had heard. The angel resumed; 'All the error of mortals consists in confounding happiness with prosperity. Oftentimes prosperity is, in my hands, only a chastisement, as well for them, to whom it is granted, as for those, to whom it is denied. Happiness does not arise from success obtained, but from duties accomplished. It is in me that it resides. I dwell in the bosoms of all men, to purify and embellish their lives. To them, who are wise enough to understand me, I impart ineffable pleasures, of which the misjudging know not: I am Felicity; I am Glory; and through me alone Love exists.'

In saying these words, the Immortal extended towards me one of her hands. While I rapturously seized the divine hand, it seemed as if my soul, borne upon wings of fire, was soaring upwards to associate with the contemplations and the delights of the celestial sanctuaries. In the midst of this divine ecstasy, I ventured to raise my eyes towards the daughter of heaven, and started to find in her place only a simple woman, but of ravishing beauty, grace, and nobleness, having a look of inspiration in her countenance and her smile, her brow radiant, her head illumined by the vivid reflection of the dazzling splendors of the firmament.

Overcome with emotion I awoke ; and although the soft and noble images, which had just been filling me with rapture, were vanished, yet a delicious tranquillity succeeded to the late commotion of my senses ; and the vision of the night, while it purified my soul, poured into it a holy enthusiasm in the cause of virtue and of liberty.*

* This piece is adopted, with some alterations, from Salvandy's Don Alonzo.

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ISABEL OF CASTILE,

A LEGEND OF VALLADOLID.

Hasta que ya los tiempos gloriosos
de aquel divino Aragonés llegaron,
y de aquella Isabel, que el mundo llama
Décima de las nueve de la fama.

¡ O santos Reyes, para dicha nuestra
nacidos en el mundo! o claras almas!
España debe a vuestra heroyca diestra
en su alterado mar tan dulces calmas:
Castilla adore la corona vuestra,
texida de laureles y de palmas,
donde enlazando sus humildes hiedras,
se enriqueció de tan preciosas piedras.

Quedó limpia por vos, puesta en huida
la vil canalla, en todo su distrito,
por quien Jerusalén se vió rendida
al gran poder de Vespasiano y Tito:
la Fé ensalzada, la hermandad temida;
cesó el herege, enmudeció el delito.

LOPE DE VEGA'S ANGELICA.

Quién podrá contar las exceléncias de esta cristianísima e bien-aventurada Rénna, mui digna de ser loada por siempre? Allende de ella ser castísima é de tan noble é excelente prosápia é progénie, tuvo ella otras muchas exceléncias de que nuestra Señora la adornó, en que excedió é traspasó á toda las Reínas, así cristianas como de otra lei, que antes de ella fueron, no digo tan solamente en España mas en todo el mundo, de aquellas de quien por sus virtudes é por sus grácias é por su saber é poder su memoria é fama vive.

Fué muger mui esforzadísima, mui poderosa, prudentísima, sabia, honestísima, casta, devota, discreta, cristianísima verdadera: clara sin engaño, mui buena casada, leal é verdadera, sujeta á su marido, mui amiga de buenos, así religiosos como seglares, limosnera, edificadora de templos, monastérias, iglesias.

Fué muger hermosa, de mui gentil cuerpo é gesto é composicion, mui celosa del pro é bien destes réinos, é de la justicia é gobernacion de ellos: soberana en el mandar, mui liberal, en su justicia justa, en el juicio siempre proveida.

ANDRES BERNALDEZ.

ISABEL OF CASTILE.

THE vesper bell had tolled the hour of *oraciones* in Valladolid, at the close of an autumnal day in 1469; and the crowds of worshippers reverted to their accustomed pleasures and pursuits, after making their evening salutation to the Virgin. Small parties of armed horsemen had been seen to enter the city during the day, who one by one disappeared under the half opened and quickly shut gate-way of here and there a dark stone dwelling, whose grated windows and heavy walls seemed to be designed to guard its inmates against the assaults of feudal enemies, quite as much as to shelter them from the elements. But the spectacle of military array was of too ordinary occurrence to awaken the attention of the plodding burgher, who, muffled in his large cloak, was sufficiently happy to remain unmolested himself by the mail-clad cavaliers, without seeking to pry into their business, to do which would only subject him to fierce words, and perchance rude blows to back insulting speech. And

it was vain to speculate on such a matter, in times when grandee and peasant alike made war at will on their own account, and no powerful chieftain moved without a retinue of right good lances beside him, inured to violence, and bound to follow his banner for weal or wo. As the sun descended behind the mountains of Leon, a sharp wind rushed along the valley of the Duero, and sweeping up the Pisuerga, filled Valladolid with its chilling blasts; but the tramp of steeds and the clang of armor still rang upon the ear, long after night had thrown her dark mantle over the gothic towers of the city.

Occupying a large space on a side of the Campo Grande, at one extremity of the city, stood a stately edifice, rising amid the numerous churches and long ranges of unsightly convent-walls, which formed the prominent objects in that immense irregular square. The richly ornamented front of this mansion,—although its heavy carved mouldings and friezes, and indeed its entire surface, had acquired the deep brown hue of venerable age was yet untouched by the hand of decay, and in its mass no less than its ornaments bespoke the wealth and consequence of its occupant. Indeed the coat of arms of ample size, cut in a dark colored stone, which surmounted the keystone of the huge arched gate-way,—which, being placed in the centre of the façade, constituted the sole entrance to the inner court-yard and apartments of the building,—afforded

conclusive evidence that it belonged to one of the proud nobles of Castile. Its lower range of windows was guarded by strong stanchions or bars of iron extending longitudinally up and down, and built fast into the solid masonry. Balconies, also of massive iron bars, but wrought into tasteful shapes, and resting upon sculptured slabs of stone, jutted out in relief from the window-sills of the upper windows, which were secured by means of thick shutters of carved oak, made to open inwards like folding doors, and fastened by moveable stanchions called *tallebas*, somewhat in the form of the iron cranes used for hoisting merchandize. Within the quadrangle or court-yard, where a small fountain played into a marble basin, was a postern-door, that conducted through a terraced garden towards the outer wall of the city. A small square turret rising at each corner on the roof, rather for ostentation than use, completes the picture of the town-residence of Don Juan de Vivero.

Late in the evening a single cavalier, attended only by a *mozo de espuelas*, or groom, spurring on his weary steed, rode up to the front gate of this house, and knocked for admission. As he knocked, the *mirilla*,—or little door in the gate-way just large enough to look through and see what was without,—was cautiously unclosed, and to the challenge of the porter the whispered reply of '*Gente de paz*,' in the well known voice of Don Gutierre de Cardenas, caused the gate to be quickly unbarred

for the reception of the horseman and his follower. The appearance of Don Gutierre, as he became exposed to the light of the torches within, indicated a plain citizen, perhaps a common trader, perhaps a mere artisan ; and ere he had well dismounted, and given his jaded and travel-soiled horse to the domestics, a lady hastily entered, who started at the garb and appearance of the new comer ; but without waiting for the usual exchange of salutations, 'Now what tidings,' cried she, 'for my lady ; and why dost thou, Don Gutierre, come hither thus travestied and alone, when we looked for other attendance ?'—'Content thee, Doña Beatriz,' said the cavalier, 'and conduct me straight to thy lady, or to the lord Archbishop.'—'I trow,' answered Doña Beatriz, 'she will welcome thee no better for the precious specimen thou wearest of the skill of Zaragoza tailors, nor for carrying into her presence thy sweet person, covered with the dust of every by-path between Osma and Valladolid, nor for speeding so ill in thy mission.'—'Content thee, again I say, and lead on,' rejoined he, 'lest I be tempted, in guerdon of thy sharp wit, to kiss thy soft hand unbidden ;' and he followed the laughing Doña Beatriz de Bobadilla to the apartments of her lady. Scarce had their footsteps died away on the stair-case, when Don Juan de Vivero was summoned in all haste to the presence of his fair guest, and the hurry of sudden preparation, and the eager looks of anxious expectation, pervaded the late quiet household.

Midnight was fast approaching, when Don Gu- tierre once more appeared, and sought admission into the cabinet of Doña Beatriz. He now came forth, clad in the rich apparel of a Spanish cavalier of that day, which he bore with habitual grace and ease, showing this, rather than the humble garb he had worn before, was the appropriate dress of his rank. The apartment, into which he was ushered, was simply, and, compared with the usage of our age and country, it would have been called meanly, furnished. An *estera*, or matting of woven sedge, was spread on the floor, and heavy embroidered hangings covered the walls, rudely representing the gestic and triumphs of Bernardo del Carpio and my Cid the Campeador. The chairs and other utensils were coarse in make, and such only as necessity required. Prominent in the room sat an elderly man, in the long robe and other peculiar attire of an ecclesiastic of rank, who, although advanced in years, yet evidently retained the vigor of manhood; and, to judge from his stately air and the firm glance of his eye, could do his part in the *melée* as bravely as the best, and would not scruple, if occasion required, to change his crozier for a lance. It happened then, as it does now, that the higher benefices of the church were generally the appanage of the younger members of noble families; but it was the case then, as it is not now, that to maintain his place a noble must have been daring in fight and wise in council; the glories of the

horse-jockey and cock-fighter were not *their* glories ; and the prelates, who sprung from such blood, partook of the spirit of their sires. They were not rarely foremost in the civil wars, that formed the chief business of mankind in the middle age ; and Don Alonso Carrillo, Archbishop of Toledo, for it was no less a personage who sat in that presence, had played his part undauntedly among the boldest knights of Castile.

He was earnestly conversing in a low voice with a lady near, whose face was slightly turned from the door ; while Doña Beatriz and a third lady stood in the apartment, who, with the Archbishop and Don Gutierre, composed the whole party. Doña Beatriz had the full black eye and the raven tresses, which we associate with a southern clime, and that brown shade of complexion, which, but for the healthfulness of her tint and the animation of her whole face, would scarcely have escaped the charge of tending to sallowness of aspect. Time had not yet touched the beauty of her, who was afterwards the celebrated Condesa de Moya. The lady, who stood by her side, Don Gutierre saluted as Doña Mencia de la Torre ; and both these ladies waited, with all the subdued respect of tone and deference of deportment due to the highest rank, upon the youthful incarnation of loveliness, with whom the Archbishop conferred.

A low bodice of black velvet, fitted closely to her waist, displayed the perfect proportions of a bust

blooming out into womanhood. A *brial*, or close petticoat of the same rich material, depended over the full, but well formed and graceful contour of her limbs. This part of her dress was fastened at the waist by a kind of brocaded belt, embroidered with jet and brilliants, and a band of similar workmanship ran from the belt down the middle of the *brial* or skirt, and was continued in a border around the bottom of it; a border of the same general description running around the upper part of the bodice next to the neckkerchief. The tight wristbands of the dress were adorned by several bands of corresponding make and material. Above the bodice she wore a wrought kerchief of the costliest Flanders' lace, fastened at the throat with a gold brooch, and having a border of very peculiar workmanship. It was narrow, as compared with the belt and bands of her *brial*, and instead of the wreaths and fanciful figures embroidered on them, it bore the forms alternately of a castle and a lion, wrought in rich gems of various kinds on a silver ground, forming a splendid edging to the kerchief, double in front, and passing all around the neck. A large diamond cross, set in pearls, was suspended over her bosom from the rich pearl collar, which, as being the princely gift of him whose coming she awaited, was the fitting ornament of her person on this occasion. To complete her habiliments, a flowing tabard, as it was then called, or rich mantle of crimson silk bordered with damask, was thrown

over her shoulders and arms, hanging down to the floor, and a white veil of thin delicate lace, gauze-like and transparent as woven air, covered, without concealing, her dark brown tresses, and being fastened in front by the brooch on her bosom, could be dropped over her face at will,—so as to increase the effect of the beauty which it veiled, like the light fleecy clouds flitting along the moon's orb in a bright autumnal eve.

It is easy to give a description of garments; but how describe that surpassing loveliness of form and countenance, which consists not in the peculiar shape of each separate feature or limb, but in the perfect harmony of parts and heavenly combination of elements in the entire person? She, of whom I speak, was of middling stature, and rather fuller in form than might be considered consistent with a faultless model: but the grace of every movement, and the mingled dignity and sweetness of her whole manner would alone have sufficed to mark the royal daughter of a line of kings. Her face was not of that stamp, which fancy is apt to attribute to the maidens of Spain. We have already seen that her hair was brown; and her complexion was pure red and white, the unclouded carnation of the fairest youthful beauty. A broad open brow, an oval face gently curving off into a rounded chin, even, well-defined lips, expressing a firm character united with a gentle spirit, and eyes of dark grey deepening into blue,—*ojos entre*

verdes y azules, says a good father of her day, who seems to have studied the constituents of beauty rather more attentively than became a monk,—such were the separate features of the fair young maiden. Her general cast and look did not speak her more than eighteen, although a certain maturity of expression in her face, and a grave and somewhat devotional air, increased by the appearance of a richly illuminated missal, which she held in her hand, would have suited a much riper age.

To the low salutation of Don Gutierre she graciously nodded in reply, without interrupting her conversation with the Archbishop. So earnestly, indeed, was it continued, that a young cavalier had entered the open door unobserved by her, and advanced towards the centre of the room. He stood with one foot set slightly forward, his short cloak of the finest cloth of Segovia flung back on his shoulders, displaying the close jacket of Genoese velvet which covered his manly form, the gold hilted sword which hung over his slashed underclothes, and a chain of massive chased gold links, with the cross of Montesa, suspended from his neck, —while in his left hand he held a black velvet hat, ornamented with a plain diamond aigrette and a single tuft of white plumes, leaving uncovered a high noble brow and expressive manly features, with sparkling eyes that gazed on the beautiful vision before him, entranced as it were with love and admiration. "T is he, 't is he," cried Don

Gutierre,* pointing with his finger to the stranger ; and as the lady started with a slight exclamation of surprise, Fernando de Aragon kneeled at her feet, and seizing her not unwilling hand, covered it with the kisses of her accepted lover, whom she now for the first time saw, and that in secrecy and disguise. Need I say that the lady was Isabel of Castile, the lovely and the loved, the model of queens, of wives, and of mothers,—the unaffected reality of all that her false-hearted namesake of England, Elizabeth, affected to be, but was not,—a woman, namely, with all a woman's sensibilities, and yet a great and high-souled princess,—that Isabel, whose reign is the golden age of prosperity and glory in the annals of fallen Spain ?

At the time when the events of our story happened, Henry the Imbecile held the sceptre of Castile and Leon ; and in his reign the disorders of a sickly state had reached such an intolerable excess, that the body politic appeared to be fast sinking under its unceasing convulsions. Don Enrique ascended the throne under circumstances of the most unfavorable nature. The kingdom was devastated and exhausted by the ravages of civil wars, which pre-

* Don Gutierre de Aragon, in memory of this Gutierre de Cárdenas, see *see* *see*

ancestor, Don Enrique de Trastamara. The infirm health and premature death of his grandfather, Henry III., prevented his applying those remedies to the public relief, which a capacious mind and enterprising spirit might otherwise have devised and undertaken. His predecessor, Don Juan, destitute of either energy or talents to govern his turbulent nobles, was equally degraded, in being at all times either their tool or their victim. Condemned to see them dispute the possession of his person and his power on the fatal plains of Olmedo, he resigned all his authority to the Constable Don Alvaro de Luna, and afterwards, with still greater weakness, gave up his tried and faithful minister to the fury of their common enemies. Don Enrique himself inherited the mean spirited and servile character of Don Juan. Wavering and pusillanimous in his purposes, despised by his vassals, corrupt in his habits, and given up to the pursuit of pleasures of which nature had denied him the enjoyment, he soon acquired a most invincible repugnance to business of whatever kind, which he gladly suffered to pass entirely into the hands of ambitious and unprincipled favorites. A never-ending succession of troubles in his family, and of civil wars between contending factions of the aristocracy, was the necessary consequence of the weakness of their common head. So long as he could enjoy his personal amusements unmolested, no public calamity moved the impassiveness of

his indolence. While the profligate court spent in tournaments and gallantry, or in the wild distractions of the chase, that time which belonged to the necessities of the state, the fierce grandees made cruel war upon each other from province to province, dividing, with impunity, the spoils of the crown and the substance of the people. Corruption, venality, and violence became universal; and the whole kingdom, torn by every species of disorder, and infected with all the principles of dissolution, was hurrying onward towards absolute and irretrievable ruin.

But that we may fully appreciate the condition of unhappy Castile at this period, it is well to refer to the touching pictures given by the old chronicles, not merely of the general aspect of things, but also of some remarkable incidents in particular.

All Spain was overwhelmed, says a celebrated ecclesiastic, Alonso Ortiz, who spoke of what he actually saw,—all Spain was overwhelmed by the most terrible storms in those days, when the flames of civil war raged with the greatest fury, and total perdition impended over the prostrate commonwealth. There was no spot exempt from the common misery. There was no man who enjoyed his patrimony without fear and peril of his life. All classes of the community were filled with affliction, flying to the cities for refuge, since robbery and murder stalked unchallenged through the land. Our barons did not take up arms to defend

our borders against the infidel, but to strike the thirsty sword into the bowels of their common country. The domestic enemy banqueted on the blood of his fellow citizens. The strongest of arm and deepest in fraud bore the palm of power and praise among us; so that all things had broken wholly forth from the check and scope of justice, and the venerable majesty of the law had its light quenched in the darkness of general corruption.

How true to the life is the general description of Ortiz may be seen from a trait of the times recorded by Hernando del Pulgar. It seems that Don Pedro de Mendaña was alcaide of Castronuño during the period under review. Seeing the time well disposed for his natural desires and inclination, he received in that fortalice many robbers with the booty which they made, and protected them from pursuit, as also desperate men of every kind, absconding debtors, murderers, and other outlaws. And when he found himself accompanied by such followers, induced by impunity from the laws and large rewards to do his bidding, he seized on the castles of Cubillas and Cantalapiedra, and fortified that of Sieteiglesias, and placed his men in them; from which strong-holds they sallied forth to rob in all the regions round about, and brought to him the treasure and goods they collected. He also captured the town of Tordesillas, and augmented his power in such wise, that the great cities of Burgos, Avila, Salamanca, Segovia, Valla-

dolid, and Medina, and all the other towns in that region, gave him a regular tribute of bread, wine, and money to purchase security. And thenceforward he continued to make other demands from them of money and cattle, all which was yielded to his satisfaction. And by such oppressions he acquired great riches, so as to maintain constantly in his pay no less than three hundred mounted banditti. All the grandees of the kingdom, who had estates in those districts, held him in fear, and gave him large gifts that he might not make war against them on their lands. And from the success of this alcaide, many other alcaides in the kingdom took example, and set themselves to pillaging and ransoming the people, and defending the crimes and misdeeds which robbers perpetrated. Some time elapsed, when Pedro de Mendaña was besieged in his castle of Castronuño, and after an obstinate defence surrendered only upon honorable terms of capitulation, he and his bands escaping all punishment, as if what they had done had been in the mere common course of war.

I shall give one other incident equally characteristic, but differing from the foregoing, as it shows how the great nobles and their immediate followers demeaned themselves in the same reign. Don Enrique had abandoned the control of affairs to his queen Juana, and to her paramour Don Beltran de la Cueva, Conde de Ledesma, who was universally believed to have dishonored the royal

bed, and to be the father of the Infanta Juana, stigmatised from this circumstance by the *soubriquet* of la Beltraneja, by which name she is uniformly called in Spanish history. The power enjoyed by this ancient Godoy excited a confederation of the discontented grandees and prelates, having for its object the deposition of Don Enrique, and the elevation of his brother Don Alonso to the throne. The chroniclers, Diego Enriquez del Castillo and Alonso de Palencia, describe the scene which ensued.

The leagued barons being assembled at Avila, selected an extensive plain without the city, on which they erected a large scaffold, open on all sides, so that the citizens of Avila, and the multitude who came from other towns to witness the ceremonial, might plainly see everything which took place. Here was displayed a royal throne, in which sat a figure representing Don Enrique, with the crown on his head, a sword before, and the sceptre in his hand, in the usual manner of arraying the person of kings. Every thing being thus arranged, the barons rode out from the city towards the scaffold, accompanied by Don Alonso. When they had arrived, Don Juan Pacheco, Marquess of Villena, with the Master of Alcantara and the Conde de Medellin, took the Prince a little way aside, while the other lords ascended the scaffold, and placed themselves behind the throne. Having done this, one of them read a paper with

a loud voice, setting forth the offences of Don Enrique, which they divided into four principal heads. For the first they alleged that he deserved to lose his royal dignity, whereupon the Archbishop of Toledo, Don Alonso Carrillo, advanced and took the crown from the brows of the mimic king. For the second he forfeited the right to administer justice, wherefore Don Alvaro de Zuñiga, Conde de Plasencia, removed the sword which lay on his lap. For the third, he ought to lose the government of his kingdom, and so Don Rodrigo Pimentel, Conde de Benavente, snatched the sceptre which he held in his hand. For the fourth, he deserved to be deprived of the throne and establishment of a king, wherefore Don Diego Lopez de Zuñiga approaching, and striking the effigy from the chair in which it was seated, kicked it ignominiously from the scaffold to the ground, accompanying the act with bitter terms of invective and reproach against the person and character of Don Enrique. And immediately upon this, Don Alonso came up, and being placed on the throne, received the homage and fealty of the banded nobles, who kissed his hands as King and right lord of the realm, ordering the trumpets to sound a loud note of joy and triumph, amid shouts of 'viva el rey' from themselves and their fautors, and the muttered lamentations of the shocked and terrified multitude, too conscious that all the extremities of civil war must tread close on the heels of such high-handed and

outrageous misdemeanors. And so indeed it was, to the scandal of all Spain, and to the desolation and misery of the people, until the sudden death of Don Alonso deprived the disaffected lords of a rallying point, and abated, but did not extinguish, the fury of embattled factions in wretched Castile.

After the death of Don Alonso, there remained only Doña Isabel, the young sister of the King, who could dispute with him the possession of the crown. She was daughter of Don Juan by a second marriage, being born at Madrigal in Old Castile, the 22nd day of April, in the year 1451. Ere she had completed her fourth year, her father died, and the imbecile Don Enrique, on succeeding to the crown, left Isabel and her mother to languish in poverty and obscurity in the seclusion of the royal country house of Arevalo. The Queen mother, Doña Isabel of Portugal, soon lost her reason from the accumulated burden of degradation and sorrows, and her deserted daughter, far from the luxury of palaces, and stripped of all the flattering incidents of royal birth, entered upon that childhood and youth of affliction, whose trials were to conduct to so glorious an issue in her after life. Don Enrique did, indeed, after a while, repent of his abandonment of the injured Isabel, and received her into his palace, to enjoy the advantages which belonged to her rank.

But what a scene was there for the pure and ingenuous recluse of the walls of Arevalo! The im-

placable foe of the Gothic name strengthened himself in the hills of Granada, and defied the chivalry of Castile to the field; but the descendant of Don Pelayo was now a craven knight, a minion ruled prince, the scorn alike of Christian and Moor,—and consumed the treasures of his kingdom in revelry or favoritism, and its blood in civil broils, in the stead of devoting them to the noble task of driving Muley-Hassan from the golden halls and marble courts of the Alhambra back to the native deserts of his race.

The skipping King, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters, and rash hain—
 Soul kindled and soon burnt: carded his state;
 Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns.

And worst of all, the profligate Queen of a shameless monarch, the guilty Doña Juana, lived in unchecked adultery with Don Beltran, at once the falsest of friends and most incapable of ministers, and reared up the offspring of their crime, the unfortunate Beltraneja, to be the watchword of treason in Castile for many a weary year of bloodshed and confusion. Fortunately for Isabel, she possessed a native dignity and purity of character, fortified and refined by the seeming mischances of her lot, which, however, had but taught her the 'sweet uses' of adversity; and she passed through the fiery ordeal of a dissolute court unscathed, or rather with her genuine nobility of soul yet more elevated by a

shrinking repulsion for the foul atmosphere she had been compelled to breathe.

When the death of Don Alonso, the victim of poison administered in his food, left the insurgent nobles without a suitable chief, they went to Doña Isabel, with the Archbishop of Toledo at their head, and offered her the sceptre of Castile. She had taken refuge in a convent at Avila, anxious to escape from the horrors of civil war which every where met her eye. If her principles of conduct had been less pure and upright, the spectacle of her country given up to the reciprocal rage of hostile partisans, and of her beloved brother the early victim of unregulated ambition, would have come to confirm her resolutions in such a crisis. But she needed not this ; and immoveable in her loyalty to her lord and brother Don Enrique, she unhesitatingly and decidedly refused the proffers of allegiance made her by the grandees in arms against the crown. A procedure so full of high-toned generosity, while it won the regards of Don Enrique, was not without its influence upon his enemies, and greatly facilitated the conclusion of a modified peace at the congress of Los Toros de Guisando, where Don Enrique proclaimed Doña Isabel sole heiress of his kingdom, thus forever sealing the fate of La Beltraneja, whom he declared under oath not to be his child.

The barons, who had so contumeliously performed the ceremony of dethroning the King in effigy at Av-

ila, now returned to his confidence, and engaged in a new series of intrigues for the disposal of the hand of Doña Isabel, who, as heiress of Castile and Leon, was sought for in marriage by many of the great Princes of Europe. Don Juan Pacheco obtained the grand mastership of Santiago; and the Archbishop of Toledo was again trusted. Of the various alliances, which offered, that of the house of Aragon, as uniting the two great fragments of Spain, it was the interest of every true patriot to promote; and thus it was viewed by the Archbishop. But Don Juan had reasons of personal interest for opposing this, and managed to gain exclusive control of the movements and purposes of the King. They endeavored to compel the Princess, by threats of imprisonment, to marry the King of Portugal, a widower, far advanced in years, and wholly unsuitable as a husband of the fair and youthful Isabel. This hopeful scheme failing, they fixed on Charles, Duke of Berri and Guienne, brother of Louis XI. of France. Don Fadrique Enriquez, Admiral of Castile, and Don Mosen Pierres de Peralta, Constable of Navarre, were the coadjutors of the Archbishop in furthering the proposals of the young Ferdinand of Aragon, who had a still more powerful partisan than either in the growing tenderness of Doña Isabel.

In fact Isabel, like a discreet and prudent lady as she was, had been playing, under the rose, a game of her own, quite as cunningly as the politic

nobles and astute churchmen of her brother's court. She privily despatched her chaplain, a man of entire trust, called Alonso de Coca, with instructions to repair to France, and seek the Duke of Guienne, and carefully make inquiry concerning him, and then, returning, to do the same with regard to Don Fernando, the Prince of Aragon, so as to bring back a full and faithful report to his mistress. He gave Doña Isabel a complete account of the appearance and habits of both princes, relating in how many things the Prince of Aragon excelled the Duke of Guienne. Don Fernando, he said, was in countenance and proportion of person very handsome, and of noble air and manner, and apt in every knightly exercise or princely deed. The Duke of Guienne, on the contrary, was weak and effeminate, with legs so small as to be altogether deformed, and with weeping eyes already sinking into blindness, so that ere long he would stand more in need of a page to lead him by the hand, than of a horse and lance for the battle field or tourney. Doña Isabel instantly came to a right conclusion upon what cause to pursue, resolving to bestow her virgin heart and young affections upon a prince worthy of her choice, instead of giving up her person to caducity or deformity to accommodate the ambitious projects of scheming statesmen.— The Archbishop having a perfect understanding with the gentlemen of her household, Don Gonzalo Chacon and Don Gutierre de Cardenas, a private

correspondence with Isabel was commenced, and carried on for some time unsuspected, and she finally accepted a rich collar of gems and pearls sent her by Don Fernando, with other suitable presents, and consented to become his bride.

Doña Isabel resided at this time at Ocaña, whither she and the King had been conducted by Don Juan Pacheco, in order that they might be completely in his hands, it being a place subject to his control as Master of Santiago. Hither Don Enrique summoned the Cortes in order that the compact of Los Toros de Guisando might be carried into effect, and Doña Isabel recognized by the estates of the realm as heiress of Castile and Leon. Beginning, however, to fluctuate in his intentions, and receiving tidings of disturbances in Andalusia which rendered his presence necessary there, he left Ocaña before any thing was done, after compelling Doña Isabel to swear that '*she would undertake nothing new respecting her marriage.*' As Doña Isabel had already engaged to espouse Don Fernando, although Don Enrique knew it not, her clerical counsellors persuaded her that she might conscientiously swear to undertake *nothing new* respecting her marriage, and that she ought to do so, to lull the suspicions of Don Enrique and the Master. But no sooner had these last departed from Ocaña, than the conspirators, if so they may be termed, proceeded with all possible despatch to conclude the marriage, and thus place themselves beyond the resentment of the King.

Doña Isabel was first conveyed to Madrigal, where her mother then lived, it being given out that her object was to remove her brother's body from Arevalo, and superintend the interment of it in Avila. Uneasy at her leaving Ocaña, and suspecting all was not right, the Master now took measures for seizing her by force; but the Archbishop and Don Fadrique, getting intelligence of his design, mustered a strong party of their followers, and conducted her in all haste to Valladolid, which was wholly at the devotion of the Admiral. As the Marquess of Villena was now on his guard, and ready to take any desperate step to secure the disputed prize, the friends of Doña Isabel saw that no time was to be lost in deliberation. Every thing had been previously arranged preliminary to the marriage, a dispensation having been procured from the Pope, and Don Fernando having been raised by his father to the dignity of King of Sicily, to make him better worthy of Doña Isabel. Nothing remained but that Don Fernando should come to Valladolid, and espouse the Infanta; and this was a task of greater difficulty than at first sight it would seem.

The management of this affair was entrusted to Don Gutierre de Cardenas and Don Alonso de Palencia, the latter a gentleman attached to the Archbishop. They counted upon the Bishop of Osma, Don Pedro Montoya, to furnish one hundred and fifty lances, and Don Luis de la Cerda, the

Count of Medinaceli, five hundred, which, with three or four hundred more to be procured from other sources, they deemed a sufficient escort to ensure the safety of Don Fernando. But when Cardenas and Palencia reached Osma, on their way to Zaragoza, they learnt to their consternation that the Bishop and the Conde de Medinaceli, with the usual levity of the Castilian nobles of that day, had deserted the party of Doña Isabel, and joined that of the Master. The whole frontier was held by the powerful lords of Mendoza, who occupied with their retainers and connexions all the castles along the line from Almazan to Guadalajara. Cardenas and Gutierre became convinced that it was now impossible for Don Fernando to enter Castile openly, and that unless they could succeed by some ingenious stratagem, the whole object, for which they had labored so long and so earnestly, would be utterly and perhaps forever defeated. They determined to make a bold push to overmatch the machinations of their enemies.

Concealing their immediate purpose, which they could easily do by Cardenas passing for the servant of Don Alonso, who frequently had occasion to go to and fro on business of the Archbishop, they hastened forward to Zaragoza, and proposed to Don Fernando to repair to Valladolid in disguise and without attendance. Cardenas communicated to the Prince the loving messages of Doña Isabel, with her maidenly complaints that he had not yet vis-

ited her in Castile, and her prayers that he would not abandon her in the perilous predicament wherein she was placed for his sake. Don Fernando instantly resolved to hasten to Valladolid at all hazards; having sent forward Don Mosen Pero Vaca, a confidential servant of his father the King of Aragon, on a simulated embassy to Don Enrique, so as to blind the eyes of the Mendozas, of Don Luis de la Cerda, and the rest of their party along the road to Valladolid.

Don Fernando, accompanied only by a few domestics in whom he could repose implicit confidence, put himself under the guidance of Cardenas, and passed the line that separates Aragon from Castile. Being obliged to stop to refresh themselves and their mules, they halted at a hamlet between Gomara and Osma, where they passed for common traders, the Prince busying himself to take care of the mules and serve at the table, so as to divert all suspicion from his own person. After a multitude of difficulties and hairbreadth escapes, he safely arrived in the dead of night at Osma, where he found Don Pedro Manrique, Conde de Treviño, and three hundred lances secretly got together and prepared to escort him for the residue of the journey, —the Manriques, the Rojas under the Conde de Castro, and other friends of Doña Isabel, being on the alert, and in command of the road from Osma to Valladolid. Don Fernando was welcomed by the Conde de Treviño and his followers, at Osma,

with cries of joy and flourish of trumpets, and conducted through the streets by the light of flaming torches, which blazed out upon the astonished sight of the inhabitants and the soldiers of the garrison, waking from their slumbers to witness the triumphant entry of Don Fernando. Cardenas pushed on with fresh horses to Valladolid, to give tidings of the approach of the party, who followed with all possible speed.

Meanwhile the Archbishop and the Admiral had been secretly mustering their friends, and introducing them by small parties into Valladolid, as we have already seen. When Don Gutierre arrived in the evening at the house of Vivero, he found them anxiously awaiting the arrival of Don Fernando. Chacon was sent back to meet him, and conduct him into the house by the postern door from the garden, so as to avoid the risk of his being seen and recognised in the streets of the city. His followers halted at the village of Dueñas, a few miles from Valladolid, while he rode in almost alone, to plight his faith as a prince and a knight to the fair Isabella. This their first interview took place the 14th day of October 1469. Don Fernando returned to Dueñas the same night, and remained there until the 18th day of October, when, every thing being in readiness for the espousals, he publicly entered Valladolid, in company with several lords of the houses of Manrique and Rojas, and was received without the gates by the Archbishop,

the Admiral, and a brilliant cortége of the principal cavaliers of the city. In the evening the espousals of the Prince and Princess were published and ratified before a great concourse of spectators, assembled in the house of Don Juan de Vivero. And there, on the following morning, the marriage ceremony was performed, and the nuptial benediction pronounced, with feasts and rejoicings, it is true, but without the magnificence of display, the tournaments, the public dances, and the bull fights, which the custom of the times and place required in honor of royal espousals.

It was, in fact, a stolen match, to which the weak tyranny of the King, and the factious violence of the nobles who possessed his confidence, drove the future lords of Spain, Italy, and the Indies. And distrust as we may the virtue that is reared in the sickly atmosphere of palaces, never yet did prince or subject take to his arms a more pure and lovely wife,—loyal, affectionate, tender, and true, endowed with every queen-becoming grace, mingled and tempered with the blander charms of humble life,—than yielded up her maiden hand and heart on that occasion to her lover-king. If the gentle reader would appreciate the moral of our tale, let him summon up before his mind's eye the picture of Isabel of Castile married by stealth in the hall of a private dwelling, and hardly with the solemnities of a common Spanish bridal; and then compare the scene with that of the same Isabel, in the

overpowering glories and stupendous triumphs of her after-life, as exhibited in the graphic, glowing, and impressive pages of Washington Irving. It were idle for me to attempt a task accomplished to my hands by his magic pen. Why advance to break spears with him, when the challenger would thus but show his own weakness, without calling into display the strength of the challenged? Instead of this, I shall have recourse to that mine from which he has dug so many gems, borrowing a single additional trait to fill up the canvass, from the naïve pages of the curate of Los Palacios.

The right noble and ever blessed Queen Doña Isabel, with the King Don Fernando, reigned over the realms and lordships of Castile nine and twenty years and ten months; in the which time was the greatest exaltation, triumph, honor, and prosperity, that ever chanced in Spain. Who could worthily recount the grandeur, the magnificence of her court; the prelates, the learned men, the venerable counsellors, who always accompanied her; the preachers, the precentors, the musical accordances in honor of the divine worship; the solemnity of the masses and hours continually chanted in her palace; the knightly and martial nobles of Spain, dukes, masters, marquesses, and *ricos hombres*; the gallants and dames, the jousts and tournaments, the multitude of poets and troubadours and minstrels of every degree; the men of arms and war ever in battle against the Moors, with all

their artillery and engines of infinite variety ; and the gold and silver and gems and pagan men brought from the newly discovered Indies, where the setting sun goes down behind the Ocean-Sea ? Spain was, in the time of these all blessed Kings, Don Fernando and Doña Isabel, more triumphant, sublimated, and potent, and more feared and honored, than ever before or since ; and so of this right noble and blessed Queen the fame and the memory shall ever live in all the realms of Spain.*

* The materials for the above sketch are drawn from the Memoirs of the Spanish Academy of History, the sixth volume of which is a vast repository of facts and authorities respecting Isabel, collected by Don Diego Clemencin.



C O L U M B U S .

Steure, muthiger Segler! Es mag der Wik dich verhöhnen,
Und der Schiffer am Steu'r senten die lassige Hand.
Immer, immer nach West! Dort muss die Küste sich zeigen,
Liegt sie doch deutlich und liegt schimmernd vor deinem Verstand.
Traue dem leitenden Gott und folge dem schweigenden Weltmeer,
Wär' sie noch nicht, sie stieg jezt aus den Fluten empor.
Mit dem Genius steht die Natur in ewigem Bunde,
Was der eine verspricht, leistet die andre gewiss.

SCHILLER'S GEDICHTE.

Columbus was a man of great and inventive genius. The operations of his mind were energetic but irregular; sallying forth at times with that irresistible force which characterizes intellects of this order. * * *

He was decidedly a visionary; but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind. The manner in which his ardent, imaginative and mercurial nature was controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of exhausting itself in idle soarings, lent wings to his judgment, and bore it away to remote conclusions, at which common minds could never have arrived, nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out.

To his intellectual vision it was given to read in the signs of the times, and in the conjectures and reveries of past ages, the indications of an unknown world; as soothsayers were said to read predictions in the stars, and to foretell events from the visions of the night. 'His soul,' observes a Spanish writer, 'was superior to the age in which he lived. For him was reserved the great enterprize to plough a sea which had given rise to so many fables, and to decipher the mystery of his time.'

With all the visionary fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. * * * What visions of glory would have broke upon his mind, could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all of the earth hitherto known by civilized man; and how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the chills of age and cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered, and the nations, and tongues, and languages, which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!

WASHINGTON IRVING.

C O L U M B U S .



THE memory of Columbus ought to be peculiarly dear to Americans. He it was that disclosed to astonished Europe the rich expanse of this western world. The penetrating and adventurous Italian revealed to his contemporaries, and through them to our fathers, the path across the broad ocean, which sunders the two great continents of the earth. Taught by his wisdom, and guided by his resolute spirit, the nations of Europe sent forth colony after colony, allured by the silver imbedded in our mountains, or driven hither by intolerable oppressions at home, to explore, to conquer, and to people the wide regions of America. In common with the whole human race, we are under infinite obligations to him for giving an extension to the efforts of commercial enterprise, of which no past ages could have formed any conception; for opening to mankind a boundless field for the exertion of industry, skill, intelligence, the cultivation of science, literature, and the arts, and

the acquisition of riches and all its consequent advantages ; for giving that impulse to colonization, by reason whereof so many enlightened millions have sprung up to inhabit the soil he discovered ; in fine, for enlarging the bounds of civilization and improvement, by adding another world to their empire.

But our own duty of gratitude is more peculiarly imperative. That we subsist as an independent state, perhaps that we have being as individuals, that it is our happy lot to constitute a free and flourishing Republic, that we enter into the great family of civilized nations, which inhabit this continent,—is because the Genoese mariner conceived and accomplished his splendid adventure. It matters not whether any equally daring navigator in remote antiquity, impelled by chance, by design, or by the violence of winds and waves, had succeeded in piloting his frail galley along the selfsame track with Columbus. Plato may have learnt of the Atlantic Isles from the priests of Egypt. The sublime vision of Seneca was not, it may be, entirely prophetic. The Phenicians, those intrepid seamen, who circumnavigated Africa, might have made, also, the far less perilous voyage to America. But, if they did, the belief, nay the memory of the event was already become, in the lapse of ages, as if it had never been unfolded to man ; and therefore it detracts nothing from the glory of Columbus.

True it is, likewise, had he never drawn the breath of life, or had his overpowering conviction of the existence of undiscovered lands, far off in the western ocean, perished with himself, still among those acute and bold Italians, who abounded in every court of Europe, another Columbus might have arisen to develop the grand secret, blest in imparting it to a more worthy master than the jealous, ungrateful, and bigoted Ferdinand. Yet who will undertake to unroll the stupendous consequences depending on the single incident of the discovery of America, at that conjuncture and under those circumstances, and by the very person to whom destiny did actually give it in charge? Who is capable of conceiving what chain of extraordinary events might have ensued, if the discovery had taken place under materially different auspices? What influence, baneful or fortunate, it would have exerted upon our fate, no mortal eye can trace; and we may be content, therefore, with reiterating our grateful acknowledgments to the enterprising genius of Columbus.

It is not my purpose, on this occasion, to enter into continuous narration of the life of Columbus. Passing cursorily over the voyages made by him in the service of Spain, and his doings in the West Indies, I shall confine myself to the incidents of his private and early life, his family history, and to appropriate comment on some personal particulars of his later days.

An acrimonious controversy has existed in Italy, concerning his birthplace and parentage. For it is remarkable that Ferdinand, the son of the Admiral, who wrote a very full account of his father's life, and who was sixteen years old when the latter died, seems to have been wholly uncertain as to the place, either of his father's nativity, or of his extraction. The number of states or cities, which claim the honor of giving him birth, and the patriotic zeal displayed in the defence of their conflicting pretensions, call to mind the similar disputes in regard to the origin of Homer, commemorated in the well-known Latin verses,—

Septem urbes certant de stirpe insignis Homeri,
Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athensæ.

It is the old and generally credited opinion that Columbus was a native of Genoa, or its immediate neighborhood; and, independently of other evidence on the subject, this opinion now rests upon the most conclusive testimony, namely, the declarations of the Admiral himself on several occasions. In the archives of San Giorgio at Genoa are preserved some extracts from a will, made by the Admiral in 1497, in which, assigning for reason that he was *born in Genoa, (siendo yo nacido in Genova,)* he bequeaths a legacy to the Republic; and in another part of the same testament occur the words, 'because I came from there, (Genoa) and there I was born.' In the same archives of Genoa,

is a letter written by the Admiral to the magistracy of San Giorgio, in 1502, informing them he had enjoined it upon his son to pay to the Republic a tenth part of his revenue, to reduce the tax on provisions; and that he had sent them, by Nicolò Oderigo, a copy of his charters for the use of their citizens. Here, also, he impliedly calls Genoa his birthplace, saying, 'that although he had been a long time far away from *his country*, yet by no means had his heart been alienated therefrom.' The Corsini library, at Rome, contains a Breviary, once the property of the Admiral, to whom it was presented by Pope Alexander the Sixth. On a blank leaf of this book is written a codicil, made according to military usage, dated at Valladolid, May 4th, 1506, in which he bequeaths the book to his 'most loving country the Genoese Republic,' orders the erection of a hospital for the benefit of the poor, and, in default of his male heirs, appoints the Republic to succeed to his public offices.

These expressions are perfectly conclusive, if Columbus actually wrote them; and although the authenticity of the instrument has hitherto been disputed, no doubt on the subject can exist any longer. Among the public documents preserved in the archives of Simancas, there is an original royal charter, granted in 1501, confirming the Admiral's testament, and as usual in such cases, setting forth the whole of it, word for word. This removes every shadow of suspicion in respect to the

genuineness of the testament, and of course establishes incontestably the birthplace of Columbus.

The citations, which I have given, are an answer to another question, which has been a little debated, namely, whether Columbus was born *in the city* of Genoa. Several villages near Genoa have each had the credit of being his birthplace. His grandfather was of Quinto; his family possessed a small house at Terra Rossa, between Quinto and Nervi; his father lived a short time at Mulcento; and he had relations residing at Cogoleto: in consequence of which those places have divided the public sentiment. But the weight of testimony is in favor of Genoa.

Domenico Colombo, the father of Christopher Columbus, was a manufacturer of woollen stuffs in Genoa, and rather low in his circumstances. He married Susanna Fontanarossa, and by her had three sons, named, in the order of birth, Cristoforo, Bartolommeo and Giacomo; and a daughter, afterwards married to Giacomo Bavarello, a cheesemonger. There is no reason to believe any of his immediate ancestors were men of honorable condition. Certain it is, they were poor; and nothing more is known of their occupation, except the simple fact of their being chiefly employed in maritime trade. The name itself was quite common in the north of Italy; and although several noble families bore it, yet so also did many others of plebeian rank. When the Admiral came to reside in Spain,

he changed the name of *Colombo* to *Colòn*, in Latin *Colonus*. This he did, partly in order to render it more conformable to the Spanish idiom, and partly, perhaps, influenced by the desire, which he manifested on some other occasions, of being regarded by posterity as the head and founder of a distinct lineage. Ferdinand Columbus gives into many superstitious follies about his father's name. Among other things, he pleases himself with the idea, that his family is derived from Junius *Colonus*, procurator of Pontus under the Emperor *Claudius*. But in truth this person's name was Junius *Cilo*, not *Colonus*.*

Christopher was born in 1447. He passed a part of his early youth in the employment of wool carding, but was permitted to spend some time, how much is unknown, at the university of *Pavia*, where he learnt Latin, and attended to the studies connected with the art of navigation, especially drawing, astronomy, and geography. The vicissitudes and variety of a nautical life, and the fame and wealth which successful captains acquired under the flag of the flourishing Italian republics, appear to have attracted him, at a very early age, to the occupation of his ancestors. At the age of fourteen, he betook himself to the sea, and ever after followed it, with very short intermissions. During the long period previous to his settlement in Spain, his voyages, although occasionally to

* Tacitus, *Annal.* l. xii., c. 21.

different parts of the Atlantic, were mostly in the Mediterranean ; sometimes merely commercial, but more frequently expeditions of war.

The Mediterranean Sea, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was rendered a theatre of maritime warfare by various causes, growing out of the vicinity of the Turks and Barbary powers, the dissensions of the Italian states, and their impolitic connexions with transalpine princes. Among other things, the conflicting pretensions of the houses of Anjou and Aragon to the throne of Naples, frequently convulsed all Italy. Genoa had become involved in this disastrous dispute, and had taken part so zealously with the Angevins, that she was compelled to seek protection against the Neapolitans, by throwing herself into the arms of France. About the time when Columbus first went to sea, René of Anjou, Count of Provence, was making another desperate attempt to regain the crown ; and his son succeeded in assembling a large squadron at Genoa, by commissioning individuals to arm privateers in his service. Of this number was a celebrated corsair, called Columbus the younger, to distinguish him from an equally celebrated captain of that name, who had preceded him in the same career, and had become famous by his cruises in the Levant, in the Adriatic, and on the coast of Barbary. The future discoverer of America was connected with this person by some ties of relationship, and, as there is reason to believe,

commenced a marine life under him in this expedition against Naples; and long continued under his orders. We know little of the Admiral's history at this period, but what we know is characteristic of his adventurous spirit, and exhibits the same intrepidity, and the same readiness of expedient, which afterwards immortalized his name.

He was once sent from Marseilles to Tunis by René, in pursuit of an armed galley. Soon after they sailed, his crew learnt that the Barbary cruiser had other vessels in company with her, and insisted upon turning back for additional force. Columbus finding all open attempts to resist their wishes ineffectual, pretended to yield; but as night-fall came on, he secretly altered the points of the compass, so that his vessel continued her course, while the crew thought they were steering for Marseilles. Another exploit has been attributed to him with some probability, although the credit of it may possibly be due to his namesake. In 1475, as a Venetian squadron was cruising off Cyprus for the defence of the island, it met 'Columbus with ships and galleys;' and although the Venetian captain had recently twice attacked a Genoese ship, yet Columbus, by sailing boldly up, and crying 'Viva San Giorgio,' passed unmolested. Nothing more is known of this affair; nor is it possible to determine with certainty who this Columbus was; but as the Admiral was in those seas near that time, it is quite possible that he commanded the Genoese squadron.

• Again, in 1477 we find him making a voyage to *Frisland*, the mysterious island so frequently mentioned by navigators, but now seemingly vanished from its place in the ocean.* He speaks of this voyage himself, as quoted by his son, calling the island *as large as England*, and saying that he sailed a hundred leagues beyond lat. 73°, its northernmost point. We know not the specific object of this voyage; but his purpose, as he intimates, in penetrating so far into the polar circle, was to prove the error of the ancient geographers, who represented the arctic zone as uninhabitable. Thus early does he appear to have been gaining correct notions of the structure of the earth.

Meantime, Domenico Colombo had, in 1470, removed his residence to Savona. Here, it may be, the Admiral lived whilst on shore; as a testament is produced, dated 1472, to which he subscribed his name as a witness. This would seem to be hardly enough to make him a citizen of Savona; although it gave the Savonese poet, Chiabrera, occasion to say, 'that he imitated the example of Christopher Columbus, *his fellow citizen*; that he wished to find a new world or to sink.†' But the destiny of Columbus soon led him

* Belknap's Am. Biog. I. 67.

† 'Diceva ch'egli seguia Cristoforo Colombo *suo cittadino*, ch'egli voleva trovar nuovo mondo o affogare.' Vita da lui Scritta, p. 33. Milan edit. Ital. Classica, Rime di Chiabrera, v. i. This poet holds up the same idea in his ode on Columbus, (Can-

to fix his residence remote from Italy, and in a country where his thirst for geographical knowledge met immediately with the stimulus, and the satisfaction, which it required.

This change of residence was brought about in the following manner. After he returned from the North Sea, he served with the corsair Columbus the younger, on various marine expeditions. At length, receiving intelligence that a squadron of rich Venetian galleys were on their passage home from the Low Countries, Columbus sailed out of the Mediterranean to meet them, and falling in with them off cape St. Vincent, a desperate engagement ensued, which ended in the total defeat and capture of the Venetians. They fought ship to ship, from morning till night; and great numbers were killed on both sides; 'beating one another from vessel to vessel with the utmost rage,' says Ferdinand Columbus, 'making use not only of weapons, but of artificial fireworks.' His father's ship, he continues, which was fast grappled to a Venetian, taking fire in the very heat of the engagement, communicated the flames to her adversary. Nowhere is a conflagration more dreadful than of a ship at sea; and in the confusion occasioned by this appalling event, they could neither separate the vessels, nor extinguish the fire, which

ozon. Eroidch. xii. Rime i, 25.) which is by no means his happiest effort.

finally raged so violently as to compel those, who would escape a fiery death, to leap into the ocean. Columbus being an expert swimmer, with the help of a floating oar barely succeeded in reaching the land, which was two leagues distant; and thus 'saved a life reserved for great undertakings.' He repaired as soon as might be to Lisbon; and the friendly welcome, which he received from his Genoese countrymen there, induced him to remain in Portugal.*

The court of Lisbon was at that period the favorite resort of Italian adventurers, expert in the arts of commerce and navigation. The Portuguese had already entered upon the magnificent career of discovery and conquest, which raised that little kingdom into wealth and weight, greatly disproportioned to its intrinsic consequence. Mariners distinguished for their skill and experience, learned geographers, and men acquainted with the construction of charts, readily found employment at Lisbon. Here then Columbus might enter upon a field of usefulness, precisely fitted to his genius. Here he would be likely to meet with far more

* This account, given by Ferdinand Columbus, and credited by writers in general, is disputed by Muñoz, (Prol. p. 12.) His only argument is, that such a seafight occurred in 1486, in which certain Venetian galleys were captured. Does it follow necessarily, supposing it were so, that there could not also have been one several years before? Although not fully credited, yet it is not absolutely denied by Mr. Irving. (Life of Col. v. i, p. 16).

auspicious opportunities for the improvement of his mind, than he could have possessed, whilst a mere Genoese corsair.

His brother Bartholomew already resided in Lisbon, devoted to the business of making charts, maps, spheres, and nautical instruments. Christopher was either well known already, or speedily ingratiated himself with those to whom he gained access; for not long after he settled in Portugal, he married Felipa Muñiz de Perestrelo, who died in a few years, leaving him one son, named Diego. This marriage was on many accounts exceedingly beneficial to Columbus. It connected him with several Portuguese families of great respectability, and thus gave him a certain standing in Lisbon. But it was serviceable to him and to the world in another respect. His wife's father, Bartolome de Perestrelo, had been an eminent navigator, and had established the first Portuguese settlement at Porto Santo, the government of which island was conferred on him for life, as the reward of his services. Among his papers were found, after his decease, many charts and manuscript accounts of voyages of discovery made by him, which were then invaluable. These were placed in the hands of Columbus, who had already conceived the idea of a western passage to the Indies; and served to inform and guide the curiosity, which they inflamed.

About this time, therefore, we find him making voyages to the Western Islands, Cape de Verd, the Guinea coast, in fine, to all the European establishments and trading factories along the coast of Africa. He preserved written accounts of everything memorable, which came within his notice,—carefully collected and compared the observations of other voyagers,—and continued to apply himself diligently to the cultivation of the sciences subsidiary to his chosen pursuit. By thus uniting close study with extensive experience, he soon became one of the most skilful and capable navigators of the age, and amply qualified himself for the mighty enterprise of discovering the hidden empires of the West.

I shall not attempt to follow him through his hard struggle with the superstitious ignorance of the princes, to whom he so frequently, and long so fruitlessly, sued for the privilege of making them monarchs of a richer realm than all Europe combined, and whose reiterated repulses would have discouraged any man, less endued with heroic perseverance and fortitude than himself; nor shall I think of describing his voyages to America. Nowhere, however, is the exalted character of this truly great man more strikingly displayed, than in the fortitude and magnanimity, with which he bore up against the manifold obstacles to the prosecution of his magnificent undertaking. He had suffered the hardships of penury and oppression, with spirits

unbroken, with hopes unrepressed. Animated by the conviction that undiscovered worlds lay hidden in the western sea, and that he was the instrument ordained to discover and explore them, he had happily overcome the superstitions of the priesthood, who in the outset stigmatized his hypothesis by the odious name of heresy. The incredulity of the government had yielded to the force of truth; and its parsimony was melted by his ardor. The narrowminded individuals, who, unable to rise themselves, hung the weight of their jealousy around his neck as usual, to hold down his lofty genius to the level of their own lowly career, he had shaken off at last in triumph. He was now floating upon the full tide of adventurous experiment. But here also the ignorance and envy of his fellows pursued him at every hour. His unalterable belief in the existence of the lands he sought, would have availed him little, had not his preeminent nautical skill exacted the confidence of those around him, and his intellect and courage proved equal to any emergency of fortune. For when his daring prow was pointed to the west, and his companions felt themselves on the bosom of the great deep, leaving home if not life behind, and sailing they knew not whither, it demanded a rare combination of extraordinary talents for one man, an obscure foreigner, to retain the obedience of his turbulent but fainthearted followers.

To whom, indeed, is the history of his successive

offers to Genoa, Portugal, England, France, Spain, unknown? Who has not followed with admiration his daring progress over the great deep, then in truth a mighty and untried abyss? Who has not felt a thrill of emotion pervade his breast, as he imagined the shattered bark laboring its course through waters never divided before by European keel, and bearing the Genoese pilot to lands never trodden yet by European feet? Who has not exulted in the richly merited honors, which awaited his splendid success, the power, titles, wealth, rank, which kings, and nobles, and pontiffs were eager to lavish on the poor woolcarder of Genoa? Who has not swelled with indignation at the thought of his subsequent wrongs, of the injustice heaped upon him by the evil arts of envious rivals, working on a jealous and wicked master; at the thought of Columbus, the discoverer of the New World, transported back again in chains to the Old; of Columbus, the rightful lord of the Indies, dying in penury and neglect in an obscure corner of Valladolid? The prophetic words of the maiden, who conducted Tasso's knights in quest of Rinaldo, confined by enchantment to Armida's palace in the Fortunate Isles, are now become fact.

Ere long, the venturous pilot will proclaim
The bounds of Hercules an empty tale;
Illustrious empires, now unknown to fame,
Shall time, in nameless western seas, unveil;
The gallant vessel, borne with dauntless aim
To distant lands, will court the auspicious gale,

And, o'er the boundless ocean wafted on,
Victorious emulate the earth-encircling sun.

Him, the Ligurian, whom the fates decree
Mid untrack'd waves his daring bark to steer,
No doubtful clime, no rude and savage sea,
No tempest, in its whelming wild career,
Nor aught beside, if aught more dread there be,
To threaten peril or awaken fear,
Will cause to blench, or chain his noble soul
To where, at Calpe's base, forbidden waters roll.

Thy sails, Columbus, far in western skies
Shall proud unfurl their canvass to the sight,
Whilst, with her thousand wings and thousand eyes,
Fame vainly strives to watch thy glorious flight.
Let hymns to Bacchus or Alcides rise ;
Thy single name will pour diviner light
O'er history's pages ; and thy fame inspire
Bards, who are yet unborn, with more celestial fire.

And there is now no tongue, which the genial influences of civilization ever touched, wherein the vicissitudes of Columbus' fortune have not been narrated by the historian, and sung by the poet, until all, of every age and every condition, are versed in his eventful story. *We* are Americans ; and the name and the fame of Columbus, honored though it be with no monumental columns rising to the skies, are to us the fruitful theme of instruction in youth, and of entertainment in maturer age.

I turn aside, then, from the beaten path, to tread where the broader rays of general history have not shone upon his life. While Columbus resided in Lisbon, he afforded considerable aid to his father,

who was become very much reduced in circumstances; and when Genoa signified to him her inability or disinclination to accept his proposals, he went to Savona, where his father resided, to visit him, and gave him the means of re-establishing himself at Genoa. I gladly signalize these instances of filial piety, as honorable to the character of Columbus; for who does not love to see the mighty mind, which is grasping all time and space in the compass of its vast conceptions, still continue alive to the little charities of domestic life?

He repaired to Spain in 1484, carrying with him his motherless son Diego, then a child, whom he placed with the monks of the convent of Rabida n Palos, whilst he went to Cordova to treat with the Spanish court. At Cordova he became acquainted with a lady of good family, named Beatriz Enriquez, who made him the father of his son Ferdinand. A fact relating to this period, which we have on the authority of bishop Alessandró Geraldini, deserves to be mentioned here. The ineffectual efforts made by Columbus for several years to engage Ferdinand and Isabella in his project, are well known; but it may not be so generally understood how desperate his situation became, in the course of these negotiations. He had completely exhausted his limited means, in the prosecution of his long and harassing suit. Its rejection left him in a state of extreme need. Disheartened by the total disappointment of the darling hope of

years, suffering also by the unfaithfulness of his dependants, in want of the very necessaries of life, he betook himself to the monastery of Rabida, an humble suppliant for ecclesiastical alms to support his existence. Then it was, that the prior Juan Perez de Marchena, moved by the condition of Columbus,—whose really enlightened views, and whose integrity, simplicity, and manliness of character, he had ample opportunity to appreciate,—hastened to Santa Fé, and so represented the affair to Isabella, that she again recalled Columbus to court, and sent him a small sum of money to defray his expenses.

Navarrete has collected some curious manuscript notices of the early life of the great navigator, his occupations, taste, studies, and condition, which tend to throw clearer light upon his character and fortunes. According to him, Bernaldez, the curate of Los Palacios, writes, that Columbus was known in Andalusia, before his voyages, as *a dealer in printed books*; and Las Casas also confirms the assertion, saying, that in the first years of his attendance upon the court, his necessities became so great, that he was used to project nautical charts and sell them to seamen, to sustain life. He was at length rescued from this abject condition by Luis de la Cerda, Count and afterwards Duke of Medinaceli. It appears from a letter of this nobleman's, preserved at Simancas, and now first published, that he protected Columbus in his household

for the space of two years; and being interested in commerce by reason of his possessing the lordship of Puerto de Santa Maria, he himself would have fitted out Columbus, had not queen Isabella deprived him of that signal honor, an honor appropriate only to the power and splendor of royalty.*

To what a pinnacle of fortune did the lapse of a few short years exalt him, whom we have thus witnessed in the depths of distress! But Columbus was marked for an extraordinary destiny; and with him reverses trod close upon success. The last incidents of his life, and the subsequent fate of his family, deserve to be recalled to recollection. The Admiral returned from his fourth voyage at the end of the year 1504. During this voyage, the elements seemed to conspire with the injustice of man, to persecute and depress Columbus. Almost denied admittance into the Spanish settlements in the Indies, and thwarted and insulted by the petty officials, who ruled over regions which ought, by the most solemn compacts, to have been his, he at last arrived at San Lucar, his constitution irretrievably impaired by the unexampled hardships he had undergone. What his own personal condition was then, and had been, may be judged from the very affecting letter, which he wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella, during his absence. 'By my mis-hap,' says he, 'so little have I gained from twenty years service, such as I have served with so much

* Coleccion, tom. ii, no. 14, p. 20.

fatigue and peril, that I do not now possess even a cottage in Castille; and *if I wish to dine, or sup, or sleep, I have no place of refuge except the inn, and oftentimes I have wanted wherewithal to pay my reckoning.* Another thing has given me great grief, which was Don Diego, my son, whom I left in Spain so friendless and *destitute of all distinction and means of support.* The first intelligence, which he received on his arrival, was the death of his friend and protectress, Isabella, whose influence over the narrow minded and selfish Ferdinand had served to soften the asperities of his temper, and to qualify the harshness of his feelings towards Columbus. Struck to the soul with the news, he staid at Seville several months, to recover from the shock of grief, and to revive his exhausted frame, ere he repaired to the court.

A singular proof exists of the infirm state of Columbus's health more than a year before his death. It is the original *cedula*, granting him permission to ride upon a mule. In 1494, it seems, Ferdinand and Isabella prohibited the use of mules in the saddle for any but the clergy and females, in consequence of the rapidly increasing diminution of the number of horses in Spain. This law was very rigidly enforced, and exemption from its provisions was procured with great difficulty. The *cedula* in question runs thus;

'By the King. Whereas I am informed that you, the Admiral Don Christopher Columbus, are indis-

posed in body by reason of certain infirmities, which you have had and now have, and that you cannot ride on horseback without great prejudice to your health ; therefore, in consideration of the foregoing, and of your age, by these presents I give you permission to ride a mule with saddle and bridle, in whatsoever parts of these kingdoms and seignories you choose or deem meet, notwithstanding the decree making disposition therein. And I command the justices in whatsoever parts of said kingdoms and seignories not to make or consent to making any impediment respecting the same, under penalty of ten thousand maravedis against whoever does the contrary. Dated at Toro, February 23d, 1505.'

Ferdinand received him at Segovia with a hollow show of welcome, but by no means with that cordiality and respect, which his signal merits entitled him to anticipate. The Admiral could easily see, that he stood before a hard and ungenerous master. Nevertheless, he represented in strong terms, but in language as true and respectful as it was strong, the wrongs sustained by him at the hands of Roldan, Bovadilla, and Ovando ; the partial requital of his services ; his injuries unatoned for, and slightly regarded, by the ministers of the crown ; and he solicited the punishment of his enemies and the restoration of his authority, in fulfilment of the grants so deliberately

* Navarrete, Coleccion, tom. ii, p. 304.

made, and so solemnly confirmed to him and to his posterity forever. Ferdinand could not deny the justice of the suit; but unwilling to grant, yet ashamed to refuse it, he told Columbus he would commission Diego de Deza, Archbishop of Seville, to consider what should be done. But the Admiral, well knowing this proposition was made only for the purpose of delay, urged the King, by memorial after memorial, to determine at once a thing, which was too clear to admit of deliberation. He was very zealously aided by Francisco Ximenez, Archbishop of Toledo, and by many other persons of the highest rank in the kingdom, who were indignant at the gross injustice with which he had been treated. But all this availed nothing; for those in the confidence of the King were aware, that his only object was to temporize with Columbus, in the expectation that his noble spirit would sink under his accumulated misfortunes, and thus terminate his ungrateful suit.

This event but too speedily ensued. For a time Columbus put a more charitable construction upon the King's delays. He thought Ferdinand might, perhaps, be unwilling to decide so important a matter as this, without the presence of his daughter, the unfortunate Juana, who was daily expected with her husband, the Archduke Philip. This, for a season, sustained the Admiral's drooping spirits. But in the mean time Ferdinand caused his people to work upon Columbus, for the purpose of induc-

ing him to renounce his privileges, and receive the estate of Carrion de los Condes, and a paltry pension, as an equivalent for the dignity and emoluments of Admiral of the Ocean, and Viceroy of the Indies. This last blow was fatal to Columbus. Perceiving now that all hope of redress at the hands of the King was desperate, he rapidly declined, and was plainly approaching his dissolution. The arrival of Philip and Juana in Spain revived him a little; but disabled by sickness from addressing them in person, he despatched his brother Bartholomew, with a memorial representing his claims. They received Bartholomew very graciously, and much was expected from their seemingly favorable disposition; but this propitious change in the fortunes of Columbus came too late; for worn out by disease and hardships, and brokenhearted by the wrongs continually heaped upon him, he had already ceased to be numbered with the living.

He died at Valladolid, May 20th, 1506, not quite sixty years of age. Thus ended the days of Columbus. His glory, it has been justly observed by Bossi, must always continue without parallel. The heroes, the philosophers, and the poets of the past, may be emulated and excelled by the poets, the philosophers, and the heroes, who shall exist hereafter. Other conquerors may carry their arms, in victory and triumph, all over the civilized globe. The realms of thought are infinite; and who can tell to what extent some future Newton will enlarge

the present limited boundaries of our intellectual knowledge? But no hemisphere of the earth remains for a second Columbus to discover.

Columbus was tall in stature, of a large and muscular frame, with strongly marked features, a florid complexion, and a lively aspect. He was remarkably abstemious, uniform and regular in his habits, singularly devout, and distinguished for his scrupulous observance of all the rights of the Catholic faith. His character is visible in his achievements. The dignity and independence of his feelings, his ardent enthusiasm, his invincible resolution, the enterprising cast of his temper, his perseverance amid the frowns of fortune, his fortitude under suffering, and his modest yet manly carriage in prosperity, his courage in withstanding, and spirit of conciliation in forgiving his enemies, and his faithful devotion to the interests of his sovereign,—these are leading traits of his character, not loosely inferred from partial observation, but gathered from the crowded incidents of a life passed in the world's eye. For he was not one, concerning whom posterity can err. On the contrary, he was of the number of those men, the glory or the curse of their race, whose acts stand forth in high relief on the page of history, and who seem, as it were, singled out by destiny to impart a new direction, and communicate an extraordinary impulse to the age in which they arise upon earth.

Columbus left two sons, Diego and Ferdinand.

The latter entered the church, and became distinguished for his great learning, and his munificence to the cause of letters. He resided in Seville, and collected the richest library in all Spain, consisting of twelve thousand volumes, which, on his death in 1541, he bequeathed to the Cathedral of that city, where it still remains. He travelled through Europe, devoting his time and his riches to the purchase of the most rare and valuable books; and employed in his service, for a time, two learned Flemings, Nicolaus Clenardus and Johannes Vasæus. He wrote several works, but is known to posterity only by the History of the Life and Actions of the Admiral his father. This he composed with much industry and faithfulness, describing events of which he was either an eyewitness, or which he gathered from his father's papers and letters.

It is very singular that the original Spanish is now nowhere to be found. Muñoz, although his researches after manuscripts extended throughout the kingdom, and were facilitated in every possible way by the ministry, yet never fell upon this important work. Neither could Barcia obtain it. Antonio says that, *if still in existence*, it is contending with moths and worms for life, in some nook of a sequestered library. That to which all writers refer, as the original, is an Italian translation from Ferdinand's manuscript, made by Alfonso de Ulloa, and published at Venice in 1571. The

original manuscript is said to have been carried to Genoa in 1568, by Luis, son of Diego, and from him to have passed into the hands of the patrician Giovan Battista Marini, who went to Venice, and procured it to be translated by Ulloa. The Italian translation is undoubtedly authentic, being quoted with confidence by every author, who treats of America; but so many mistakes in dates and other minute matters occur, which Ferdinand himself must have avoided, as to compel us to call it an *erroneous* translation, or else one made from an unfaithful copy. From this translation, such as it is, have all the other translations proceeded; and it must be confessed they have lost no faults in the transmission from language to language. Muñoz characterizes the Spanish translation made by Barcia, as being *most wretched*; and I can speak to the manifold and gross errors of the English, published in Churchill's Collection.

It is difficult to account for this mysterious disappearance of the original Spanish. Cancellieri, in his Notices of Columbus, a rambling digressive work, treating 'de omni scibili et quibusdam aliis,' somewhat cavalierly imputes to Ulloa the literary fraud of having destroyed the manuscript, in order to give credit, currency, and sale to his translation. However this may be, the work is unquestionably entitled to the highest respect as an historical authority. It is invaluable for the many facts contained in it, which could not be obtained elsewhere;

and in the narrative of facts, it is but seldom that Ferdinand falls into errors. Certainly few have been detected, or even suspected. But he is remarkably addicted to the besetting sin of his countrymen in that age, a simplicity in superstition, which cannot fail to call a smile into the face of every one, who opens the book in these more enlightened days.*

Diego, the eldest son of Columbus, inherited his titles and claims, by virtue of a *majorat* created in his favor by the Admiral. Diego set about the prosecution of his right, a year or two after his father's death. His application to the King was met by evasive answers. Diego then carried his pretensions to the fiscal court; and pending the suit was fortunate enough to obtain a declaration of the Council of the Indies, recognising his rights as admiral, viceroy, and governor-general of all his father's discoveries, with appropriate civil and criminal jurisdiction, and with all the perquisites and emoluments originally granted to Columbus. Meantime Diego married Maria de Toledo, daughter of Fernando de Toledo, brother of the Duke of Alva, both of them, and particularly the last,

* Concerning Ferdinand's History, see Meuselius, *Bibliotheca Struvii Historica*, v. iii, pt. 2, p. 261; Pizarro y Orellana, *Varones Ilustres*, &c. p. 35; Nic. Antonio, *Bibliotheca Hispana Nova*, i, 372; Cancellieri, *Notizie*, &c. p. 130, 135; Muñoz, *Hist. del N. M.* Prol. p. 13; Spotorno, p. lxxiii; Charlevoix, *St Domingue*, i, 55.

then high in favor with the King, and both among the principal grandees of Spain. Their influence over the King effected what his sense of justice could never have done; for Diego was immediately installed in a portion of his rights, and sent to Hispaniola with the titles of Admiral and Governor, but with no more authority than Bovadilla and Ovando had enjoyed. He was accompanied by his brother and his two paternal uncles, and by many cavaliers and gentlemen, and by some ladies of rank, who married distinguished persons in the Indies.

He entered peaceably on his government; but soon began to be persecuted by the machinations of the old enemies of his father, sustained by the influence of Juan de Fonseca at home, and headed in the island by the King's treasurer, Miguel de Pasamonte. These creatures of Fonseca styled themselves the party of the King, taking advantage of his known jealousy towards the family of Columbus. They were continually making false representations of Diego to the court, and continually thwarting him in all the measures of his government. The right of Columbus to a tenth of all the productions of the Indies, was the fertile source of dispute between Diego and Pasamonte, and kept them in a state of incessant irritation, which the arts of the latter diligently fomented. Wearied out at length by these vexatious difficulties, Diego asked and obtained of the King leave

to return home, and counteract the plots and falsehoods of Pasamonte. He arrived at San Lucar in 1515; and shortly afterwards he and the world were relieved of a tyrant, by the death of Ferdinand.

Diego continued to solicit the government of Ferdinand's successor, to do justice to his pretensions and his character; until, in 1520, Charles the Fifth, having examined into the charges against the Admiral, easily discovered their falsehood, and reinstated him in his authority. Charles also enjoined upon Pasamonte to live in good intelligence with the Admiral; but his pragmatic and meddling temper, which had kept him embroiled with the intermediate governors, would not allow him to make peace with his old opponent Diego. In consequence of his misrepresentations, Diego was in 1523 again recalled, and a few years afterwards died at Montalvan.*

Giacomo, or as he was called in Spain Diego, the younger brother of Columbus, does not appear to have acted a very conspicuous part in history. He was ennobled, however, and held some employments. But Bartholomew was a man of hardly less energy of character and intelligence than Christopher. He was, through life, the able and faithful coadjutor of his brother and nephew, and died in the Indies in 1514. As a navigator, he

* Langeac, Colomb, &c. *Precis Historique*, p. 10; Herrera, tom. i, and ii; Charlevoix, *St. Domingue*, &c, tom. i; Irving's *Columbus*.

was more eminent for theoretical than for practical skill. Ferdinand employed him rather in Europe than in America, apprehensive lest, if he dwelt constantly in the Indies, his pretensions as Adelantado might become no less troublesome to the crown than the Admiral's.

Diego, the Admiral, left five legitimate children, two sons and three daughters. Of his daughters, Isabella, the younger, married Don Jorge de Portugallo, Count of Gelves. Diego's eldest son, Luis, succeeded to the family distinctions and rights, which, however, he was induced by Charles the Fifth to relinquish, preserving the title of Admiral of the Indies, and, in lieu of his other dignities, accepting Veragua and Jamaica with the titles of Duke and Marquess, and a pension of ten thousand gold doubloons instead of his grandfather's tenth. Luis died without any legitimate children, and was succeeded by Diego, the son of his younger brother Christopher. In 1578 Diego died without issue, and in him was extinguished the male line of the Admiral; and the splendid name of Columbus, in less than a century after its brilliant elevation, disappeared from the records of Spanish nobility. The princely heritage of the family then passed, through the grand-daughter of the Admiral, to Don Nuño de Portugallo, Count of Gelves, and ancestor of the now Duke of Veragua and Marquess of Jamaica.

It is a familiar fact in literary history, that occa-

sionally a fertile and most interesting topic, after lying fallow as it were for a long period, suddenly fixes public attention, and is cultivated with extraordinary success. Thus it has happened in respect of Columbus. A few years only have elapsed, since the city of Genoa published an excellent edition of the original charters, privileges, *cedulas*, and other documents, which Columbus himself had presented to the Republic. The work contains an historical memoir of Columbus by its Italian editor, Giovanni Battista Spotorno, which, although confused and prolix, is not without its use. The subject had, within no very long period, been much more ably treated in Italy by Tiraboschi, Durazzo, and Bossi, whose works every person has frequent occasion to consult, in the prosecution of any inquiries concerning the great navigator. The historian of Italian literature treats his subject briefly, but with his accustomed industry, candor, and good sense. The Eulogy of Columbus, published anonymously in conjunction with a Eulogy of Andrew D'Oria, but since attributed to the Marquess Ippolito Durazzo, is written with great fulness and elegance, and is particularly valuable for its elucidation of many points of contemporary history, bearing on the life of Columbus. And the little book of the Cavalier Luigi Bossi of Milan, to a succinct, neat, and methodical biography of the Admiral, subjoins a body of instructive annotations, which largely contribute

to explain the obscurer incidents of his life. Since when, the publication of Navarrete's Collection and of Mr. Irving's classical Life of Columbus have left nothing to desire in reference to this portion of Spanish and American history.

The New World was discovered at a remarkable epoch in modern times. The last relics of the magnificent Roman empire had just fallen a prey to the barbarous warriors of the East. The feudal institutions were fast losing their hold upon the nations of Western Europe. The invention of the art of printing had recently been made, and was beginning to create those wonderful changes in the intellectual history of man, which we have since witnessed. At this very moment happened the discovery of the New World, an event so well calculated to give intensity of action and a proper aim to the moving elements of social improvement. A receptacle was provided for the redundant population of Europe, a sphere of action for the discontented, the restless, the fiery spirits of the time, for all those adventurous or uneasy men, who looked to a radical change of condition for occupation and happiness.

From the mines of Mexico, Peru, and New Granada, the precious metals were poured into Europe in a profusion, which revolutionized the whole face of commercial affairs. Add to this the indigenous or naturalized vegetable productions of the West Indies and the warmer regions of the con-

continent, such as coffee, chocolate, sugar, cotton, and tobacco, which effected a change equally great in the social habits and tastes of Europeans. The stupendous growth of the colonial system follows, stretching out into an immense fabric of new and important interests, which at length ended in the independence of the European colonies in America, and the establishment of a new family of nations, having feelings and principles strikingly like, yet strikingly adverse, to those entertained by the people out of whose bosom they sprung. All these considerations explain why it is that America has reacted so powerfully upon Europe, and show sufficient cause for the deep interest which the latter must naturally feel respecting the former, and especially concerning the country of Washington, the eldest in age, the exemplar in form, among the free states of America.*

* Of the opinions, regarding the birthplace of Columbus, which conflict with the pretensions of the Genoese, two alone are entitled to any consideration: one, that Columbus was born at Cuccaro, a castle in Montferrat, about forty-five Italian miles from Genoa, and the other that he was born at Pradello, a village of the vale of Nura, near Piacenza. Among the Genoese, indeed, a question has arisen whether the city itself was his birthplace, or some one of the suburban villages; of which more in the sequel. He is also claimed for Cossena, and a noble house in Modena are not unwilling to adopt the discoverer of America into their line; but these last pretensions are so utterly groundless, that they answer no other purpose than to show how many families of his name existed in Italy. I shall endeavor to refute, therefore, only the arguments of the Piedmontese and Placentians.

The claim of Pradello may be very shortly dismissed. An Ecclesiastical History of Piacenza was published in 1662, by Pier Maria Campi, which contains the only evidence of Columbus' having originated at Pradello. This evidence consists principally of an award, purporting to have been made in the vale of Nura in 1481, which states that one Bertone de' Duzzi had formerly rented, of the late Domenico de' Colombi of Genoa, a certain estate in Pradello, which Domenico held in trust from his grandfather Bertolino; that Bertone, and subsequently his son Tommasino, had regularly paid the rent of eighty lire to Domenico, and after his death to his sons Christopher and Bartholomew; but that they having now for ten years been absent from Genoa, gone, it was reported, in search of unknown islands, and nothing having been heard of them for a long time, Tommasino de' Duzzi had not only refused to pay the rent, but had undertaken to commit waste and make sale of the estate; whereupon proceedings were instituted by Domenico and Giovanni Columbus, cousins of Christopher, which terminated in judgment in favor of his father's heirs. Now there is a violent presumption against the authenticity of this document, which I pass over as wholly immaterial; for if the instrument proves anything whatever, surely it proves that the Admiral, and his father likewise, resided at Genoa. It merely leads by inference to the supposition that Bertolino, Christopher's great grandfather, may have lived at Pradello. (Storia Ecclesiastica di Piacenza, tom. iii. See Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital. v. vii, p. 228; Bossi, Vita di Cristoforo Colombo, p. 46; Cancellieri, Notizie Stor. e Bib. di Colombo, p. 26; Durazzo, Elogio di Colombo, p. 7; Spotorno, Codice, &c. Introd. p. 8.)

The claim of the Cuccaro family is maintained with much greater show of reason at least, but on no more substantial grounds. Indeed, the advocates of it are compelled to admit, that Columbus was born at Genoa, but they represent his father and his family to have been of Cuccaro. The story is occasionally mentioned by writers, so early as the close of the sixteenth century. Thus Herrera says he was born at Genoa, but as to his extraction, some affirm he was of Cuccaro, some of Piacenza. (Historia de los Hechos de los Castellanos, dcc. i, l. 1, c. 7.) And at a later

period, even Denina thought strong reasons were not wanting to support the pretensions of Cuccaro. (*Rivoluzioni d'Italia*, l. xv. c. 9.) But these reasons were not fully collected, nor very formally presented to the public, until the appearance of *Napione's Dissertation on the Country of Columbus*. In consequence of the publication of this book, the Genoese Academy appointed three of their number, Serra, Carrega, and Piaggio, to examine the subject; and their labors resulted in a most conclusive vindication of the received opinion. (See '*Della Patria di Christoforo Colombo*,' first presented in 1805 to the Academy of Turin, and afterwards republished by itself at Florence, written by Gian Francesco Galeani Napione, a Piedmontese; and '*Ragionamento nel quale si conforma l'Opinion generale intorno alla Patria di Cristoforo Colombo*,' by the Genoese Academicians).

The whole story arose out of the proceedings in a lawsuit, instituted in Spain in 1578 by one Balthazar Columbus of Cuccaro, to obtain possession, as heir at law, of the *majorat* created by the Admiral; this splendid inheritance being then rendered vacant by the extinction of his male line. Nuño de Portogallo claimed the property, which yielded a yearly income of twenty four thousand crowns; and several adverse claimants appeared, partly Spaniards, partly Italians, all of whom were speedily disposed of by the Council of the Indies, except Balthazar Columbus. Napione's argument rests upon the testimony, pleadings, and other papers, in this case, although it was finally decided in 1608 against Balthazar, and in favor of the Count of Gelves.

On the death of Diego, the last lineal male heir of the Admiral, letters were written to inquire about his family. Balthazar was then living at Genoa, and recollecting that the Admiral's father was named Domenico, and that one of his family had borne that name, he went to Cuccaro, and with the aid of his friends, constructed a genealogical tree of his family, which was all accurate enough, except that the Admiral was represented therein as the son of Domenico of Cuccaro. Many illustrious persons, it seems, belonged to this family; for in 940 the Emperor Otho the Second confirmed to three brothers, Pietro, Giovanni, and Alessandro Colombo, some very extensive possessions in Lombardy; and in 1419 the Marquis of Montferrat gave the investiture of sundry

rich feuds to the children of Lancia Colombo, one of whom was Domenico, the pretended father of the Admiral. (Herrera, *ubi supra*, dec. i, l. 1, c. 7; Tiraboschi, *ubi supra*, p. 230.) Armed with his fictitious pedigree, which took for granted the fact of the Admiral's relationship, Balthazar laid his case before Giovan Pietro Sordi, a celebrated lawyer of Montferrat, who gave an opinion in his favor. Napione, pronouncing a high eulogium upon Sordi's acuteness and learning, relies in the first place upon his opinion. Without calling that in question, it is a sufficient reply, that Sordi's opinion proceeded upon the case stated by Balthazar. It was a decision of the question of law, growing out of the *supposed* facts, and nothing more, leaving our present question untouched.

Balthazar next proceeded to take depositions in the vicinity of Cuccaro to establish the only material fact, the relationship of the Admiral; and with these he prosecuted his suit before the Council of the Indies. The cause was decided upon the legal construction of the settlement, the Count of Gelves considering it unnecessary to draw into question the facts alleged by his adversary. Napione again contends, that the other party admitted the correctness of Balthazar's pedigree; but in truth they did no such thing; for they merely said, we will not subject ourselves to the trouble and expense of disproving the fact, when, admitting the fact, the law applicable to it is clearly with us. Moreover, after this, Balthazar's claim was adjudged upon the merits; for becoming reduced to extreme poverty, he applied to the Council of the Indies for the benefit of a provision made by the Admiral in behalf of his poor relations; and his petition, although not opposed by the other party, was rejected on the ground of his failing to prove his relationship. And this application for support as a pauper furnishes an answer to another allegation of Napione's, namely, that Balthazar compromised his claim for the sum of twelve thousand gold doubloons.

The sentence of the Council of the Indies, therefore, was directly against Balthazar, upon all the questions involved in the controversy. But the judges, it may be said, were prejudiced in favor of a Spanish nobleman; or they were bribed or overawed by a wealthy or potent family; or they were betrayed into honest

errors of judgment; in short, the court was ignorant, or it was corrupt. Whether it was so or not, ourselves may judge; for we are in possession of the whole case as presented to the court; and let every one examine for himself into the merits of the dispute.

The sole question is, whether the Admiral was or was not the son of Domenico of Cuccaro; and this, being a question of fact, must be established by evidence. Now the only evidence adduced, is the body of depositions procured by Balthazar at Cuccaro; and there is a short answer to the whole of them; inasmuch as, give them what credit you will, they amount to nothing more than *hearsay* evidence of the most suspicious character. Not one of the deponents pretends to depose to the fact, as of his own knowledge; nor is it possible he should; for the depositions were taken one hundred and forty years after the event to which they relate happened. They testify, in truth, to *hearsay and reputation*. Now it is a well known principle in the law of evidence, that *hearsay* evidence of a fact is inadmissible. To this rule there are some exceptions. Thus, the declarations of deceased members of a family are admitted, under certain qualifications, as evidence of pedigree. But such declarations must come from members of the family; they must not be tainted with any imputation of bias; and if made *post litem motam*, that is, after the commencement of a lawsuit, nay, after a dispute has arisen, they are universally denied to be evidence in all courts. Now, when we apply these considerations to the case before us, and reflect that the relationship of the Cuccaro family to Columbus was never heard of, until Balthazar set about establishing his claims to the Admiral's magnificent estate, truly we cannot hesitate in saying that the depositions were undeserving the slightest regard as judicial proofs. Besides, admitting the testimony of these witnesses to be true; admitting that sundry persons of the generation preceding them did tell them the Admiral was of Cuccaro; still it would avail nothing. When the fame of the Admiral's exploits came to pervade every corner of Italy, how natural would it be for the dependants of Cuccaro to hope, to conjecture that he issued from the castle; how easy for this conjecture to be magnified into assertion, this assertion to pass to belief, and this belief to be the common rumor of the vicinage.

We must adopt some such explanation as this, or else we must charge the deponents or their informants with wilful falsehood; for certain it is, independently of the positive proof adduced in the text, of the Admiral's Genoese origin, the testimony of Balthazar's witnesses contains many statements on the face of it intrinsically incredible, and irreconcilable with undisputed facts. Not to labor this point too much, I will mention but two or three examples. One is, that some of the deponents say the Admiral and his brothers were *born* at Cuccaro, which even Balthazar himself was compelled to disclaim. Again, Domenico Colombo of Cuccaro confessedly died in 1456; and yet the Admiral held intercourse with his father at a much later period, as we learn from the Spanish writer Oviedo. Furthermore, we have the testimony of all the historians, including Ferdinand Columbus, that the Admiral was poor, and of poor parentage; and yet, as we have seen, Domenico Colombo of Cuccaro was the son of a rich feudatory, and inherited very considerable property. Lastly, the fact of Ferdinand's being ignorant of his father's family is ample proof, that they were not wealthy nobles; for if so, would the Admiral have concealed it from his own domestic circle? Instead of shunning the mention of it, would he not rather have sedulously made public a circumstance, so well calculated to further his views, and facilitate his intercourse with the haughty Spanish grandees? (Concerning the Cuccaro claim, besides the books already cited on that point, see Tiraboschi *ut supra*, p. 229; Cancellieri, *Notizie*, *passim*; Spotorno, p. 8 and 64; Napione, *del primo Scopritore del Continente del Nuovo Mondo*, Pref.)

I think whoever has followed the argument thus far will be perfectly satisfied, that Domenico, the Admiral's father, was a very different person from Domenico of Cuccaro. Indeed, other things out the question, the advocates for their identity would have no right to presume it, unless they could prove it impossible for two men of that name to be living at the same time in all Italy. But the evidence of their not being the same person, and of the Admiral's Genoese origin, is such, I venture to say, as no candid mind will controvert. The proofs of this consist of the declarations of several highly respectable writers, fortified by the belief of all the most credible later historians; of certain documents

relating to the occupation and residence at Genoa of a family corresponding to his; in addition to the various expressions and acts attributed to the Admiral.

In referring to the authors, who are cited in support of the Admiral's Genoese origin, I shall omit those of his contemporaries, who, like P. Martyr, merely designate him as a *Ligurian*. 'Colonus quidam, Ligur vir.' These words occur in P. Martyr's first letter, written to Cardinal Ascanio Sforza, in November, 1493, and containing one of the earliest published accounts of the discovery of America. (P. Martyr, *De Rebus Oceanicis*, dec. i, l. 1. The oldest book published on the subject, is a Latin translation of a letter written in Spanish by Columbus, on his arrival at Lisbon, in March, 1493, addressed to Don Rafael Saenz. This was printed at Rome the same year; and several copies of this first edition are now extant. An exact transcript of the Latin, accompanied by an Italian translation, is printed by Bossi p. 167, and an English translation in the *Edinburgh Review*, no. liv, p. 506. The original Spanish is preserved in the MS. history of Bernaldez, as quoted by Muñoz, *Prolog.* p. 11.) For although I apprehend they intended to restrict the word to the *Ligurian* or Genoese *republic*, yet unquestionably it is susceptible of, and often receives, a much wider meaning. Thus Deasina, in speaking of this very subject, observes that the commercial prosperity of Genoa would naturally attract persons from all other parts of '*Liguria*, that is, Mondovi, the Langhe, and *Montferrat*.' ('Uomini di tutte le parti della Liguria; cioè delle Langhe, delle Provincie del Mondovi, e del Monferrato.' *Rivoluzioni d'Italia*, l. xv, c. 9.) I begin with the nuncio Alessandro Geraldini, afterwards first Bishop of St. Domingo and of the Indies, a personal and very particular friend of the Admiral's, who relates some valuable facts concerning him, commencing his account thus; 'Christopher Columbus, an Italian, was from Genoa, a city of Liguria.' (*Itinerarium ad Regiones sub æquinoctiali Plaga constitutas*, l. xiv. See Cancellieri, p. 63; *Napione*, *Ragion.* p. 74.) To the same effect is Agostino Giustiniani, Bishop of Nebbie, who published at Genoa, in 1516, a psalter in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, and Chaldaic, and in commenting on the verse, *Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their*

words to the end of the world, gives an account of the discovery of America. (See Tiraboschi, ut s. p. 231; Everett's Plymouth Oration, p. 64.) Bartolommeo Senarega, a Genoese, wrote Annals of the Republic during his own time, from 1448 to 1514, and describes the Admiral and his brother Bartholomew, and their parents, as of Genoa. (Muratori, *Scriptores Rer. Italic.* vol. xxiv, p. 535.) The same statement is made by Antonio Gallo, who wrote a tract on the voyages of Columbus, and by Uberto Foglietto, in his Eulogies of Illustrious Ligurians, both Genoese writers of that day; and by the author of *Cadomosto's voyages*, or *Itinerarium Portugallensium*, published in 1507, at Venice. (Muratori, v. xxiii, p. 301; Tiraboschi, ut s. p. 232; *Foietæ Elog. Clar. Lig. in Grævii Thes. Antiq. Italic.* i. 770. *Cadomosto* is reprinted in *Grinsei Nov. Orb.*) All these were contemporary authors, men of undoubted intelligence, possessed of the means of obtaining accurate information upon this point, and several of them men, whose characters and station must put them above the suspicion of hazarding a light or unadvised assertion. Their declarations, deliberately made and recorded in grave writings, appear to me hardly less conclusive, than if they were clothed in the solemnity of judicial testimony.

As to the opinion of later writers in different countries, it is of weight only in this one respect, namely, that in all doubtful questions of fact, the presumption is in favor of the side adopted by the most intelligent men. But as the great body of respectable authors, in Italy and out of it, accord in believing the Admiral a Genoese, nothing is needed here but to indicate a few of the most distinguished, whose writings have fallen beneath my eye. The writers in our own language will speak for themselves, from honest old Purchas down to Robertson, Belknap, and Irving. Of Spaniards I may notice Herrera, Mariana, Pizarro y Orellano, Muñoz, and Lampillas; of Frenchmen, Voltaire, Charlevoix, Langeac; of Italians, Benzoni, Giovinetti, Muratori, Tiraboschi, and Andrea: specifying these few great names only, as the representatives of the better opinion in their respective nations.

The documentary evidence composes the last class of proofs. It is an ascertained fact, derived from various documents, such as every municipal corporation affords, that the city of Genoa con-

tained persons of the name of Colombo, so early as the year 1190, and from thence down to the sixteenth century. In the last years of the fifteenth century, not unfrequent mention is made in Savonese papers, of a family answering precisely in name and description to the Admiral's, as being of Genoa. These documents are of unquestioned authenticity. The countrymen of the great navigator were, as we have seen, first made fully acquainted with his wonderful discoveries, in the notes to a polyglot psalter; and about a hundred years afterwards, the proofs of his originating there were published in a place equally strange, namely, in a Commentary on Tacitus, by Giulio Salinerio, a lawyer of Savona. A specimen of these will suffice. In a writing dated 1470, we find the words, 'Domenico Colombo, a citizen of Genoa, [son] of the late Giovanni of Quinto.' In another of the same year, 'Domenico Colombo of Genoa.' In one of 1473, 'Domenico Colombo of Genoa, an inhabitant of Savona.' In one, which has no date, are the words, 'the brothers Christopher and Giacomo Colombo, sons and heirs of the late Domenico their father;' and the words 'Christopher and Giacomo, called Diego.' And in one dated 1501, there is this clause; 'said Christopher, Bartholomew, and Giacomo Colombo, sons and heirs of the late Domenico, their father, now for a long time absent from the city and *posse* of Savona, beyond Pisa and Nice of Provence, and commorant in the parts of Spain, as it has been and is notorious.' In addition to these, it appears, on examining the notarial archives of Genoa, from 1456 to 1489, that mention of the same persons repeatedly occurs, in notarial acts of the day. (See Tiraboschi, p. 227; Bossi, p. 54.) What answer can be given to evidence of this description?

REMINISCENCES
OF
SPAIN,
THE COUNTRY, ITS PEOPLE, HISTORY,
AND MONUMENTS.

BY CALEB CUSHING.

España, venerable de presencia,
Llena de glorias y grandezas tantas.
Lope de Vega.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE SPANISH FATHER,

DON ALONSO PEREZ DE GUZMAN, SURNAMED
THE GOOD.

He alone

Remains unshaken. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valor, and contempt of death.

GLOVER.

Some, when they die, die all; their mouldering clay
Is but an emblem of their memories;
The space quite closes up through which they passed:
That I have lived, I leave a mark behind,
Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar time,
And give it whole to late posterity.

YOUNG.

Al tierno niño, al nuevo Isac Cristiano
En el arena de Tarifa mira,
El mejor padre con piadosa ira,
La lealtad y el amor luchando en vano.

Alta la daga en la temida mano,
Glorioso vence, intrépido la tira,
Ciego el sol, nace Roma, amor suspira,
Triunfa España, enmudece el Africano.

Baxó la frente Italia, y de la suya
Quitó a Torcato el lauro en oro y bronce,
Porque ninguno ser Guzman presume :

Y la fama principió de la tuya,
Guzman el Bueno escribe, siendo entónçes
La tinta sangre, y el cuchillo pluma.

LOPE DE VEGA.

En un siglo, en que la naturaleza degradada no presenta en Castilla mas que barbarie, rapacidad y perfidia, él supo hacerse una gran fortuna á fuerza de hazañas y de servicios, sin desviarse jamas de la senda de la justicia. El espectáculo de sus virtudes, en medio de las costumbres de aquella época tan desastrada, suspende y consuela al espíritu, del mismo modo que la vista de un templo bello y magestuoso que se mantiene en pie cercado de escombros y de ruinas. Su memoria excita entre nosotros un respeto igual al que inspiran los personajes mas señalados de la antigüedad, un Escipion por ejemplo, ó un Epaminondas : y su nombre, llevando consigo el sello del mas acendrado patriotismo, no es pronunciado jamas sino con una especie de veneracion religiosa.

QUINTANA.

THE SPANISH FATHER.

IN the annals of most of those nations, which have held a conspicuous place in the world's eye, individuals are found, who bear the appellation of GREAT, in consideration, usually, of pre-eminent successes in war ; but the annals of Spain are somewhat peculiar in presenting us with the name of a truly great man, who, as the meed of numerous acts of public virtue, and of one especially distinguished among the rest, is universally known by the surname of the GOOD. The history of such a man has, of necessity, points of interest ; and they abound in the life of Don Alonso Perez de Guzman.

The Spaniards cannot be charged with want of respect for the prominent men in Castilian story. The popular poetry of the country is full of their fame ; history has embalmed their memory ; their names are attached to numerous localities, the scenes of their achievements on earth ; statues, arches, inscriptions, hold up their example to the

admiration of posterity. Who has not heard of the arch of Fernan Gonzalez in Burgos, and of the gate of Santa Maria in the same city, whereby the glory of Layn Calvo and Nuño Rasura, the Judges of Castile, of the great Count Fernan Gonzalez, and of my Cid the Campeador, are kept in perpetual remembrance? And the religious foundations, which are scattered through the land, while they evince the piety of their founders, serve the additional purpose, in many cases, of durable and striking sepulchral monuments. Such, for instance, is the chapel of Saint Ferdinand in the Cathedral of Seville; that of the Constable of Castile, Don Pedro Hernandez de Velasco, in the Cathedral of Burgos; the convent of Hieronymites in Granada, founded by the Great Captain; the Escorial; the Cathedral of Barcelona, founded by Raymond Berenger; and many other sacred edifices or chapels, which are seen in various parts of Spain.

Guzman the Good is commemorated in a foundation of the above-mentioned kind; and one, which, if it yield to some of those in magnificence as a structure, is surpassed by none in the beauty of its local situation. I allude to the convent of San Isidro del Campo, most delightfully placed on the brow of the hill of Santiponce, by the side of the ruins of ancient Italica. It is but a short walk from Seville, through a land literally of oil and honey,—of olive-trees, fertile fields, and flowery meads. The walk may be diversified, if,

when you have crossed the Guadalquivir to the suburb of Triana over the famous bridge of boats, you then turn off to the convent of Nuestra Señora de las Cuevas, and proceed thence through the meadows by a small by-path, which, except in very wet weather, conducts you by a short and agreeable route to the hill of Santiponce; and you may return, if you choose, by the *arrecife* or causeway, through the village of Cama, and amid the crowds of market people or idlers, whom you will continually see in the environs of Seville.

It was in mid-winter that I visited San Isidro and Italica; but the weather was mild and soft; and, although on the Lord's day, the husbandmen were at work, ploughing up the deep fat soil, which the waters of the Guadalquivir replenish perpetually with the elements of vegetable life. Among the characteristic features of the country, were large herds of swine feeding under the trees, in charge of herdsmen; and troops of horses, attended in like manner by persons devoted to their care. San Isidro was a conspicuous object in the distance, long before I reached it, rising, with its group of buildings, over the steep bank of the rivulet which flowed by Santiponce.

After having examined the site of Italica, I repaired to the convent. Its commanding position affords an extensive prospect of the valley of the Guadalquivir, the city of Seville, and the hamlets in the surrounding region; and in the season of

vegetation the view must be indescribably beautiful. The good fathers have constructed a little promenade, with its grass plots and stone benches, and two crosses to mark and sanctify the spot, between the convent and the edge of the steep; and here, as well as in or about the convent, are the few sculptures, which remain of the ruins of Italica. I was readily permitted to enter the church, although at an unusual hour. It is in the Gothic style, and is decorated with sculptures and statues; but its chief ornament consists of the marble mausoleums of Don Alonso Perez de Guzman and his lady Doña Maria Coronel,—which, remembering the life and character of Don Alonso, I could not fail to view with lively interest.

It was towards the close of the reign of Alfonso, called the Wise, when so many disorders thickened around the monarch and the monarchy, that Guzman appeared on the stage. Alfonso, bestowing the authority of Regent meanwhile upon his eldest son, Don Fernando de la Cerda, had left Spain to make interest for the imperial crown, to which he idly aspired. During his absence the Moors of Granada invited Abu Yusef, King of Morocco, to come over from Africa to aid them in attacking the Christians, promising to put him in possession of the ports of Tarifa and Algeciras; and he promptly accepted the invitation, landing at Algeciras with a numerous body of Africans. The Moors then advanced upon Ecija and Seville; and

in a pitched battle defeated and slew the Adelantado or Lieutenant of the frontier, Don Nuño de Lara. The Regent immediately began to gather together forces in all haste for the relief of Andalusia, but suddenly fell sick, and died at Ciudad-real; whereupon his younger brother, Don Sancho, amid the public troubles, raised his standard in claim of the succession, to the exclusion of his nephews, the children of Don Fernando, known in history as the Infantes of La Cerda.

Still the Christians did not lose sight of the common enemy. Sancho of Aragon, Archbishop of Toledo, collected what troops he could in New Castile, and crossed the Sierra Morena; while Don Lope Diaz de Haro, Lord of Biscay, marched in the same direction with a powerful force organized under the auspices of Don Sancho of Castile. The Archbishop of Toledo, having imprudently attacked the Moors without waiting for Don Lope Diaz, was disastrously defeated, being taken prisoner himself, and slain in cold blood by Aben-Nazar of Malaga, to put an end to a dispute between the Spanish Moors and the Africans as to the possession of the prisoner. 'What?'—said the Moor: 'shall so many brave captains quarrel for a dog?'—upon which he spurred his horse upon Don Sancho, and pierced him through and through with a lance. Don Lope Diaz came up the very next day;—and the Castilians, frantic at this new reverse, furiously fell upon the Moors, and after a

desperate engagement, compelled them to retreat. Alonso Perez, a cadet of the family of Don Pedro de Guzman, Adelantado of Andalusia, and at that time only twenty years of age, fought his first battle on that day; and was not only greatly distinguished by his deeds of arms, but had the good fortune to make prisoner Aben-Comat, a confidential servant of the King of Morocco, through whom, and by the intervention of Guzman, a truce of two years was effected with Abu Yusef. Such, in the year 1276, was the brilliant commencement of our hero's career.

In celebration of this victory, a tournament was held at Seville, in presence of the whole court, and here also Guzman gained the prize of gallantry and skill in arms. King Alfonso was returned from his fruitless canvass; and on the evening after the tourney, took occasion to inquire who had been most distinguished in the lists. 'Sir,' replied an elder of the Guzmans, 'my brother Alonso Perez has gained of many to-day.' This answer seemed strange to all, and was most offensive to Alonso Perez, the use of the word *gain* being understood by him as an insulting allusion to the fact that the ceremony of veiling had been omitted in the marriage of his mother, which was regarded as a kind of stain upon the legitimacy of the issue of such marriage, they being popularly called 'sons of gain' (*hijos de ganancia*.)

'You say true,' passionately exclaimed Alonso Perez, who felt himself designedly insulted before the ladies of the court; 'I *am* a brother of gain; but you are and will be one of loss; and if it were not for this presence, I would teach you better manners.'

The old King, who, it would seem, possessed more knowledge than wisdom, and who was grieved at what had happened, now interposed in such a way as to make a bad matter worse. 'Your brother means no harm,' said he; for it is customary in Castile to use that expression in speaking of children born of mothers, who, in marrying, had not performed the ceremony of velation.'

This blundering apology for his brother added new fuel to Guzman's rage. 'And it is also customary in Castile,' he replied, 'for hidalgos, when ill used by their Kings, to go elsewhere in quest of better masters. This will I do; and I swear never to return until they may truly call me *a gain*. Give me, therefore, the letters of license to quit the realm, which are my legal right as an hidalgo of Castile; for henceforth I denationalize myself, and discharge myself from being your vassal.'

Alfonso did his utmost to pacify the high-spirited cavalier, but in vain; and he was obliged to give Guzman permission to leave Castile. In those times, it was very common for Christian knights to serve under the Moors, and for the latter to appear at the court of the princes of Aragon or Cas-

tile. Abu Yusef still remained at Algeciras, whither Guzman repaired with a few friends and followers, to offer his services to the African monarch, with the single reservation of being exempted from service against any of the states of Christendom. Abu Yusef gladly accepted his proffers, and immediately despatched him on an expedition against some of the refractory wandering Arabs of the desert, wherein his success was signal and perfect. On his return to the court of Fez, he continued to receive the most marked attentions from Abu Yusef, and to be employed in various delicate commissions. The power and estimation, which he enjoyed in Africa, at length became known in Castile, and prepared the way for his triumphant recall to his native country, in the hour of her monarch's greatest need.

Alfonso, with all his high qualities, was irresolute and inconstant. To those great errors of his life, the debasement of the public coin, and his pretension to the German Empire, he now added another, which embittered his closing days,—namely, the attempt to vary the succession, which the Cortes had solemnly devolved upon Don Sancho. So far did the dissatisfaction of the nobles go, that they assembled in Valladolid, and pronounced him incapable of administering the government. His grandees, his wife and children, and most of the cities of the kingdom, abandoned him for Don Sancho, the city of Seville alone remaining true to

its allegiance. In these disastrous circumstances, the unhappy King contemplated embarking with all his effects, and leaving his ungrateful country and unnatural family, to commit himself to the waves and to fortune. But, before putting this desperate resolution in effect, he bethought him of Guzman, and wrote to Africa to implore his good offices with Abu Yusef to procure a loan of money on the pledge of the royal crown and jewels. Abu Yusef not only advanced the money desired, but despatched Guzman with proffers of succor in troops from Africa. Guzman accordingly hastened to Seville, attended by a brilliant following of friends and dependants, to offer his own services and the aid of Abu Yusef to his native Prince ; thus making good his declaration that he would not return to Spain until men could truly call him of gain. Alfonso received him with signal honors, caused him to be united with Doña Maria Coronel, the first match in Andalusia for beauty, riches, and virtues, and invested him, for a marriage present, with the fief of Alcalá de los Gazules.

In a few days, Guzman repaired to Africa, to return accompanied by Abu Yusef with a numerous body of Barbary horsemen. The Christian and Moslem Princes met at Zahara, where many acts of courtesy passed between them, after which Abu Yusef marched into Cordoba and La Mancha for the purpose of reducing the people to obedience. But Sancho still retained his ground, and

the Moors were obliged to retire to Algeciras, without essentially serving the cause of Alfonso, who died soon afterwards, leaving the crown to be legitimately worn by Don Sancho.

Meantime Guzman had followed Abu Yusef back to Africa, taking with him his wife; and he continued to serve the Moorish Prince in various military expeditions, acquiring in them abundance of wealth and reputation at the same time, until at length he became an object of jealousy and ill-will to Abu Yacub, the son and probable successor of Abu Yusef. Apprehensive of injury from this quarter, Guzman caused his wife to return to Spain with most of the wealth he had acquired in Africa, her departure being favored by Abu Yusef in anticipation of his own approaching decease. Ere long this event happened; and Guzman found it necessary to arrange means for his own escape with his followers, to the number of a thousand, with whom he landed in Spain, and entered Seville (1291) in all the pomp and rejoicings of a triumph.

Guzman instantly made proffer of his services to Don Sancho, who gladly accepted them, notwithstanding what had passed, saying very courteously, that such a noble cavalier should be employed serving his own King instead of the Africans. With his aid it was resolved to invest the fortress of Tarifa, then held by the Moors; and it was at last reduced, in a great measure through his counsels and courage. After the surrender of the

place, it was defended for two years by the Master of Calatrava and his knights, but at the large cost of two millions of maravedis annually, until Guzman offered to maintain it for six hundred thousand maravedis. His offer was, of course, gladly accepted. He removed thither with his family, repaired the walls, and laid in all requisite supplies, determining to maintain his post at every hazard, although he little anticipated the consequence of the step in regard to his domestic happiness.

Spain, at this time, was cursed with one of those restless and unprincipled spirits, turbulent, disloyal, and inconstant, who sometimes appear in the world, as if permitted there only to mar its peace. The Infante Juan, brother of Don Sancho, always busy in stirring up faction, alike incapable of being controlled by rigor or gained by favor, after being more than once in arms against the King, had been compelled to take refuge in Portugal; and being driven thence at the requisition of Sancho, had crossed over to Africa and made a league with Abu Yacub for the invasion of Andalusia. Under the command of Don Juan, a Moorish force crossed the Straits, and laid siege to Tarifa. Meeting with a warm reception from Guzman, they tried to corrupt him; failing in which they proposed to draw off their troops, if he would divide with them his treasure. 'Good knights,' replied Guzman, 'neither buy nor sell victory.' Enraged at this answer, the Moors began to prepare for an assault on the town;

but the Infante proposed another method for bringing the brave Castilian to terms.

Don Juan had with him the eldest son of Guzman, who had been entrusted to his care for the purpose of being conducted to the court of Portugal, but whom he had carried over into Africa. With wickedness and baseness worthy of himself, the Prince caused the young Guzman to be led out bound under the walls, and then summoning his father to the ramparts, notified the latter that unless he instantly surrendered, he should see his boy slain before his eyes. At this mournful spectacle, grief, indignation, and conflicting emotions of paternal affection and knightly honor and loyalty filled the soul of Guzman; the latter at last prevailed.

‘I hold this place,’ said he, ‘for the King my liege lord, bound by oath and homage to defend it to the last gasp; and I am a man to redeem my pledge. As to this my young child, with whose blood you seek to make up for your cowardice, I have only to say that if, instead of being but one, it were many, whom I was called upon to surrender as victims in behalf of my country, I would cheerfully do it, sooner than blacken my honor with a base action. I beget not sons to betray their country, but to resist and put down its enemies. If, Don Juan, you slay my child, because I refuse to be false to my duty, let coming ages declare which of us deserves applause and which contumely. And to

show that I am not to be shaken in my purpose, here is my sword for the sacrifice, lest one should be wanting to accomplish your inhuman threat.'

Guzman threw his sword among the Moors as he spoke, and withdrew, to partake of his accustomed repast with his lady. Suddenly he heard shouts from the ramparts and from the camp of the besiegers; and rushing out to see what occasioned the outcry, he found that Don Juan had just murdered the youth. Subduing the pangs of nature, and repressing the tears which sprang to his eyes, lest the garrison might be disheartened by the exhibition of weakness, he merely said,—'I thought it was the enemy scaling the walls of Tarifa;'—and returned to the table. The Moors, confounded and intimidated by the firmness of Guzman, and hearing that succors were on the way to him from Seville, soon afterwards raised the siege. The infamous Don Juan, not daring to return to Africa after this total failure of an expedition which he had counselled and headed, was under the necessity of hiding his disappointment and disgrace among the Moors of Granada.

The fame of this event filled all Spain on the instant, and reached the ears of the King at Alcalá de Henares, where he lay sick. From thence Don Sancho wrote to Guzman, expressing the liveliest gratitude for the successful defence of Tarifa, comparing him to Abraham, confirming to him the appellation of THE GOOD, which the public voice had

already bestowed, and charging him immediately to repair to the King to receive personal demonstrations of obligation and favor. Don Alouso accordingly set out for Castile with a splendid cortège of kinsmen and friends, who had flocked to him from all parts of Spain to express their admiration. The villagers came forth to meet him on the road; in the cities, burghers crowded the streets as he passed; and thousands, of every age, rank, and sex, struggled to set their eyes on a cavalier, who had signalized his loyalty in a manner so extraordinary.

You would have thought the very windows spake,
 So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
 With painted imagery, had said at once,—
 Jesu preserve thee! Welcome Bolingbroke!

When he reached Alcalá, the whole court came out to meet him by command of Sancho, who, on receiving him, turned to the dames and lords of his suite, saying,—‘Learn, cavaliers and ladies, to perform deeds of virtue, for here stands your model.’ And to these expressions of grace and due praise, he added magnificent rewards, enfeoffing him and his posterity with the whole coast of Andalusia between the mouths of the Guadalquivir and Guadalete.

Ere long Don Sancho died (1295), leaving the regency of the kingdom and the guardianship of his

young son and successor, Don Fernando, to his wife Doña Maria. Before he expired, he called Guzman to his side. 'Go,' said he, 'to Andalusia, and defend it, and maintain it for my son; for I trust in you to do this, good as you are, and for this I have summoned you to my dying bed.' The Queen had, indeed, abundant need of powerful and faithful friends in this emergency; for on the death of the King, conflicting factions filled the realm on all hands. Portugal sought to extend her frontier; Don Juan to dismember the kingdom, by the help of the Moors of Granada; grandees and communities had their resentments against Don Sancho, which they resolved to wreak upon his widow and son; the Infantes of La Cerda laid claim to the crown; even the comparatively loyal quarrelled about the distribution of the public employments; and discord, commotion, and bloodshed seemed to fill unhappy Spain. Unfortunately, also, at this time, the Infante Don Enrique, uncle of Don Sancho, and a perfect counterpart of the renegade Don Juan, after wandering about for many years in Aragon, Tunis, Rome, and Naples, now returned to Castile, when old age had deprived him of the only brilliant quality he ever possessed,—martial prowess,—and had aggravated the vices of his character. His ambition of power in the King's minority led him into numberless intrigues, sometimes with the Portuguese, sometimes with the Moors, and sometimes with the seditious gran-

dees, which greatly augmented the calamities of Spain.

Through all the disastrous period of the minority, Guzman was true to the faith he had plighted to the dying Sancho. Andalusia suffered peculiarly from the circumstances I have detailed; but Guzman was indefatigable in the discharge of his public duties, and repelled the invading Portuguese on the one side, and the Moors on the other, while he exerted all his authority to repress the domestic agitators, who were rending the vitals of their common country. The Moors were incessantly endeavoring to gain possession of Tarifa, which they needed as a port for communication with Africa; and they well nigh prevailed in bribing the Prince Don Enrique to agree to cede it to them; but Guzman compelled him to take a solemn oath in Seville, that he would on no condition cede it, nor counsel ceding it, to the infidels; and thus, when Don Fernando grew up to years of manhood, and took the reins of government into his own hands, he found Andalusia preserved to him safe and entire, thanks to the bravery and vigor of its chivalrous Adelantado.

One of the earliest acts of Don Fernando, on his arriving at majority, was to invest Algeciras by sea and land. During the siege, hearing that Gibraltar was feebly garrisoned, he despatched Guzman, with the Archbishop of Seville and Don Juan Nuñez de Lara, to endeavor to wrest it from

the Moors. After having reconnoitred the place, they adopted the expedient of constructing a lofty tower, which commanded the ramparts, and thereby compelled the garrison to surrender; the Christians thus obtaining possession of the place for the first time since its conquest by the Saracens, more than five hundred years before, by the victorious Tarik. This was the last of Guzman's achievements; for having led a force into the mountain passes of Gausin, to repress and punish the incursions of the Moors, who harassed the Christian camp before Algeciras, he was mortally wounded by an arrow shot from the retreating Moors. This happened in the year 1309, and in the fifty second of his age. His corpse was conveyed to Seville, the inhabitants of which, so long ruled by his wisdom and guarded by his prowess, rendered to it the last rites of religion with a mournful splendor of pomp, worthy of his rank and fame.

Such was Guzman the Good, the founder of the great House of Medinasidonia. In our own day, when men like Pedro the Cruel in Castile, Richard Third in England, and the murderers of the Saint Barthélémi, are so happy as to find apologists or vindicators, it has also been discovered that Guzman was merely a ferocious warrior, and that his sacrifice of his son is to be attributed to the atrocity of the times or the man, rather than to patriotism. But in this matter we may safely confide in the voice of contemporaneous fame. His

fellow countrymen of that age could not fail to know his personal character, and to understand from such knowledge, whether his conduct in Tarifa was likely to have sprung from laudable or reprehensible inducements and feelings. His compassionate and munificent treatment of the people of Andalusia during a dreadful famine, which raged there in the minority of Don Fernando, is matter of undisputed history. And it is idle for the present generation, with such comparatively imperfect means of judgment as we possess, to think of reversing the sentence of century after century, which has concurred in honoring and admiring him as **GUZMAN THE GOOD.**

THE MORAL OF HISTORY,

A MEDITATION ON THE RUINS OF ITALICA.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried base!
What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow?
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling place.
Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face?
Tifus or Trajan's? No, tis that of Time.

BYRON.

Estos, Fabio, ¡ay dolor! que ves ahora
Campos de soledad, mustio collado,
Fuéron un tiempo Itálica famosa.
Aquí de Cipion la vencedora
Colonia fue: por tierra derribado
Yace el temido honor de la espantosa
Muralla, y lastimosa
Reliquia es solamente
De su invencible gente.
Solo quedan memorias funerales,
Donde erráron ya sombras de alto exemplo:
Este llano fue plaza, allí fue templo;
De todo apénas quedan las señales:
Del gymnasio, y las thermas regaladas
Leves vuelan cenizas desdichadas.

Este despedazado anfiteatro,
Impio honor de los Dioses, cuya afrenta
Publica el amarillo xaramago,
Ya reducido á trágico teatro,
¡O fabula del tiempo! representa
Quanta fue su grandeza, y es su estrago.

Aquí nació aquel rayo de la guerra,
Gran padre de la patria, honor de España,
Pío, felice, triunfador Trajano,
Ante quien muda se postró la tierra,
Que ve del sol la cuna, y la que baña
El mar tambien vencido gaditano.
Aquí de Elio Adriano,
De Teodosio divino,
De Silio peregrino
Rodáron de marfil y oro las cunas.
Aquí ya de laurel, ya de jazmines
Coronados los viéron los jardines,
Que ahora son zarzales y lagunas.
La casa para el César fabricada,
¡Ay! yace de lagartos vil morada:
Casas, jardines, Césares muriéron,
Y aun las piedras que de ellos se escribiéron.

SILVA DE FRANCISCO DE RIOJA.

ITALICA.

‘WHEN I returned from Asia to assume the proconsular government of Achaia, as my galley sailed slowly up the Saronic gulf, I began to cast a curious gaze upon the surrounding regions. Behind me lay Aegina, before me Megara, on my right hand the Piræus, on my left Corinth :—cities, which in times gone by were the brilliant abodes of opulence and power, but now lay prostrate beneath my eye, in the sorrowful desolation of their present abandonment. The scene came over my spirit with a train of sad, but high-purposed reflections. What ! said I :—shall we, feeble creatures of the dust, who by the very tenure of life are only born to die,—shall we repine at the decrees of destiny, or impeach the justice of the immortal gods, if one of us do but perish by disease or violence, when here, in these narrow limits, lie the scattered and unsightly ruins of so many of the noblest among the cities of Greece ?—Wilt thou not chasten the murmuring spirit within thee, and in sight

of these fallen monuments of the wise and great and glorious of past generations, remember that thou also art but man?'

They are the words of Servius Sulpicius that I repeat. Thus it was that the lofty old Roman, while musing on the gloomy aspect of his country's fortunes,—her legions devoured by the sword of civil war on the bloody plains of Pharsalia,—her proud senators, those lights of their day, those imperial masters of the civilized world, cut off, proscribed, banished, or kneeling in ignoble sycophancy at the feet of an ambitious dictator,—her hundred provinces the distracted scene of commotion, warfare, and all the multiplied miseries of a great revolution convulsing the frame of so vast an empire,—and her magnificent republican institutions, cherished through so many ages of weal and woe, and cemented by the blood and toil of successive races of heroes and sages, whose names were become identical and synonymous with patriotism, now dashed to the ground by the mailed hand of that victorious Cæsar, whose glory shone all too brightly for the liberties of Rome,—thus it was, in such a time, that Sulpicius sought to pour consolation into the anguished soul of Tully, overwhelmed at once by the accumulated weight of sore domestic loss and portentous public calamity. In this could the father find alleviation of his sorrow, as he wept over the ashes of his Tulliola, the young, the beautiful, the blest,—the adored of his fondest affections,

the lovely among the daughters of Latium, the observed among the wives of Rome, arrested prematurely in the career of life, by that doom of early death, which, according to the touching superstition of the ancients, heaven bestows on its favorites. In this, also, could the patriot see wherewithal to temper the bitterness of his agony, as wealth, rank, honors, country,—all were torn from his possession by the triumphant grasp of successful usurpation, to be lost to him forever, or only restored as the price of dishonest compromise with tyranny. And is there not indeed an elevated moral, a divine truth, a rich treasure of inspiring call to virtue, and of consolatory reflection under adversity, in the simple but sublime argument of manly fortitude, which Sulpicius drew from the spectacle of the ‘shattered splendors’ of Greece?

If the spirit of the philosophic Roman could be permitted to revisit the scenes of his mortal pilgrimage, to navigate once more the classic waters of the Aegæan sea, to tread the time-honored plains of ‘glorious Greece,’ or to dwell yet again on the summer shores of his own fair Italy, what lessons might he not read, amid their ruined temples, and monumental caves of death, their broken thrones, and palaces levelled in dust!—What lessons of the petty nothingness of individual human miseries, when contrasted with the mighty mass of bereavement and suffering and desolation of the extinct millions, the proud and palmy nations of men, on

whom the finger of heaven has fallen in its wrath !
—What lofty lessons of constancy unshaken,—of
virtue more grand in its example, more imperish-
able in its duration, than fanes of Parian marble,
or pillars of Egyptian granite !—What lessons of
high-souled patriotism, standing out amid the dark-
ness of age in the undying brilliancy of its fame, and
living on with an immortality of amaranthine ver-
dure, to show to all generations how it is that em-
pires are lost and won, and states borne forward on
the tide of prosperity and power, to sink back again
with the reflux flood of their ascendancy, and
rank with those parted pomps of a fleeting world,
which have been, but are not, because temperance,
and justice, truth and religion, no longer counselled
their counsellors, and the inspiration of liberty had
ceased to breathe its life of life into the dissolving
frame of their grandeur.

A barbarian horde of Turks have pitched their
camp in the 'land of lost gods and godlike men,'
and savage Tartars, wild Arabs, and brutish Nubi-
ans make it the battle field, where the crescent and
the cross are displayed as the banners of opposing
faiths fighting for supremacy, and of conflicting
nations, banded, the one for empire, and the other
for existence. Its reverend shrines lie desolate.
Its populous cities are expunged from the face of the
earth, or subsist only to be painfully sought out in
their ruins, concealed under some barbarous appel-
lation of *Settines* or *Thiva* or *Castri*, to mark the

spots where Athens and Thebes and Delphi had stood, in the days of their greatness. Ages upon ages of corruption, unredeemed by scarce a single trait of their republican virtue, and of servile abasement as profound as tyranny in the government and profligacy in the people could make it, have gathered and thickened over Arcadia's plains of gladness and the ever green vale of Tempe, until the wanderer from other lands, kindling with recollections of the past, and oppressed with the spectacle of the present, exclaims, as he regards the scene with emotions of mingled grief and admiration,

'T is Greece, but living Greece no more!

And yet if the voice of studious wisdom would instil resolves of greatness into hearts of ingenuous youth, where shall it go for examples of departed worth more pregnant with instruction or with stimulating inducements to virtue, than to the consecrated clime of the Greeks, slaves though they now be to the will, or but half emancipated from the power, of the despot Mahmoud? Thermopylæ, Marathon, Salamis, Plataea,—these are but humble spots in a far-off land; but their names will speak to the soul like a trumpet call, so long as freedom is dear upon earth; and the oriental pride and pomp of Xerxes, wrecked on the dauntless courage of a handful of Spartans and Athenians, is a tale of virtue that must dwell on the lips of mankind forever. The Delphian oracle is silent,

and the riches of the world are no longer deposited by pilgrim-nations at the now prostrate shrine of Apollo ; but the mountain of Parnassus, on which the pythoness uttered the responses of fate,—when will it cease to be associated with the sublimest effusions of poetic invention ? Athens remains in her Acropolis, and something of the Parthenon has escaped the corroding tooth of time, the havoc of war, and the desecration of plundering admirers of art. In the mutilated fragments of her statues and friezes and temples beneath your feet, you look in vain for the magic creations of the chisel of Phidias ; and her walls are but a strong-hold for men as wild as the pictures of ruin about them :—yet from the lisping of boyhood learning, up to the riper thoughts of manly understanding, are not the deeds and the sayings of Socrates or Pericles, Aristides or Cimon, Phocion or Demosthenes, wrought into the very contexture of our minds, and held up as incitements to the acquisition of wisdom and goodness until their names are

Familiar in our mouths as household words ?

Turn from the devastated shores of Greece,

Immortal, though no more,—though fallen, great ;

and leave behind you the bright isles of the Cyclades, lovely in their verdure still, but no longer smiling over the sea in the richness of ancient art. Bidding farewell to that little of the vineyards and olive gardens of the Morea, which Turkish oppres-

sion in past times, or Egyptian invasion in our own, hath spared, look to the favored fields and sunny slopes of Italy. Conquerors, laden with the spoils of a subjugated world, and leading the chariots of their triumph and the martial array of their victorious armies, crowd not now the numberless avenues, which, like the arteries of the human body pulsating to their common centre in the heart, converged from every distant region of civilized earth towards imperial Rome, bringing the accumulated offerings of vanquished nations and tributary kings, to lay them in humble homage at the feet of the Capitoline Jove. All this has passed away like the pageants of a troubled dream; and Rome herself, the mother of so many empires that are now no more, is become the grave of Rome. The temples of Christian worship, and the palaces which modern opulence has reared, are founded on the dust of the marble city of Augustus. Yet there stands the Coliseum, its huge walls towering to the sky as if in defiance of the ravages of time and the malice of man; and who, that mounts the ascending steps of that vast amphitheatre, and reflects on the thousands and tens of thousands of extinguished races so often gathered there to witness the magnificent exhibition of a Roman theatrical spectacle, and looks out upon the broken columns of many a ruined temple, sumptuously built to the false gods of the Gentiles;—who, I say, in such circumstances, but calls to mind the apostrophe of

Sulpicius, and the exalted lesson of moral greatness it proclaims to the world? Low lie the sculptured pillars of the temple of Concord:—but where Tully hurled the thunder of his eloquence at the head of Catiline, and spoke for the salvation of his country, an ‘immaculate charm’ of moral interest remains, which vindicates the justice of Providence in the very fullness of its visitation. And if that forum, where the gravity of a Cato, the elegance of a Gracchus, or the cultivated richness of a Cicero were so often addressed to the listening tribes of the people of Romulus, and where litigating kingdoms appeared to plead before the simple chair of a Roman prætor,—if that forum is now lost in the rubbish of twice a thousand years, yet in every venerable fragment left by the stern senators of the Republic, or by the Trajans and Antonines of a later day, a volume of moral teaching is unfolded for the perusal of each after generation.

I might find matter to elucidate my position without end, beginning with the colossal sculptures of Luxor and Carnac, rising like a wilderness of columns over the waters of the Nile, and the yet unexplained mysteries of the indestructible pyramids of Egypt, and circling through every clime of earth, even to the barbaric masses of those huge temples, which stand on the table of Mexico or the mountains of the South, and whose false gods have vanished and left no trace behind them, and whose worshippers are unknown to history. Nor it is

from the monuments of antiquity alone, that illustrations for my object may be drawn; for every passing century that glides by is adding to their number. The same truth speaks out to the beholder, who gazes on the ivy crowned battlements and heavy buttressed turrets of many a dark hold of feudal power on the banks of the Rhine or the Loire, and who thinks of the knights with their banners set forth to battle, the waving pennons, and glittering spears, and prancing steeds, and fair eyes that look down upon the lists, and all the magic illusion, which minstrel lays have cast around the sad reality of the days of chivalry.

But why traverse the universe in quest of illustrations, when they lay scattered beneath my feet? I stood on a hillock of red earth, just variegated by fragments of marble, with half a dozen mutilated columns in the distance, protected by the good monks of San Isidro against the ravages of time. It was all that subsisted of the birth-place of Trajan. To this were the riches and architectural beauty of Italica reduced. A bright expanse of *intervale*, watered by the meandering Guadalquivir and its tributary streamlets, stretched out in verdure and fertility far as the sight could reach, breathed upon by the balmy influences of a southern sky. Nature retained her undying charms: it was the same lovely landscape on which Seneca and Lucan might have gazed in the olden time, and it was the natal atmosphere of the splendid Trajan. But

the men, and the monuments they reared, had passed away together, leaving only the memory of their greatness to ennoble the spot. It was then I felt in its full force the truth so finely embodied in the stanzas of that poet, who is the great intellectual phenomenon of our time, and who, while given up to unspeakable profligacy of conduct, and with principles as perniciously false as the habitual course of his life was deplorably corrupt, yet, in his moments of better inspiration, struck out some of the grandest conceptions that poet or philosopher has ever uttered.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
 The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
 Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
 And Livy's pictured page! but these shall be
 Her resurrection; all beside, decay.

There is the moral of all human tales;
 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
 First Freedom, and then Glory; when that fails,
 Wealth, Vice, Corruption, Barbarism at last:
 And History, with all her volumes vast,
 Hath but *one* page,—'t is better written here.

This moral of all human tales, this rehearsal of the past, this one page of all the vast volumes of history, which Sulpicius read from the crushed arches and splintered columns of Corinth, and Byron from the indistinguishable heaps of the Palatine hill of Rome,—the eternal truth, deducible

alike from the deep lore of reverend antiquity, and the more superficial wisdom of our own straight forward practical age, namely, the inseparable connexion between private virtue and national greatness,—how could it fail to rise up before me as I stood on the hill of Santiponce, and gazed on the few memorials of Italica, which have survived the fury of the Vandal, the Goth, and the Moor?—

First Freedom, and then Glory ; when that fails,
Wealth, Vice, Corruption :—

Such are the letters of Destiny inscribed by the hand of Time on every fabric of public greatness, from the days of Lycurgus and Numa, through all succeeding vicissitude of human affairs, down to the time when Washington revived the example of antique virtue, in regions unknown to fame, beyond the Atlantic.

Wherein is the *type* of a patriot citizen, what his duties, his trials, and his rewards, and how it is that the accumulation of individual worth constitutes the sum of national exaltation,—these are inquiries fit for the hour and the spot.

To the casual observer, who bestowed but little reflexion on the subject, it might seem to be an easy task to discriminate the qualities requisite for the formation of a good citizen. Yet no question has been more largely discussed or more warmly disputed than this ; and the considerations it embraces, are of a nature, which renders them peculiarly susceptible of being affected by the taste of

individuals and the local customs or intellectual habits of different communities. When I speak of the qualities of a good citizen, I do not refer merely to those common virtues, which every code of ethics equally enjoins. The observance of the duties of life, in the sphere in which a gracious Providence may have placed us, belongs to each as a man, independently of his obligations to that society, of which he is a member. True it is that the faithful discharge of the private duties of private life is indispensable to the character of a good citizen, and no state can prosper where these are neglected. A poet has well said :

All private virtue is the public fund ;
As that abounds, the state decays or thrives.

Thus far, indeed, all are agreed ; but to rest here would be to take only such a superficial view of the whole subject, as would answer no valuable purpose. It is not in regard of the relations of men as they are fathers, husbands, or brothers,—nor in their relations as they are merchants, artificers, or mariners,—that any question arises ; but in regard of their relations to the community as such, and especially when this last class of relations comes in conflict with any of the others, or with the selfish passions and purposes of the heart. Unless we enter into such considerations, we prove nothing, we ascertain nothing, we profit nothing :—for why should we argue to elucidate that which none dis-

putes, or seek to establish positions, which settled conviction has already converted into first principles?—In fact, no lawgiver has ever failed to recognize the great cardinal virtues of private life, and these, also, subject to much slighter qualifications than is generally imagined;—no tyrant has denied them force, except in their application to his own person;—and no rational being, of any age or country, would pretend to doubt respecting this, the fundamental doctrine of all human institutions.

Advance we, therefore, one step further in the inquiry we have instituted, and here we encounter, on the very threshold, the grave question, which has divided philosophic minds at all periods, and which must continue to divide them, so long as the never ending multitudes of men are created with dispositions and habits of thinking, which vary as universally as their complexion, their features, their form, and their stature. It is the question between the man of pleasure, the man of action, and the man of contemplation,—between the ancient sects of the Epicureans, the Stoics, and the Academicians,—and it is the question, which every individual, whatever may be his condition of life, either decides for himself or finds decided for him by the inevitable decrees of Providence, and thus unconsciously yields his adherence to one or the other of the great schools of philosophy, which divided the ancient world. The Epicurean is not, as the common use of the name would imply, a sensual voluptuary, given up to the

low indulgence of the baser appetites of our nature ; nor is the Stoic a visionary zealot, rushing upon pain or danger in the mere wantonness of devotion to theory ; nor is the Academician a bewildered skeptic, lost in a dreamy existence of wild speculation. These are but the supposed false tendencies of each of the great schools of philosophy, to which its enemies allege that it is prone. They do in truth each avow and maintain the great principles of private virtue, which I have stated as the basis of all reasonings on the fit employment of man. But when they come to speculate upon the sphere of duties, which a wise man should adopt, while admitting that his private obligations are equally incumbent on him in every sphere, they arrive at opposite conclusions, in consequence of their viewing the matter as a question of individual happiness. While Epicurus would reason from the uncertainty of human affairs against all the promptings of a generous ambition, and would thus persuade men to embrace a life of refined and elegant, but narrow and selfish, seclusion, as most conducive to happiness ;—and while Plato, with all that magic eloquence of style and lofty enthusiasm of spirit, which distinguish his writings, presents to us the same object as best attainable by a life spent in the investigation of the great truths of the moral and physical world ;—Zeno, on the other hand, would find the golden secret of happiness in the more stirring, but more precarious, scenes of active usefulness in

the responsible duties of society. Is not this, I repeat, the very question, which, in every crisis of his life, each man sees before his eyes? It is not merely the alternative betwixt Voluptuousness and Virtue, so exquisitely illustrated by Xenophon in the beautiful apologue of Hercules deciding whether to seek the enervating blandishments of one, or the glorious toils of the other; but it is an alternative betwixt irreconcilable modes of cultivating the same acknowledged principle of Virtue.

Choose then among these variant forms of happiness, each compatible with all our common duties as men, choose which it becomes the patriot citizen to pursue. Can it be a life of luxurious ease, which, content with treading the path of selfish individual happiness, looks not beyond the narrow confines of personal objects, upright and just and pure though they be? I may safely reply that such a conclusion would be fatal to all the higher objects of human existence, and therefore cannot be a sound one. I know the English poet has moralized,

Act well your part, there all the honor lies;

but I deny it:—it is not true that therein lies all the honor, unless the part you act be also well chosen. And, in truth, the solution of the whole difficulty lies in the consideration, that it is not enough to determine how we may attain to virtuous happiness, but which, of all the forms of virtuous happiness, is the most noble, and the most exalted in kind. It

was Lycurgus that said he did not inquire who was the swiftest among the swift, or strongest among the strong, but who was best and wisest among the wise and good. It suffices not to show that an individual is in possession of a superlative degree of enjoyment; it needs also to show that that enjoyment is superlatively laudable in its nature. And while in this way we provide a satisfactory answer to the dangerous doctrines of Epicurus, do we not also in some degree confute the more generous and elevated, but still equally mistaken, theories of Plato?

Do we not, I say, decide the question between the happiness of a studious and contemplative life, and one of practical usefulness in action, one of doing and suffering, by thus discriminating the difference in the qualities of that happiness, which either may confer? Men, whose education or taste leads them to literary pursuits, are apt, I am aware, to raise before the mind's eye the picture of a sage, separated from the cares and conflicts of life, and consecrated to intellectual objects, as the climax of human wisdom; but I cannot admit that science and learning, when thus removed from the serious objects of busy life, are justly entitled to the preeminence, which they are disposed to arrogate to themselves, over less philosophical occupations of the human understanding. I have not so studied the destinies and capacities of the mind. I hold that there is a practical, available, and, if I may so phrase

it, a patriotic philosophy, which is more exalted in its ends, and therefore more praiseworthy in itself, than the philosophy of abstraction and of books.

Understand me :—I mean not to bestow countenance upon that pernicious doctrine, the exploded error of an age of vandalism, which denounces intellectual pursuits, which represents the cultivation of mind as a defrauding the common weal of its laboring hands. To revive it, in this enlightened era, demands the courageous ignorance of a Cade for its propagation. ‘Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm,’ said this unflinching and highly disinterested reformer, in passing judgment on Lord Say,—‘thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill.—Away with him, and strike off his head presently.’ I know that some ingenious speculators on the public faith have, in later times, shown a disposition to resuscitate the just and equitable principles of this judgment; but it is only by giving them an artful generality of expression, so as to disguise their want of truth, that they could ever be made to gain a moment’s belief.

Nay, I assume it as beneath my aim of argu-

ment to prove, by labored induction, that that is the highest sense, for all the highest purposes of life, which unites the practical wisdom of personal experience with the educated wisdom accumulated in the volumes of science. Else, why do we establish schools, and found academies, and endow colleges? Why is not barbarism in better repute than learning? In truth, the isolated savage, buried in the impenetrable shades of his sylvan solitude, herding with the wild beasts, whom he excels but by a single degree, subsisting by the bow which his own hand wrought, and sleeping in caves or dens of the earth; living for himself alone, and communing only with the everlasting stars as they wheel in their heavenly orbits through the azure depths of ether, or with the soulless creations of nature in the wildness of primitive being, the lake or the stream, the forest or the savannah, and destitute alike of the blessings of society, religion, and every thing that adorns or ennobles life,—he, I say, the uneducated though philosophizing savage, is the only being to be found on earth of purely practical experience, in the unvarnished nakedness of the doctrine to which I allude: for Plato and Tully, Locke and Newton, Franklin and Fulton have never written or taught for him; and the Bible has never opened its treasured stores of ancient inspiration for him; and his sense, such as it may be, is the unadulterated practical sense, which owes nothing to books, nothing to lectures,

nothing to painful teaching of studious divines or philosophers, but is the untutored production of his own experience, which, after all, take it in its best estate, is but the narrow cunning of a narrow mind.

No, such is not the intellectual state which I would be understood to inculcate, as suited to the wants of a civilized, refined, and educated condition of society, like that wherein we live. In maintaining that a practical philosophy, capable of adaptation to the active duties of life, is superior to the mere wisdom of the closet, I would not lose sight of the immutable laws of nature, which have established variety of pursuits and callings as the necessary condition of man; on the just adaptation, steady coherence, and harmonious movement of which, all the peace of human society depends. And therefore, while denying the Platonic doctrine of the unqualified superiority of meditative life, it is with no unfriendly consideration of its absolute value and claim to our esteem. But when I read of the tablets dug up in the Tiburtine villa, bearing the inscription—‘To Lucius Scipio, *the best among the good*, by the universal consent of the Romans,’—I reflect that it was not by a life of contemplative seclusion or of mere speculative philosophy, that Asiaticus gained, by universal consent of Rome, the title of ‘best among the good;’ but by uniting the wisdom of action and the wisdom of meditation, by serving his country in the camp and in the

senate, and by sustaining the opposite conditions of extreme adversity and extreme prosperity with that practical nobleness of spirit, which characterized the family of the Scipios. And thus only can be acquired and exhibited that magnanimity of soul, which Cicero ascribes to the virtuous citizen, who alone, saith he, is truly free, because subject neither to the dominion of others nor to that of his own passions,—who alone is truly invincible, because defeat can never reach his mind,—and who alone is truly happy, because, in the humble confidence of a devout and religious heart, he submits his destiny to the will of an all-wise Providence, and awaits the hour of death as the last of his trials upon earth, and therefore is above and beyond the stroke of fortune.

Well, therefore, might the Spartan lawgiver make it the fundamental axiom of his polity, that each man was born, not for himself, but his country;—not literally to convey the unqualified meaning that the domestic, that the private, that the lesser duties of life were of no moment; but that in matters affecting the public weal the obligations of the citizen were paramount to those of the man. Providence has placed us in society, not to be inactive spectators of the progress of events,

*Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;—*

not to fold our hands in listless indifference while

the great questions of social order are working out their solution around us,—not by assuming an impossible neutrality in the struggle between right and wrong, to suffer the dead weight of our inertness to press on the right,—but that when the day of our account shall come for the talent entrusted to us, we may have a good report to give of our stewardship. Such is the indispensable obligation of the good citizen, as the teachings of lettered wisdom and of unlettered experience prescribe it, whatever may be the condition in life of the individual who seeks for its applicability. He is borne on the roll of his country, and is bound to obey her call. And should he feel that fire of the soul, which ‘preys upon high adventure,’ those noble aspirations, which would make his mind the mind of other men, call it love of fame, call it ambition, or call it patriotism, I care not for the name, if it be worthily devoted to worthy ends, it is that which animated Leonidas in the pass of Thermopylæ, which sustained Brutus when he sacrificed Cæsar, and which informed and upraised the spirit of Washington, when he conquered independence for America; and it is a feeling wisely implanted by heaven as the chosen agent of its mighty purposes in the government of the world.

It is a common topic of disquisition, with those who dwell despondingly on the conduct of human affairs, to ascribe undue force to the discouragements and afflictions, which environ the path of the patriot

citizen. The vicissitudes of public favor, the chances of civil discord, of eventual failure in the prosecution of a great object, of exile, and of death, the ingratitude of mankind, the malevolence of obscure haters, and the instability of opinion, all these considerations have their place in the dark picture exhibited to our view. When the father of Themistocles would have dissuaded him from entering on that career of glory, which proved the salvation of Athens, he led him to the shore of the sea, and pointed to the decaying old galleys of the Republic, which, having survived their usefulness, lay there, neglected and despised, an emblem of the treatment bestowed by the people on their servants. It would have been a more striking and equally true illustration of the fact, to call to mind the Athenian institution of ostracism, established, not to punish the bad, but to remove from before the popular eye those men, whose virtues shone with too dazzling a brightness, and thus, in the words of Plutarch, to mitigate and pacify the fury of envy, which delights in the downfall of surpassing excellence. Success, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, is indeed no criterion of the good citizen, any more than it is the necessary attendant of the good man in other walks of usefulness.—Nay, the attainment of brilliant advantages is too often the presage of a sad reverse; wherefore it was that, when Diagoras and his sons and grandsons had all conquered and been crowned at the Olympic

games, the Spartan embraced him, crying, 'Die, die now, Diagoras, for thou canst not be a god.' He had attained the culminating point of his fortunes, and for him nothing remained but descent. But what then? Shall we shrink from the duties of life because they are arduous, or because they are hazardous, or because they are uncertain?—Wherefore has Providence placed us at our posts, but that we should stand firmly to that which may befall us, and play our part manfully in the drama of life, whether it be to do or to suffer?

It was a beautiful superstition of the Greeks, to suppose that if lightning struck the tomb of a deceased friend, it was a seal of sanctity impressed on his remains by the hand of divine power. Be it, that this belief is emblematic of the fate of greatness, and that martyrdom has in all times borne the choicest of earth's creatures prematurely to their long account; yet what is life worth, but for the power of living well, and what the world, but as its trials prove and purify the spirit, and point its aspirations to an immortality acquired and blessed by a courageous discharge of all the duties belonging to its mortal abiding-place?

To think of prosperity, therefore, as the necessary accompaniment of just motives and laudable objects, or adversity as a safe index of the reverse, would be doing poor justice to the plan of the universe. On the contrary, the poet has truly told us,

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue ;
Where patience, honor, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude, take root, and strongly flourish.

He, who was wisest and best among the Greeks, who lived a life of unstained usefulness and virtue, entertaining and practising opinions of the true nature of religion above any other example of pagan antiquity,—I mean Socrates,—was done to death by reason of the perjured and felon accusations of the base and factious Melitus, on a charge of irreligion, for such is a favorite falsehood of wicked accusers in every age of the world. And how much more sublime the death of Socrates, as exhibited in the Phaidon of his pupil, forgiving his enemies, consoling his friends, and calmly receiving the doom of the lowest convict in the walls of his prison, than even the high souled and pure hearted Epaminondas, dying on the field of victory, and waiting only for the shout of triumph to come and wing him to another world!—Who shall say that the fate of the latter was, on the face of things, a trial of virtue to be compared to the former? And yet dare we presume to maintain that the former was, least of the two, blessed in itself and its fruits?—‘I go away to die,’ said Socrates to his judges, ‘while you continue the business of life; which is to be preferred, it is neither for you nor me, but for the all-seeing Deity only to pronounce.’

We know well indeed, it is not death, but a dishonorable cause or occasion of death, which the

good citizen should dread. Yet the obligation to encounter patiently whatever the conditions of his lot may impose, is not, for this, less imperative upon him ; since to suffer is as equally required as to do. I often think of the sublime effusion of Cicero in which he represents the soul of the elder Africanus holding intercourse with the inheritor of his name and fame, as one of the most admirable fragments of heathen philosophy, inculcating the duty of submission under trials in language worthy of a better faith. 'I beseech thee, O best and greatest of fathers, said I, since, as thou biddest me know, the souls of the good, having escaped from the bonds of the flesh as from a prison-house, repair to these mansions of light, why should I linger here below and not rather fly to your blest abodes? Not so, he replied, unless that God, whose magnificent temple is all this glorious universe of suns and stars and earths, shall of himself release thee from thy allotted trials. For the soul of thyself, and of all pious men, must be retained in the custody of the body, nor suffered to quit the precincts of life unsummoned by him who gave it, lest ye be chargeable with culpable abandonment of the earthly duties assigned you by the will of God.' How much nobler these principles, which I render almost literally from the page of the great Roman orator, than the decision of Themistocles, who committed suicide to escape the dishonor of serving under the orders of the Persian ! How much nobler

than that of Cato, who fell on his sword rather than yield himself a prisoner to the usurping Cæsar ! Speculative men have discussed the question, which was the loftier act of the two, embracing death instead of dishonor, or instead of servitude :—they should rather have condemned both, as far inferior to the loftiness of meeting either shame or slavery in the strength of unshrinking fortitude.

The transition is natural from the trials of the patriot citizen to his reward. That reward which consists in the approbation of the good, although followed as a natural consequence by the persecution of the bad ;—that reward, which, if the conception of valuable ends be crowned with their successful prosecution, dwells in the blessed pleasure of doing good ;—that reward, which, if the hope of renown enter into its anticipation, may inspire the seeker of it to say,

I courted Fame but as a spur to brave
And honest deeds ;—

that reward, which the mind, conscious of right, bestows, despite the false accusations of wicked, or the false judgments of prejudiced, men ;—that reward, which, if all others fail, looks beyond earth for a just interpretation of the seemingly hard decrees of heaven. ‘If,’ said the patriot driven into exile by the machinations of the infamous Clodius,—an eagle in his pride of place hawked at by a mousing owl,—‘if you could strip me of the constancy of my spirit, of the cares, vigils,

and counsels wherewith I served the Republic, of the recompensing love of the good, of that immortal soul which animates my breast,—then indeed you might strike at my peace ; but until then I can suffer no calamity at your hands.' And extending his contemplations beyond even such an event, he might have employed the language of that touching moral, put by him in the mouth of Africanus, to which I have once before alluded. 'Wherefore I charge thee,' says the elder Scipio, 'to lift thy meditations from the sublunary sphere whereon thou abidest, to this dwelling of eternity, nor consign thyself to the praises of men, nor place thy hopes on human recompense, but let virtue bind thee to her by her own charms ; for what men say or do to thee, is it not confined to that narrow speck of earth below thee, while thy soul, which is an emanation of the divinity, needs perforce look beyond life in quest of rewards congenial to its immortal essence?'

Plato congratulated himself, when at the point of death, first, that he was born a man, that is, with the intellectual properties of our race ; and next, that he had the happiness of being a Greek, that is, of a nation where the cultivation of the understanding was prized as the test of greatness. And if pagan heroes or heathen statesmen could feel as I have described, if what they hugged to their hearts in the hour of extreme trial, was true of their hopes and duties, how much more of the Christian patriot,

whose hopes are no vague speculation of a fine philosophy, and whose duties are delivered into his keeping by revelation of the Almighty?

Can this, I repeat, be true of a Roman or Greek, and shall it not be of a Christian? No, no, this cannot be. We dwell in society, not for the performance of impracticable and irreconcilable duties, but for the consistent discharge of all. I hold, therefore, that the idea of absolutely separating ourselves from the functions of the good citizen, living, as it were, like Simon the Stylite, the anchorite of whom we read in ecclesiastical history, and who deemed his religious obligations to consist in standing long years upon the naked summit of a lofty pillar, like the statue of Trajan placed on the triumphal column at Rome, and equally removed from all useful objects in society,—I hold this to be a false idea of our religious obligations, which in its operation and consequences would consign over the government of the world to mere worldly-minded men, leaving no leaven of high responsibilities to elevate the views of the patriot citizen. And I hold, for the same reason, that it is an equally false idea of our civic obligations, to suppose they involve, or can be considered anywise compatible with, neglect of the duties of religion. These are no hasty opinions gathered up for the moment, but they inseparably belong to my subject, and their suppression here, like the exclusion of the images of Brutus and Cassius from the ceremonial

processions of their posterity, would be more to be remarked than their introduction.

What remains, then, but the inference, which all history teaches,—the principle assumed by Lycurgus as the corner stone of his commonwealth, that the only admissible difference between men, in their relations to the public, is not of classes, or conditions, but is what arises from the dishonor of base actions and the honor of good ones ; and that the happiness of a community, like that of a private individual, flows only from virtue and self-consistency. If this be a trite moral, it is impossible it should be too frequently inculcated,—if it be a homely and familiar truth, still it is, in my apprehension, worthy of all the affluence of illustration which learning or invention can bestow ;—and if it be not, I am ignorant where to go, in the range of temporal topics, for a fitting subject of instructive meditation. It is the talisman of national greatness, which all seek after, but which the bad, in the grovelling lowliness of sensualism, underlook, or, in the outreaching presumption of their ambition, overlook. The conqueror seeks it in the extension of empire ; but it is not there ; for stretch his grasping arms as he may, the dust is his lot at last, and when he perishes he can but receive the inscription which Alexander found on the tomb of Cyrus :—‘ O man, whosoever thou art, and whence-soever thou comest, I am Cyrus, founder of the Persian Empire. Envy me not the little earth

which covers my body.'—The despot seeks it in the oppression of his people, and the concentration of all the powers of the state in his own hands and for his own aggrandizement; but it is not there.—Republics have sought it in the tumult of battle, and the madness of 'vaunting victory;' but it is not there. That talisman is only to be found in the aggregated virtue of virtuous citizens enjoying free institutions.

What constitutes a State?

Not high raised battlement or labored mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate;
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
 Not bays and broad armed ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
 Not starred and spangled courts,
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
 No: men, high minded men,
 With powers as far above dark brutes endued,
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
 Men who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,—
 These constitute a State.

In concluding these remarks, there is one thing, for which I propitiate indulgence, if indeed apology it requires; and it is, that, in the foregoing observations, I have, somewhat more than is my wont or the fashion of the day, derived my examples, my precepts, my doctrines, from the stores of ancient virtue and ancient learning. But for once, perhaps, we may be content to leave the heartless

controversies, the interested questions, the speculations of time and sense and matter, which claim so large a share of the thoughts pondered, and the instructions given by the business-doing generation to which we belong. And if, in respect of the views that I have presented, I may encounter in any quarter the reproach of dwelling with too fond enthusiasm on the hallowed names of the olden world ;—if I shall be deemed to draw too deep a draft in the perennial fount of the past :—let me plead in extenuation of my offence, that, by the vicissitudes of taste, considerations founded on the maxims and characters of antiquity are now so unfrequently employed, that they are beginning to possess the attraction of novelty. There are revolutions in taste as in dress ; and as peculiarities in the garb of our fathers, after having been disused for a time, are sometimes revived with all the merit of untried newness, so it is with modes of reasoning and topics of illustration. We revolve in a circle in the moral, as we do in the physical, world. Besides, the instructive traits of remote ages are the neutral ground of history, in which men of contrary opinions and opposite faith and variant politics may meet in friendly association, and hold sweet counsel together, undisturbed by the jarring influences of contemporary topics of discussion. It may be qualified as a pilgrimage to the land of our masters in philosophy and letters, performed in the humbleness of an admiring spirit, to lay the offerings of

the heart on the shrine of departed worth. I repeat, then, let us be content to have broken in, for once, upon the customary tenor of speculation. Leaving the beaten track of the every day subjects, which might seem to invite the attention more temptingly,—as the Thracian virgins, during the solemnization of their religious rites, sang in their chorus, *To Athens, To Athens*,—so let us also say, animated with a generous glow of true devotion to the loveliness of classic lore, *Be it well for us to have wandered an hour in the groves of Academus.*

NAVARRETE'S COLUMBUS.

Depuis quelque temps on parle beaucoup, et avec raison, de la nécessité de renfermer l'histoire dans les faits, de la nécessité de raconter : rien de plus vrai ; mais il y a plus de faits à raconter, et des faits plus divers, qu'on n'est peut être tenté de le croire au premier moment ; il y a des faits matériels, visibles, comme les batailles, les guerres, les actes officiels des gouvernemens ; il y a des faits moraux cachés, qui n'en sont pas moins réels ; il y a des faits individuels, qui ont un nom propre ; il y a des faits généraux, sans nom, auxquels il est impossible d'assigner une date précise, de tel jour, de telle année, qu'il est impossible de renfermer dans des limites rigoureuses, et qui n'en sont pas moins des faits comme d'autres, des faits historiques, qu'en ne peut exclure de l'histoire sans la mutiler.

La portion même qu'on est accoutumé à nommer la portion philosophique de l'histoire, les relations des faits entre eux, le lien qui les unit, les causes et les résultats des événemens, c'est de l'histoire, tout comme les récits de batailles et de tous les événemens extérieurs. Les faits de ce genre, sans nul doute, sont plus difficiles à démêler ; on s'y trompe plus souvent ; il est malaisé de les animer, de les présenter sous des formes claires, vives ; mais cette difficulté ne change rien à leur nature ; ils n'en sont pas moins partie essentielle de l'histoire.

GUIZOT.

E qual sentier su per l' Olimpo ardente
Al tuo Colombo mai Fama rinchiude ?
Che sopra i lampi dell' altrui virtude
Apparve quasi un Sol per l' Oriente,
Ogni pregio mortal cacciando in fondo :
E finga quanto ei vuol l' antico Mondo.

Così lunga stagion per modi indegni
Europa dispregzò l' inclita speme,
Schernendo il vulgo, e seco i Regi insieme,
Nudo nocchier, promettitor di Regni ;
Ma per le sconosciute onde marine
L' invitta prora ei pur sospinse al fine.

L' Ocean corse, ei turbini sostenne,
Vinse le crude immagini di morte ;
Pocchia dell' ampio mar spenta la guerra,
Scorse la dianzi favolosa terra.

Allor dal cavo pin scende veloce,
E di grand' orma il novo Mondo imprime ;
Nè men ratto per l' aria erge sublime,
Segno del Ciel, l' insuperabil Croce ;
E porge umile esempio, onde adorarla
Debba sua gente ; indi divoto ei parla :

Eccovi quel, che fra cotanti scherni
Già mi finì nel mar chiuso terreno ;
Ma delle genti or più non finte il freno
Altri del mio sudor lieto governi :
Senza Regno non son, se stabil sede
Per me s'appresta alla Cristiana Fede.

CHIABRELLA.

NAVARRETE'S COLUMBUS.



SPAIN cannot boast, at the present day, of possessing a galaxy of brilliant men of genius distinguished in letters or science, as she has done in times past ; and still less can she now challenge comparison in this respect with countries, which she has once excelled, such as France, England, Germany. And so many of her prominent *littérateurs* fell into disgrace in the days of the Constitution, that perhaps no period ever existed, since the revival of learning, when the press of Madrid exhibited so little of the prolific activity of production, which elsewhere prevails all over Europe. But, among the Spaniards of our time, there is one, whose recent publications have served to make him somewhat extensively known in the United States, and who is among the most amiable men and the most learned scholars of the Peninsula. I allude to Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, editor of the important work on the voyages and maritime discoveries of the Spaniards.

Don Martín is Director of the Spanish Academy of History, whose valuable Memoirs would do credit to any country; and he is also Director of the Deposito Hidrografico at Madrid. This latter establishment is well deserving of imitation in countries, which are not accustomed to look to Spain for examples of public usefulness in government. Its object is the preparation of charts, and the collection of materials for that purpose by surveys or other means of information, which Spain has not lost sight of amid all her fiscal and political embarrassments. Its library is exceedingly rich in maps and books tending to illustrate the hydrographic art. At the rooms of the Academy in the Calle de Valverde, or at the Deposito Hidrografico, I had repeated occasion to see Don Martín, and could not fail to form a most favorable idea of his manners and character as well as of his literary acquirements. In addition to his Collection of Voyages and Discoveries, he has published others works of merit, especially a *Life of Cervantes*; but it is of the Collection that I propose to speak at the present time.

The work is published under the patronage of King Ferdinand; and in this respect, if in no other, would deserve to be considered a remarkable book. We are not prone to expect from that unhappy prince any very enlightened acts for the promotion of learning. The occurrence of a prominent exception to the illiberal policy, which is accustomed to sway his counsels, is therefore in itself a political

phenomenon of considerable interest. And the exception was most wisely chosen, as constituting a truly acceptable addition to our literary treasures, a durable monument of Spanish greatness and power, and a work containing attractive instruction for the inhabitants of both hemispheres.

Spain, amid the ruins of her magnificent empire, stripped of those mighty colonial possessions, which were at once her pride and her shame, her glory and her disgrace, the source of all her riches and the instrument appointed to work her downfall,—Spain still appears to derive a melancholy gratification from contemplating the fortunes and elucidating the history of her lost America. Under the auspices of that proud and bigoted, but chivalrous and highminded nation, it was the destiny of Columbus to discover the New World; and its history is therefore inseparably associated with her language and literature. We must look to that language for the only original and perfectly authentic records of the splendid achievements of the great navigator, as well as for the knowledge of later events in the history of this continent. The prolific invention of the Spanish people poured forth, in the days of their greatest glory, a golden tide of poetry, of romance, of productions in every branch of letters; but afterwards, when the influence of superstition fettered their genius, it luxuriated the more richly in those directions, where its efforts were still unchecked. Hence their literature

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abounds in works on the early history of the New World.

Not a few of the adventurous voyagers and undaunted soldiers, who first explored this continent, and bore the Spanish arms in triumph over its broad expanse, were themselves accomplished writers, who described their own fortunes, and the exploits of their compatriots, in the frank, simple, and engaging style of brave men, schooled in the toils of the camp and the vicissitudes of active life. Most of the narratives thus composed were published by their authors, and became the foundation of digested history in after times. But others of still greater value, not having been originally written for the press, remained long in manuscript. Among the rest, the Spanish historians have continually referred to contemporary accounts of the voyages of Columbus, which were thus known to be still in existence, but lay buried in the archives of the state or of noble families, accessible only to the researches of a few favored individuals. These precious documents have been rescued from obscurity, and perchance from speedy destruction, by the publication of the Collection.

The design of this compilation appears to have grown out of a plan, originated in 1789, for the establishment of a nautical library and repository of manuscripts relative to the marine, at Cadiz. Don Martin then received a commission from Charles the Fourth to explore the archives and

libraries of the kingdom, both public and private, for the purpose of collecting exact and authentic copies of whatever should be deemed suitable for the above-mentioned object. His researches began at Madrid, in the royal library, the archives of the noble houses of Santa Cruz, Villafranca, Medina Sidonia, and Infantado, and the libraries of San Isidro, and the Escorial. Afterwards he extended his inquiries to other places, particularly to the various public registries in Seville, and the famous archives of Simancas, so jealously closed against the industry of Robertson, and where Muñoz found the most valuable and abundant materials for his unfinished history of the New World. He was very successful, too, in the discovery of letters and other documents concerning Columbus, many of them in his own handwriting, preserved in the archives of his descendant and family representative, the Duke of Veraguas. These investigations were frequently interrupted, either by reason of the official duties of Don Martin, or still more in consequence of the protracted civil and foreign wars, by which his illfated country has been so cruelly agitated. He resumed his labors, however, from time to time, as circumstances would permit, and, during the prosecution of his original design, was induced, by the great historical value of the documents he collected, to undertake the present publication.

In respect to the order of arrangement in his
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compilation, Don Martin has pursued a very natural and proper course. Columbus being the first navigator into the waters of the West, and having discovered the New World, and thus given impulse, direction, and dignity to the maritime enterprises of the Spaniards, his voyages, and the documents relating to his personal fortunes, his family, and the primitive establishments in America, justly occupy, in two volumes, the first place in this great national work. Following the order of discovery, the third volume contains the early voyages to the Spanish Main and to Florida; and the fourth is to comprise the conquests of Cortes, and the rest, in succession, the expeditions to the river of La Plata and the straits of Magellan, to Chile, Peru, and California, to the South sea and the Asiatic islands. Of the competency of the editor to pursue the laborious track thus marked out, the three volumes already printed furnish ample evidence, in the wise selection of subsidiary documents, the judicious disposition of his matter, the utility and erudition of the notes and other illustrations, and the general propriety of the introductory account of the origin, nature, and value of the compilation.

It would be a poor compliment to the discernment of my readers, to enter into any discussion of the general value of publications of this description. Suffice it to say, that all the authenticity of history depends upon such documents. Writings of finished elegance, and composed expressly

for popular perusal, are more inviting, undoubtedly, to a large class of readers, and, it may be, more immediately and universally profitable in the diffusion of knowledge; but original narratives or other writings, however repulsive to some by reason of their antiquated, rude, or unpolished style, are the only genuine sources of historical truth. And independently of this consideration, I freely confess, that, in my estimation, no elaborate beauty of composition, as applied to the description of events, is so enchanting as the native and racy simplicity of style, the businesslike directness, force, and truth, with which Xenophon and Cæsar, Sully and Clarendon, Columbus, Vespucci, and Cortes, and our own Winthrop, relate the important affairs wherein they were eye-witnesses, active participators, or the leading and controlling principals. I speak not of the ordinary tattling memoirs of ordinary persons, the chronicles of *the first person singular*, of no use but to minister gratification to the morbid appetite for private scandal which too widely prevails, and so rudely pushes itself, with coarse and reckless curiosity, into the sanctuary of private life. But I have in view those compositions, in which great men have narrated the great events of their time. For those, therefore, who duly prize such writings, and who postpone the incidental ornaments of history to its rich substance, the glitter to the gold, the Collection possesses a charm superior to any factitious allurements. And it deserves to

be mentioned among the merits of the work, that it suggested to Mr. Irving the idea of his *Life of Columbus*.

But while commending the value and general merit of the collection, it is due to historic truth, it is due to the memory of Columbus, it is due to the sensibility of the successive ages, which have cried shame on his wrongs and sufferings, to protest against the attempt, which Don Martin makes, in the course of the work, to divert the indignation of posterity from the selfish conduct of Ferdinand. It is much to be lamented that so many of the most important facts in history should be capable of being obscured or discolored by speculation, ingenuity, or the arts of interested sophistry. Apparently there is no limit to the excursiveness of disquisition, or the scepticism of historical inquiry. In these times of jealous scrutiny into the opinions of our predecessors, we are told, and it may be rightly, to doubt, nay to disbelieve, the glorious lessons of heroism and patriotic devotion, which signalized the annals of ancient Rome, and inspired our schoolboy musings with enthusiasm. We relinquish our hold on these pleasing illusions, with an unwillingness like that with which we awake from slumber, filled with the enchanting creations of grateful fancy, to the dull realities of life. But what shall we say of those hardier speculators in the page of history, who labor to gloss over the infirmities of tyranny; who seek to pal-

late the criminal enormities of power with all the artificial address of an advocate; who outrage the settled convictions of mankind, by making the worse to seem the better cause?

Of this kind was the attempt of a noble writer of the last century to purify the reputation of Richard the Third, and persuade us that he was neither usurper nor murderer. More strange still is the recent elaborate attack of Mitford upon all that is high, and admirable, and splendid in ancient Greece; who fain would deny that Aristides was just or Demosthenes eloquent, but can readily believe that Philip of Macedon was unambitious, honest, upright, a lover of liberty, and driven, against his will, to sequester the privileges of all the Greeks, out of disinterested regard for their welfare. Akin to these two quixotic enterprises, in my estimation, is the attempted vindication of King Ferdinand from the charge of injustice towards Columbus. I am equally disposed to think Ferdinand just, and to esteem Richard and Philip as truehearted patriots. And as Don Martin makes a show of proving the Spanish King to deserve better of the public opinion, I will shortly examine the arguments, by which he strives to turn aside the current of universal tradition and authority upon this point.

Columbus entered the Spanish service in 1486, and continued in it for twenty years, until his decease in 1506. Of this period, six years were em-

ployed in solicitations to be sent to the Indies; the twelve succeeding were occupied in his voyages of discovery; and for the residue, he was a humble suppliant in Spain, awaiting justice to redress, or death to terminate, his sufferings. His treatment during this whole period was such as to give his biographers occasion to declare, that Spain did no more than to yield tardy assistance to the great undertaking, and afterwards to persecute him who had replenished her provinces with wealth. But, if Don Martin is to be credited, he was treated throughout this time with generosity, nay, with most princely munificence.

What are the proofs alleged in regard to the years preceding his first voyage? Why, forsooth, the future discoverer of worlds was graciously permitted to glean a scanty subsistence by selling charts in the seaports of Andalusia; he was uniformly befriended, with the truest constancy and affection, by Don Diego de Deza, afterwards Archbishop of Seville; he was protected two years by the Duke of Medinaceli; more than this, he was actually preserved from starvation by Juan Perez, the Prior of Rabida, and the alms of his religious house. But where, in the mean time, was the bounty of his kindhearted and liberal King? Did Ferdinand ever lend a candid ear to the representations of Columbus, or hospitably entertain him in the extremity of his want? No:—the loyal Don Martin has ransacked every record in Spain,

from the royal repositories of Simancas and the Escorial to the more humble collections of his literary friends; and no vestige remains of the patronage of the government at this period, but a *simple passport* granted him in 1489. It is addressed to 'councils, justices, regidors, knights, esquires, officials, and good men of whatsoever cities, towns, and places,' setting forth that Cristobal *Colomo* was to come to the court on public service, and ordering them to give him good lodgings 'without money, *he paying for his provisions at the current price* with his money.' (Tom. 2.); and this Don Martin would magnify into a mighty favor. Such a document proves nothing but the ill-regulated and disorderly state of the kingdom, where it was necessary for a stranger's protection. And in truth, so far was Columbus from being well received, that his proposal was long ridiculed as visionary and extravagant, and he treated as an idle schemer. Nor did Isabella engage in his plans, until she found that a subject was about to defray the charge and reap the benefit of an expedition, whose magnitude and interest deserved the countenance of kings alone; and then it was that she stepped in, and gave him a petty armament, hardly suited to creep along the shore to the Canaries or Cape de Verd.

But to be candid, I do not esteem it anywise extraordinary that the Spanish government was slow to appreciate the merits of Columbus. He, a

necessitous Genoese pilot, advanced doctrines in geography adverse to all the received opinions of his contemporaries. Neither the quality of the individual, nor the nature of his object, was calculated to produce a ready impression upon the Spanish people. To have realized immediately the important consequences of his system, and to have acted promptly in obedience thereto, would, indeed, have redounded to the everlasting honor of Isabella and Ferdinand, by showing them to have been above the vulgar prejudices of their age and country. But this they did not do. On the contrary, they tardily and reluctantly granted him an humble equipment for his noble enterprise. They acted like common persons, in the ordinary level of mediocrity in understanding, and of narrow-mindedness in policy. Thus far, if they are obnoxious to no censure, they are certainly in like degree undeserving of applause.

Don Martin next proceeds to recount the honors lavished upon Columbus and his family, when he returned to Spain with the brilliant news of his discoveries. It is superfluous to contend with him on this point. The Spanish princes were carried away by the popular torrent of admiration and astonishment. They fancied the golden realms 'of Ormus and of Ind' to be now spread out before them, accessible, unoccupied, fascinating the imagination with gorgeous dreams of 'barbaric pearl and gold,' and welcoming the footprint of the con-

queror. In the warmth of their enthusiasm, they gave to Columbus, the heroic navigator, who had unveiled these splendid regions to their sight, a reception, which wore the aspect of a triumph. But, after all, they did him no more than mere justice. A successful general, who had gained a few battles in Europe, would have speedily outstripped Columbus in favor and honors, and in the affections of his master. Indeed, the gratuitous, the unbought gifts, either of privilege or power, bestowed upon the Admiral, were of really trifling magnitude. The government of the Indies, the title and authority of Viceroy, the right to a certain share of revenue,—all these were his by solemn treaty, by express compact, deliberately stipulated as the consideration of his undertaking the discoveries in the Spanish service; they were the pay secured to him by contract, the price of his talents and skill, bargained for and promised before his departure.

But I cannot suffer Ferdinand's apologist to arrogate to him any praise for simple justice, and for justice displayed upon parchment only. Although these rewards were actually earned and righteously due, although confirmed to him in 1493 and again in 1497, by charters of the highest obligation, yet in spite of his rank, services, character, age, and legal rights, we find him, in 1499, forcibly deposed from his authority, despoiled even of his private effects, dragged on shipboard and sent

in chains to Spain, unhonored by the bare formality of a judicial investigation ; and at last suffered to die in penury and despair, without ever being restored to his rightful command in the Indies. Posterity have agreed to consider this a hard measure to be dealt out to such a man as Columbus, whose achievements were unexampled, and whose offence, if offence he committed ever, remains undisclosed to the present day.

In his zeal to vindicate the character of a Spanish king, Don Martin seems to have lost sight of the truly monstrous injuries, which Columbus was doomed to suffer. He ostentatiously recounts the various honors bestowed on him, but omits to contrast therewith the indignities, by which they were again and again outweighed. Columbus returned from his second voyage in 1496 ; and was compelled by the intrigues of Don Juan de Fonseca to wait in attendance two whole years, before he could obtain another armament. Could the Bishop of Badajos have indulged his enmity so openly and grossly, had he not been encouraged by Ferdinand's injustice, equally gross and open ? During the Admiral's residence in Hispaniola, upon this third expedition, the colony became overflowed with the scum of Spain, the mere offal of the galleys and gaols, men of desperate fortunes and turbulent spirits, who threw the whole island into confusion by their unbridled licentiousness. Columbus saw that the very existence of the colony was at stake.

With admirable firmness, conduct, and address, he quelled the dissolute crew which surrounded him, and preserved the settlement from destruction. But in the mean time many of these abandoned men, pardoned convicts, who had gone to the Indies inflamed with avarice, and expecting to revel in riches, came home disappointed and enraged against the Admiral, for attempting to hold them in obedience to the laws. Order they denounced as tyranny; and their Spanish pride could not brook submission to the commands of an untitled alien. Their false accusations obtained a ready credence from Ferdinand, who despatched Bobadilla to the Indies to supersede Columbus.

This misguided instrument of power arrived in the colony just at the moment when perfect tranquillity was restored, and all the original pretence for his interposition had ceased to exist. Strange to relate, he bore letters from the King, *signed in blank*, for him to fill up at pleasure; and he did not spare to exert the unlimited, unqualified discretion which his instructions imparted. The very second day after his landing, without even so much as giving Columbus the slightest intimation of his arrival or of his commission, he ordered him and his two brothers to be seized and transported to Spain in irons. Columbus solemnly declared to his friends, when he returned to Spain, loaded with chains, that he had never been apprized, nor could he then conceive, for what offence he was appre-

hended. It is ample proof of the enormity of these proceedings, that Bobadilla took possession of all the Admiral's papers, and appropriated his money, house, and other private property, to his own use.

Don Martin asserts, and would have us believe, that all this extravagant wickedness of conduct emanated from the unauthorized madness of Bobadilla alone ; and yet in the same breath undertakes to insinuate that there were concealed causes to justify such harshness. The assertion and the insinuation are alike utterly groundless. As to the latter, it is impossible to credit the suspicion, that the Admiral's supposed offences were stifled, out of delicacy towards him. Wonderful delicacy, to seize the governor of a colony and to put him in irons, without even the name of a trial ! There is no foundation whatsoever for the idea, except a single obscure expression of Oviedo's. And how could that remain concealed to this day, which hundreds of Spanish emigrants were eager to publish in the most aggravated shape, and of course all Spaniards must have understood ? During these troubles, a crowd of fifty persons, on one occasion, surrounded Ferdinand in the square of the Alhambra at Granada, clamoring for vengeance on Columbus. Would they make a secret of his alleged crimes ? On the contrary, they would promptly and loudly sound them abroad into every corner of the country. Rigor, injustice, and ambition,—these were the offences of which he was

accused. But the plain, unvarnished truth is, that the profligate wretches, who flocked to the New World at that period, partly to plunder its pacific inhabitants, and partly to escape condign punishment for their crimes at home, were outrageous to find the colony governed by a man, who felt no sympathy with their vices,—who would not wink at their misconduct,—who preferred the permanent good of the settlement to the gratification of their cruelty and avarice, whose manners were simple, temper austere, and discipline exact,—and who was a foreigner elevated by his virtues from humble condition to be a Spanish cavalier and Viceroy of the Indies.

And the assertion that Bobadilla exceeded his authority is equally untenable. It is a familiar expedient of tyrants to disclaim the acts of their subordinate agents, and sacrifice the obsequious tools of their injustice, to appease the indignation it has aroused. So it fared with Bobadilla, selected by the King to depose Columbus, and disavowed and punished for his compliance when the deed was done. Assuredly, he never would have attempted, or attempting never would have been suffered, to send home a Spanish admiral and viceroy in chains, without ample warrant for so violent a stretch of authority. I feel confident that no candid person, who attentively considers the tenor of Bobadilla's published instructions, can resist the conviction, that he had other and private directions,

which he precisely followed to the letter. He bore two commissions :—one as *juez pesquisidor*, giving him general power to examine into the causes of the disturbances in Hispaniola, and apply justice according to his discretion, similar to that afterwards granted to the famous Vaca de Castro, and exercised by him so admirably in settling the disputes between the first conquerors of Peru ; and another, as governor. The authority delegated to him by these commissions was as arbitrary and despotic as language could bestow.

What is very remarkable, although the deposition of Columbus was *professedly* the object of his mission, yet the Admiral was aimed at in terms guardedly general and indirect. Take this clause for example :—‘ Informations being taken, and the truth ascertained, *you will seize the bodies* of those whom you find guilty, *and sequester their goods.*’ And again ; ‘ If he shall deem it proper for our service and the execution of our justice, that *any cavaliers* and other persons, of those who are now or hereafter shall be in said islands and mainland, *should quit the same*, and not enter nor continue therein, and that they should come and be present before us, he may command it on our part, and *compel them to quit.*’ No explanatory letter was despatched to Columbus from the King ; but he was peremptorily commanded to deliver up all the fortified places, and this without the usual intervention of a king’s messenger, as required by the laws ; and received

orders to submit himself to Bobadilla in this extraordinary letter of credence:—

‘The King and the Queen: D. Christopher Columbus, our Admiral of the Ocean: We have commanded the Comendador Francisco de Bobadilla, the bearer of this, to speak to you, on our part, of certain things which he will mention: we desire you to give him faith and credence, and to comply therewith. Madrid, May twentysixth, the year ninety-nine.—I the King.—I the Queen.—By command.—Miguel Perez de Almazan.’

I have translated this memorable document *verbatim*, to prove how cruelly every form of decency was violated, in the manner of removing Columbus, and to prove that Bobadilla had secret instructions, for the direction of his movements; in confirmation of which is the fact before stated, that he possessed letters in blank with the royal sign manual, to be employed at discretion.

I feel perfectly satisfied, therefore, that Ferdinand is justly responsible to posterity for the acts of Bobadilla. For even suppose the latter to have conducted something more harshly than his master intended:—what then? Ferdinand is equally censurable; because he should not have delegated such excessive power, and subjected the great Columbus to the tyrannical caprice of a petty official, drunk ‘with a little brief authority.’ And although Ferdinand made much ostentation of compassion for Columbus on his return, and promised to redress

his wrongs, yet it was all mere hollow profession. For not only was the rightful proprietor never again restored to his government; but when, wearied out with fruitlessly soliciting for justice, he set sail on his fourth voyage, he was forbidden to touch at Hispaniola, except on his homeward passage, and in case of necessity. I refrain from recounting his sufferings in that expedition. A prominent place among them is occupied by the barbarous neglect of Ovando, who basely compelled him to remain for eight months on the island of Jamaica, where he was shipwrecked, and well nigh perished with famine. His death, it is undeniable, was hastened by the shameful treatment of his King after the conclusion of this voyage.

Don Martin boasts that his privileges and honors were, nevertheless, restored to his family in the person of his son, Diego; but under what circumstances were they restored? Diego sued to the King for the space of two years in vain. At length he commenced an action against Ferdinand before one of his own tribunals, and succeeded in obtaining judgment; and thus, with the aid of the powerful family of Toledo, exacted by interest and by compulsion, what he never would have gained from a sense of justice. I regret that Don Martin should bring imputations upon his own candor and discrimination, by undertaking the desperate task of justifying or extenuating ingratitude so profligate as that of Ferdinand towards Columbus.

MARCH OF CONQUEST.

Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breathed the living cloud of war ;
And, where the deluge burst with sweeping sway,
Their arms, their kings, their gods were rolled away :
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast ;
The prostrate South to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles and her golden fields :
With grim delight the breed of vintex view
A brighter day and heavens of azure hue,
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.

GRAY,

Italia, Italia, o tu, cui feo la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai
Funesta dote d' infiniti guai,
Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte;
Deh fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte,
Onde assai più ti paventasse, o assai
T' amasse men, chi del tuo bello ai rai
Par che si strugga, e pur ti sfida a morte!
Ch' or giù dall' Alpi io non vedrei torrenti
Scender d' armati, nè di sangue tinta
Bever l' onda del Pò Gallici armenti:
Nè te vedrei del non tuo ferro cinta
Pugnar col braccio di straniero geniti,
Per esser sempre e vincitrice, e vinta

FILICAJA.

MARCH OF CONQUEST.

NAPOLÉON is represented as having expressed, on more than one occasion, his belief that at some future, and no very distant period, the South of Europe would again be over-run by the barbarians from the North. He observes in one place: 'What I say to you is confirmed by the history of all ages, during which it has been invariably noticed, that whenever the barbarians once got a taste of the South of Europe, they always returned to make new conquests and ravages, and have finally succeeded in rendering themselves masters of the country.'

These words are very remarkable, coming, as they did, not merely from a man of extraordinary sagacity, but from one, also, whose situation had led him to inquire into, and enabled him to ascertain, the condition and prospects of Europe, more thoroughly than any other individual of his age. The historical fact, which he states, is undoubtedly true to the letter. It had been the fate of the in-

habitants of southern climes to be invaded and subjugated by those of the North, not in one age or one part of the world,—but in every age, and in all countries, European, Asiatic, and American. More than once, China and Hindostan, and other countries in South Asia, have been condemned to suffer under irruptions of barbarians from the colder region of the continent, who swept away the ancient laws and rulers of the land like a flood, and established their power over the vanquished people.

So also has it been with Europe. The Scythians broke in upon the Pelasgi, and laid the foundations of the Greek language and nation. The Romans were continually threatened by invasions of the Gauls, who once got possession of the whole city itself when it was just springing up into power; and the long series of irruptions of Goths, Germans, and Vandals into the South of Europe, from the time of Decius until the overthrow of the Roman Empire, is one of the most notorious and remarkable facts in the history of empires. Even after the northern barbarians had established new governments and dynasties in the place of the Roman, another horde from North Asia broke into Europe from the East, and, under the banners of Islamism, became the great rival of the Christian name.

Indeed the Tamerlanes, the Genghis Khans, the Attilas, the Alarics, the Totilas of the Old World

are not the only leaders of barbarians, who have triumphed over the South. The Mexicans said they were descendants of Indians from the North, who overran the country, and established the dominion of the Aztecs in the conquered districts of Anahuac.

It seems, then, to have been the fate of the world in past times, that, in all parts of it, as the inhabitants of the milder climates became corrupted by luxuries, the certain consequence of long continued prosperity, they became the prey of those, who, living under a more inclement sky and upon a less kindly soil, were of a more hardy and warlike character, but rude and uncivilized. Such, I say, is the voice of history and of experience. What nations are there at the present day in southern countries of the temperate zone, which, since the beginning of historical records, have not undergone such a change as I describe? Which of them are of a pure unmixed race? Which of them deserve the proud appellation assumed by the Athenians, of *autochthones*, that is, *born of the soil*. They all consist of a northern stock engrafted upon a southern: history points out to us a time when their tribes emigrated from the North.

Now whatever we know of the future is acquired only by consideration of the past. We infer that the sun will rise to-morrow because he did so to-day; and as he sets to-day that he will to-morrow re-ascend the heavens, to glad and enlighten the earth. Mankind have hitherto, the rich and the

poor, the lowly and the mighty, all travelled on together, in the same road to the grave,—all have been subject to the unsparing hand of death : therefore we infer that the most beautiful and the wisest, the maiden in the first bright blush of her blooming youth, the strong man in the pride and might of his power, as well as the old and decrepid, are destined to the same inevitable doom. This mode of reasoning is universal, and it is perfectly natural. We are not prophets, and our avidity to know the future can be gratified only by inferences drawn from the past. We know that the ways of God are unchangeable ; and that he himself is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever ; that he acts by general laws, which do not fluctuate with the petty fortunes of insignificant man, but hold on the same undeviating career from time to eternity.

We are justified, therefore, in putting confidence in all expectations drawn from experience, the only sure guide in human affairs. And when we see any fact so general as the fate of southern nations has been, there is a presumption, at least, in support of the position that a similar fate is now reserved for the South of Europe. And in order to bring the inquiry to a point, let us suppose it to be this : whether Italy is not as likely to be overrun by northern nations again, as it was likely ever to be in the early and flourishing days of the Roman Empire.

It is difficult to bring any objection to the

present probability, that would not apply still more strongly to the case of ancient Rome. Will you tell me that the Italians are civilized? So were the Romans of the age of Augustus. The monuments of ancient taste and skill in the arts continue to be admired and imitated by generation after generation.

Will you say that the Italians can defend themselves by military force if invaded?—I reply that within four hundred years they have been conquered more than once by the Spaniards; that Lombardy is now garrisoned by Austrians; and that the French have thrice swept over the whole country from the Alps to Calabria. Does this look as if Italy was to be defended by her military force?

What is the physical power of Italy now, compared with what it was when inhabited by the men, who had conquered the world? When it swarmed with the troops of Sylla, which had subdued Mithridates, and all the force of Asia;—with those of Marius, which had conquered the Numidians, the Cimbrians, and the Teutones? Nay more, what is it compared with the situation of Italy, when, with Julius Cæsar at the head of the Republic, Rome was crowded with senators and nobles, every one of whom possessed the wealth, the power and the dominion of a king, and when the soil of Italy was parcelled out to soldiers victorious in Gaul, Spain, Thessaly and Egypt?

Let us suppose that some of the philosophers of

that age were discussing the probability of the event that the Roman Empire would be destroyed by a horde of miserable barbarians from the North : Cicero for instance and Cæsar debating it at the time when, as described in his letters, the orator entertained the Dictator after the fall of Pompey and the Republic. May we not suppose the great Julius to argue as we do at the present day,—on the improbability of the thing. The Republic, might he have said, has grown up to such a height of greatness, that she may place her foot on the necks of kings and lead princes bound at her chariot wheels. From the Polar Sea to the deserts of Lybia, and from the pillars of Hercules to utmost India,—the whole earth is submissive to her will, the earth is tributary to imperial Rome. All the riches, power and refinement of the world centre in Italy, as the heart, by whose pulsation the universe is vivified, as the soul by whose movements the grand fabric of the civilized world is animated and inspired. It swarms with veteran and brave troops, whose only delight is in war, who prefer victory to life, and who have seen the crowned heads of mankind kneeling at their feet as suppliants. And do you tell me that imperial Rome is ever to be overrun and subdued by those barbarians, whose country I myself am just come from subjugating ? As well might the timid antelope think to cope with the lion, as barbarians of the North hope to cut short the pinions of the Roman eagle.

But Cicero could have replied to the conqueror, that the very power of the Empire would lead to its overthrow ;—that wealth would bring in luxury more dangerous than arms ;—that the Romans would lose the high principles and the bravery which were the support of their ancestors ;—that the barbarians would increase in strength in proportion as the Romans degenerated ;—that stipends and presents and donatives would teach the Germans both the weakness and the wealth of the Empire ;—and that they would finally pour down from the North in such an irresistible torrent, as to deluge and overwhelm the degenerate Rome.

Reasoning like this, we may imagine with sufficient plausibility, would have been employed then ; and the arguments of the great orator are no less applicable to the present than to that time. Conquest still threatens Europe from the North ; and it is now, as then, from the shores of the Baltic, that barbaric invasion lowers upon the South.

Spain differs, indeed, from the rest of Europe, in that, with her, the usual course of conquest has been interrupted by peculiar causes. During the earliest periods of her authentic history, we find the Carthaginians and the Romans contending upon her soil for its dominion ; and at a later epoch the Arabs founded upon the ruins of the Gothic rule the splendid caliphate of the West. But the near proximity of Spain to Africa, and her consequent liability to the inroad of barbarous tribes from that

quarter, satisfactorily explain this apparent exception to the general principle. And it is apparent only :—for even here, when the Vandals, the Suevi and the Visi-Goths had been swept away, as it were, one after the other, and the power of the Moslems, to all outward seeming, fixed upon a durable basis, it is in the northern mountains of Spain itself, that we find a power insensibly growing up to avenge the fall of Rodrigo, and drive the invaders back to the deserts of Almagreb and Barbary, from which their fathers had so frequently descended upon the tempting shores of the Peninsula.

Nay, long since the conquest of Spain by the Goths, have not other invasions descended upon her from the North? If Charlemagne's banner was trodden under foot by the Navarrese in Roncesvalles, —if 'Roland brave and Olivier' fell before the fierce mountaineers,—yet the stamp of his footsteps remained in Catalonia, made by him a fief of the Franks. And in our days, has not a greater than Charlemagne exemplified his own doctrine, by overrunning Spain with his Gallic legions, which, but for the interference of England, might have succeeded in securing this new sceptre in the hands of the imperial family? What, indeed, was the famous war of the Succession, but a struggle between dynasties from the North, supported by northern forces, for the possession of Spain? In fine, while traces of the Carthaginians, and abundant monuments of the Romans and Arabs, are yet visible in

Spain, it is of Goths, Germans, and Franks that her princes are descended; and it is the noble blood of the Goths,

La sangre de los Godos,
El linage y la nobleza
Tan crecida,—

of which the Spaniard boasts, as the source of his rank, and the honor of his name.

At the same time, it is curious to observe how few visible objects remain in the Peninsula, to remind one of the ancient rule of the Goths. Southey has alluded, with great poetic force, to the disappearance of the very arms and standard of the northern conquerors.

On the field

Of Xeres, where contending multitudes
Had trampled it beneath their bloody feet,
The standard of the Goths forgotten lay
Defiled, and rotting there in sun and rain.
Utterly is it lost, not ever more
Herald or antiquary's patient search
Shall from forgetfulness avail to save
Those blazoned arms, so fatally of old
Renowned through all th' affrighted Occident.
That banner before which imperial Rome
First to a conqueror bowed her head abased;
Which, when the dreadful Hun with all his powers
Came, like a deluge rolling o'er the world,
Made head, and in the front of battle broke
His force, till then resistless; which so oft
Had with alternate fortune braved the Frank,—
Driven the Byzantine from the farthest shores
Of Spain, long lingering there, to final flight,—

And of their kingdom and their name despoiled
The Vandal, and the Alan, and the Sueve :
Blotted from human record is it now,
As it had never been. So let it rest
With things forgotten !

And their banner is emblematic, in its fate, of their nationality as a people. To attest the cultivated taste of the Arabs, we have splendid monuments, like the Alhambra and the Mosque of Cordova ; but of the Goths, what is there, except a few rude sculptures, and those chiefly confined to the walls of Toledo?—It is on the people of Spain, not its monuments, that the impress of the Goths was left.

MUDARRA GONZALEZ,

THE AVENGER OF THE CHILDREN OF LARA.

Were a new life hid in each mangled limb,
I'd search and find it : and howe'er to some
I may seem cruel thus to tyrannize
Upon this senseless flesh, I glory in it.

MASSINGER.

Mal. Be comforted :
Let's make us medicine of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all ?—O, hell-kite!—All ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so ;
But I must also feel it as a man :
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part ? Heaven rest them now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief
Convert to anger,—blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue !—But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission ; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself :
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too.

SHAKESPEARE.

MUDARRA GONZALEZ.

NEXT to the Cid and to Bernardo del Carpio, the seven children of Lara constitute the most prominent objects in the chronicled story and legendary poetry of Spain. Although in this case, as in that of Count Fernan Gonzalez, much fiction may have insinuated itself into the tragic history of these heroes of song, still the main facts appear to be credited by most of the Spanish critics ; and the facts themselves, remarkable as they may be, are not such as to provoke disbelief on account of any thing in them intrinsically incredible, or any palpable violation of probability. The incidents, such as they are affirmed to be in the chronicles and popular ballads of the country, I relate, without undertaking to vouch for their truth.

Gonzalo Bustos, or Gustios, as he is variously called, a near relative of the old counts of Castile, and lord of Salas de Lara, had seven sons by his lady, Doña Sancha, the sister of Rodrigo or Ruy Velasquez. These children, usually called in

Spanish writings the Infantes of Lara, were brought up under the teaching of the good old knight Nuño Salido, who trained them to all martial and manly exercises, befitting Castilian hidalgos and barons; and they were knighted on the same day by Garci Fernandez, Count of Castile.

It so happened that their uncle, Ruy Velasquez, on occasion of his being united in marriage to a certain Doña Lambra de Burueva, celebrated the nuptials with great splendor;—knights from Navarre and Portugal being present, as well as the family of Lara, and their kindred, friends, and followers of Castile. The festival lasted five weeks, in the last of which Ruy Velasquez set up a *tablado*, that is, a species of light frame-work, to stand for a target, the knights tilting at it with long reeds called *bohordos*. This was the game commonly introduced at that period on occasion of great rejoicing, as we see in the ballads of Bernardo del Carpio, where a *tablado* is mentioned as having been set up by Alfonso in honor of the victory of Roncesvalles. Apprehensive of some broil, which it would appear was apt enough to occur at every such meeting, Doña Sancha persuaded her sons to absent themselves from the press, and to remain quietly at their lodgings. Meanwhile, the hidalgos, who were present, amused themselves in attempts at the *tablado*, but without success, until one Alvar Sanchez, a kinsman of Doña Lambra's, at length had the good fortune or the skill to hit the mark.

Upon this, the bride exultingly exclaimed : ' Every one in his place ; see now if any knight here can compare with my kinsman Alvar Sanchez ; he is worth a dozen of the Laras.' Doña Sancha, who heard the remark, replied, without intending any offence : ' Say not so, señora, when you have just wedded my brother Rodrigo de Lara.' This suggestion greatly angered Doña Lambra, who broke out into a very coarse and insulting allusion to the number of children borne by Doña Sancha.

Unfortunately, this altercation of the ladies was very soon communicated to the young Laras, who were eager to go out and avenge the affront offered their mother, but were all held back by Nuño Salido,—all except Gonzalo Gonzalez, the youngest, who snatched up a lance, mounted a horse, and riding up to the *tablado*, not only succeeded in hitting it with his lance, but struck it so fairly and fully as to lay it flat upon the ground. ' Every one in his place,' cried Gonzalo ; ' see if a knight of Lara be not worth more than fifty of the Buruevas.' This bravado gave extreme offence to Doña Lambra and her kinsmen, headed by Don Rodrigo ; and the parties proceeded from one degree of crimination and reproach to another, until blows ensued ; and nothing but the immediate interposition and firm conduct of the Count of Castile prevented the occurrence of a serious affray. He separated the combatants, and effected an apparent reconciliation between Doña Lambra and Don Ro-

drigo on the one hand, and his sister and her children on the other, so that, at the close of the marriage feastings, they departed from Burgos in company. What ensued is described in the following romance.

Ruy Velasquez and his dame,
The haughty Doña Lambra,
Have held, for all of Lara's name,
Their bridal feast in Burgos.

They leave, at last, the city walls,
In gay and gallant seeming,
Seeking their own proud castle halls,
The mountain holds of Lara.

The stately matrons, side by side,
The bride and Doña Sancha,
First in the glittering cortège ride,
With Sancha's noble children ;—

The seven brave sons, whom Sancha's bed
Gave to Gonzalo Bustos,
All to high deeds of knighthood bred
By old Salido Nuño.

To Barbadillo's frowning towers,
The fortress of Rodrigo,
They come ; and in its garden-bowers,
By famed Arlanza's waters,

They fly their falcons far and wide,
To grace their uncle's bridal,
And tender to his blooming bride
The welcome of a Lara.

Gonzalo's hawk, well trained to fight,
Struck down a noble quarry,
A heron, soaring in his flight
High in the cloudless heavens.

Proud of success, young Lara's hand
 Caressed his gentle falcon ;
 And stooped he by the pebbly strand
 To bathe her ruffled pinion.

But Doña Lambra's anger burned
 At sight of Lara's gladness ;
 And straightway to her page she turned,
 And this the charge she gave him :—

'Go dip this gourd in blood,' she cried,
 'And seek the young Gonzalez,—
 Him by the Arlanza's river-side,
 The youngest of the Laras,—
 Who holds the hooded hawk in trace,
 The kestrel fowl caressing :—
 Seek him, and fling it in his face :—
 My wishes are thy warrant.'

Trembling with fear, the page withdrew
 His lady's will obeying,
 And full at Don Gonzalo threw
 The symbol of dishonor.

Oh ! who may tell what grief and rage
 Filled the brave sons of Lara,
 Beholding Doña Lambra's page
 Insult their gallant brother ?

'Revenge ! revenge !' the Laras cried ;
 'Death to the saucy caitiff !
 Let each his trusty rapier hide
 Beneath his flowing mantle ;

And thus, in unsuspected guise,
 His we to Doña Lambra ;
 And if to her the villain flies,
 By her command he acted.'

'T is said,—'t is done as soon as said :—
 They hurried to the castle ;

And as they came, the servant fled
For help to Doña Lambra.

He crouched him her brial beneath,
For life, for life intreating ;
But Lara's sons their swords unsheathed,
Despite of Doña Lambra.

'Forbear !'—the lady cried, 'nor kill
The vassal of Rodrigo ;
If aught the page have done of ill,
Myself the crime will punish.'

Little reck they of what she says,
But rush upon her vassal,
To wash the stain of Gonzalez
In blood, the price of honor.

They slay him as he madly clings
To Doña Lambra's mantle,
And on it while his life-blood springs,
Grim smiles each gallant Lara.

'To horse ! To horse ! Mount and away !'—
From Barbadillo's castle
The sons of Lara wend their way
For their own halls of Salas.

When Doña Lambra and the Infantes left Burgos, Ruy Velasquez and Gonzalo Bustos had also departed on a progress through the country with Count Garci Fernandez. On his return to his own castle, Ruy Velasquez found his household in confusion, Lambra having placed the body of her page on a bed in the middle of the castle court, and covered it with a mourning pall : and she and her women were making a great lamentation over the

corpse. She continued to utter complaints and outcries in the presence of her husband, until she so wrought upon his feelings, that he promised she should have ample satisfaction. He sent for Gonzalo Bustos, who came, bringing his sons with him to make atonement for what they had done; and Ruy Velasquez finally professed that he was disposed to overlook the past, and to live on terms of amity with them as before his marriage; but his design was to deceive and betray the whole family.

Pretending, then, to be reconciled to the young Laras, Ruy Velasquez persuaded Gonzalo Bustos to proceed to Cordoba, to bear a message from him to Almansor, the victorious Regent of the Caliphate under Hixem, the grandson of the great Abderahman. But Rodrigo wrote letters to Almansor to this effect: 'To you, Almansor, health, from me, Ruy Velasquez. Know that the sons of Gonzalo Bustos of Salas, he who bringeth this letter, have done great dishonor to me and to my wife, and I cannot revenge myself upon them here in the land of the Christians. I send, therefore, this their father unto you, that incontinently you may strike off his head. And I will draw out my people, and take his seven sons with me, and will lodge them at Almenar, and do you send Viara and Galvo with your host, and I will put the Laras in your power; and know you that these knights are greater enemies to you than any others whomsoever, and in them is the strength of Count Garci

Fernandez.' And the good knight, Gonzalo Bustos, unsuspecting of the base purpose of his brother in law, departed for Cordoba; and when he arrived there, presented his letters to Almansor. The Moor, although he did not comply with the request of Ruy Velasquez so far as to slay Gonzalo, yet shut him up in prison, and gathered men together at Almenar for the purpose of entrapping his children.

Ruy Velasquez now announced his intention of making an incursion into the Moorish territory, and speedily collected a sufficient force, with which he left Barbadillo, and advanced towards Almenar. The incidents which ensued are thus described in the popular verse of the country.

Ruy Velasquez, he of Lara,
 Basest of all the knights of Spain,
 Hath sent the good Gonzalo Bustos
 To be by Moorish foemen slain.

And now, with fraudulent words of cunning
 Smoothing his wicked purpose o'er,
 He seeks to kill the sons of Lara,
 Selling the Infantes to the Moor.

'I go,' he said, 'brave sons of Lara,
 With banner spread and lance in hand,
 To gather spoils of Moor Almansor,
 And sweep Almenar's copious land.'

Speed ye with me upon the foray
 And gladly I'll requite your aid,—
 Or stay and guard the halls of Salas
 Whilst I attempt alone the raid.'

'Now God forbid,' replied the Infantes ;
 'T were shame to see thee march alone ;
 Unfurl thy banners for the inroad,
 We make Rodrigo's cause our own.'

Ruy Velasquez bade them gather
 Their vassals of the Lara's name,
 And follow to the plain of Febros,
 Armed and prepared for war's dread game.

Rodrigo marched from Barbadillo,
 With men at arms a gallant train,
 Whilst Lara's sons and brave old Nuño
 Led on their knights to Febros' plain.

They joined their hosts, they gained Almenar,
 Where, posted by that traitor-knight,
 The base Rodrigo, lay the Moormen
 In ambush, eager for the fight.

Sudden before the sons of Lara,
 Thousands of swarthy Moors appear :
 'Ho !' cried the Laras to Rodrigo,
 'What knights and men at arms are here ?'

'Fear naught,' then cried the false Rodrigo,—
 'They are but coward Moors who come :
 I know them well, a hundred Christians
 Will drive their flying squadrons home.'

But rank on rank the host approaches
 With silken scarf, and dancing plume,
 And flashing blade, and shouts of Allah,
 That ring to heaven the Infantes' doom.

Ruy Velasquez bade the Moormen
 Come on, he joined not in the fray ;
 And if they slew the seven young Laras
 He cared not, he, but went his way.

Old Nuño heard Velasquez utter
 These parting words in under breath :

'Traitor Rodrigo,' cried Salido,
'Leavest thou here to certain death

Thy noble kinsmen,—one to twenty,
No more, amid this host of Moors?—
Base wretch, thy infamy will last
Whilst earth or man or time endures.'

Then turning to the brave young Laras,
'Arm, arm, my sons,' the knight he said:
'Ruy Velasquez has betrayed us,
To please the partner of his bed.

'Do as you see old Nuño doing;
Your sinful souls to Christ commend,
Then let us show these base-born Arabs
How brave Castilians meet their end.'

Therewith he spurred his charger onward,
Dashing upon the coming Moor,
And fell amid a heap of foemen,
All gashed and steeped in Arab gore.

On rushed the Laras with their vassals,
Two hundred knights of high Castile,
And well they proved, in deadly combat,
The temper of Biscayan steel.

Of all that gallant troop of spearmen
Not one remained their lords beside:
When every noble knight had fallen,
'Saint Jago!' still the Laras cried.

'God and Saint Jago for España,—
Close up! close up!'—rang o'er the field:
'We'll show these Moorish infidels,
Castilians die, but never yield.'

In fine, the Moors having at length overpowered
and slain the young Laras by their number, re-

turned in triumph to Cordoba, and presented to Almansor the heads of Nuño Salido and of the seven Infantes. Which when Almansor saw, he caused the heads to be carefully washed, and placed in order on a white sheet spread in the palace, or as some accounts have it, upon a dinner table; and going to Gonzalo Bustos, he said: 'I sent my host into the land of Castile, and they did battle with the Christians in the plain of Almenar, and vanquished them, and have brought me the heads of eight cavaliers, whom, it may be, thou knowest, seeing my *adalides* aver they are natives of the straits of Lara.' 'When I see them,' replied Gonzalo, 'I will tell who they are, of what place and what lineage; for truly there is not a knight in Castile but is known to Gonzalo Bustos.' Accordingly Gonzalo was conducted to the apartment where the gory heads were displayed; and his emotions in view of the spectacle are described in one of the Spanish ballads.

'Nor king nor cavalier art thou,
 To do a deed so black and base,
 As place these gory ghastly heads
 In sport before Gonzalo's face.
 Oh, never since had nobler sons
 Than they, whose trunkless heads I feel,—
 The kindest, truest, purest hearts,
 The bravest champions of Castile.

But well I know some treacherous wile,
 Has trained them to thy cruel hands:
 In challenged fight and equal field,
 Nor thou, nor all thy Moorish bands,

Could conquer these my gallant sons :
 I've seen thyself forsake the fight,
 When young Gonzalez fought thee out,—
 Gaining thy safety but in fight.

And this the famed Almansor's faith!—
 My sons, in ambush ta'en, he slays,
 And me, a Christian knight, he brings
 In guise of courtesy, to gaze

In anguish on their bleeding brows.'—
 'T was thus to King Almansor's head,
 Reckless of danger, bonds, or death,
 His grief Gonzalo Bustos said.

Then turning to the gory heads,
 He kissed and kissed them o'er and o'er :—
 'I weep not for your death,' he cried,
 ' Since death is life forevermore.

Vengeance, I doubt not, on your foes,
 Vengeance ye wreaked full deep and well,
 Ere yielding, not to skill or strength,
 But only multitudes, ye fell.

I mourn for this, and this alone
 That old Gonzalo was not there,
 To sell his life as dearly too,
 And with his gallant sons to dare

A hundred Moorish foes to fight :—
 And snatching, as he spoke, a sword,
 From out the nearest soldier's hand,
 Suiting the action to the word,

He struck the helpless guardsman down,—
 He rushed th' affrighted Moors among,—
 He cut and slew in reckless rage,—
 The hall with blows and shoutings rung,—

Until, o'erpowered amid them all,
 And spent with fury, he gave o'er ;

While, seamed with gaping wounds of death,
Lay at his feet full many a Moor.

'Hold! hold!'—Almansor cried: 'sir knight,
I do repent me that I brought
These bleeding tokens of thy loss
Before thine eyes, in boastful thought.

I would, though well I know the hate
They felt for aught of Moorish name,
I would thy seven brave sons remained
Alive, for thee, for hope, for fame.

It may not be;—but thou art free
To seek once more thy northern home,
And bear these relics of thy race
To place them in a Christian tomb.'

Gonzalo Bustos accordingly departs from Cordoba; but, during his residence there, he had gained the affections of a Moorish lady, said by some to have been the sister of Almansor, and whom he left with child; and previous to his departure, it was arranged between him and the lady, that, if she bore a male child, he should be suitably educated, and on arriving at years of discretion should be informed as to the circumstances of his extraction, and be sent to his father at Salas. The fruit of the marriage was a boy, and received the name of Mudarra Gonzalez. In process of time he acquired all the arts and accomplishments of knightly condition, growing up in vigor of make and manliness of spirit becoming his extraction.

Strong as necessity, he starts away,
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.

The story of his father's griefs maddens and fires his bold spirit ; and, taking from his mother a sure token of his identity, to be exhibited to his father, he quits the Moorish court of Cordoba and repairs to Castile.

Gonzalo, in his castle hall,
Sits mourning o'er his woes,
His deep felt wrongs,—his feeble arm,—
His unrequited foes.

Gazing, he sits, upon the rich
Domains before his eye,
The lands of Salas, bright and fair
As aught below the sky.

Once to the voice of mirth and sport
Gaily that vale had rung ;
But now its fertile wide expanse
Is vocal to his wail.

He rears his trembling hand to heaven,—
He calls for vengeance due
On him, the traitor knight, whose arts
The sons of Lara slew.

But who comes there, that gallant bold,
Striding a mettled barb
Of Andalusia's choicest blood,—
And clad in Moorish garb ?

He bears upon an azure ground
A crescent for his shield,
While golden letters, large and fair,
Are blazoned on its field,

Which say to all : ' I seek, I seek,
And happy if I find : '—
Marked with a cross, his bannerol
Flutters before the wind.

A head beside his saddle hung
 Grizzly and dripping wet :
 He bowed him, till his horse's mane
 His stooping forehead met.

Resting on earth his lance's haft,
 He sat erect again :—
 'I seek,' he said, 'a noble lord,—
 The bravest knight of Spain,—

The lord of Salas, once the sire
 Of many a gallant son :
 Receive, if thou art he, the pledge
 Of vengeance fitly done.

Ruy Velasquez lives no more ;
 My hand has laid him low ;—
 Behold,—the hoary traitor's head
 Hangs at my saddle bow.

I am Mudarra ; and thy hand,
 My honored sire, I claim,—
 I claim to be a Christian knight,—
 I claim the Lara's name.'

'Welcome, right welcome to my arms,'
 The old Gonzalo cried,—
 'Welcome the Lara's worthy son,
 My solace, hope, and pride.'

Mudarra, of course, was adopted by Don Gonzalo and Doña Sancha as the legitimate heir of their lordships and their name ; and he is the reputed root of the great Spanish house of Manrique de Lara, so celebrated in the history of the Peninsula.

SAN FELIPE.

All natural objects have
An echo in the heart. This flesh doth thrill,
And has connexion by some unseen chain
With its original source and kindred substance.
The mighty forest, the proud tides of ocean,
Sky-cleaving hills, and, in the vast of air,
The starry constellations; and the sun,
Parent of life exhaustless:—these maintain
With the mysterious mind and breathing mould
A co-existence and community.

HUNT'S JULIAN.

Vieron a España, que en Europa tiene
alegre, altiva, y coronada frente,
Hesperia da la estrella, que previene
el ausencia de Phebo al Occidente :
y los nevados montes de Pyrene,
sepulcro vil de peregrina gente,
y a las Colunas de Hercules asida
al Boreal Oceano extendida.

LOPE DE VEGA.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit unsullied temple, there to seek
The spirit, in whose honor shrines are weak,
Upreared of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer!

BYRON.

SAN FELIPE.

THERE is a region of country, in the eastern part of the kingdom of Valencia, which, while it is almost wholly untravelled, is one of the most peculiar, and on many accounts one of the most interesting, in all Spain. It extends from Alicante through Xijona and Alcoy to San Felipe, and so to the city of Valencia. It abounds with singular and striking scenery; it is rich in agricultural products; and it is, at the same time, a district containing extensive and productive manufactures. I know not any part of Spain, which affords a more perfect example, within narrow limits, of all the characteristic features of the Peninsula, its rude mountains, its verdant valleys, its groves of luxuriant fruit trees, its teeming population, now industrious, and now given up to the mere enjoyment of life,—than this of which I speak. For these reasons, I venture to give a simple unvarnished description of it, as I myself saw it in the season of buds and flowers.

I departed from Alicante at an early hour, on horseback,—since thus only, for the most part, can this journey be performed,—passing out from the city in the rear of the castle, around which the road winds into the *huerta* of Alicante. This *huerta* is full of houses and hamlets, and is richly cultivated, particularly with vines and fruit-trees. The villages of Santa Fas and San Juan are discerned near the road, and at length you arrive, though a highly fertile country, at the large town of Muchamiel, situated in the midst of the fruitful flat of which I have spoken. This town,—the place of abode of most of the *arrieros* or muleteers, who convey merchandise from Alicante to Alcoy and San Felipe,—is noticeable only for its agricultural abundance.

On leaving Muchamiel, the road proceeds through a broad valley, planted with grain, and sprinkled with fruit-trees, chiefly olive and almond trees. It is laid out in terraces, or successive levels descending on the hill sides like stairs, the soil being held in its place by stone walls and embankments, showing with what extreme care the earth is here prepared for tillage and production. After some time, the land becomes more broken, and you enter the territory of Xijona through passes in the low hills, which bear a bad reputation, being not rarely the hiding-place and haunt of robbers. For a considerable distance along in this tract of country you see neither houses nor water, the latter

being supplied to the thirsty traveller by water-sellers, who station themselves in little excavations dug in the hillocks. At length, the appearance of the country improves decidedly, and you come into a valley, which is richly cultivated, indeed, but still rough, broken, cut up,—while you see the rock and castle of Xijona towering over the town of that name, which occupies the opposite declivity of the valley wherein you stand.

Deep *quebradas*, that is, abrupt fissures in the rocks or hills, nearly surround the town on the other side, communicating to its position a great degree of strength in a military point of view. The valley is laid out in terraces as before described, constructed on steep declivities, and of course individually much elevated in proportion to the amount of their level surface. Xijona itself is entered by a narrow bridge, which crosses a deep steep-sided *rambla* or river bed, just at the very brink of the dwelling houses. Winding up the ascending streets of the town, thronged with inhabitants, to issue from it on the further side,—you find it planted on the inclined plane of a rock, overlooked by its castle, an old time-worn structure, whose aspect awakens reminiscences of many a conflict of the Moors and Christians in the middle age. Wine, and almonds are the chief productions of the place; but it also furnishes an abundance of delicious honey, which is a large ingredient in the composition of sweetmeats of great repute, called *turrões de Xijona*.

Beyond Xijona you arrive at a region, whose features are equally singular and impressive. Passing along through a succession of terraces, faced as before with stone walls, with a high steep *sierra* on your left, you finally discover that the road winds in toilsome ascent far up its ridge, sweeping along the whole length of it, until you attain its very summit, far off at the opposite extremity of the mountain. The road is, of course, a narrow path, paved with loose stones, or constructed in the very rock whereof the hill side is composed. Meanwhile, the scenery on your right is picturesque and beautiful to a degree scarcely exceeded by anything else, which this romantic land contains.

You perceive that the mountain along whose ridge you have been *coasting*, as it were, forms one side of an extensive and very deep valley, bounded on the other side by a *sierra* equally precipitous and shaggy with that on which you stand. But the whole valley, far up the sides of the mountain, even to the road and above it, is tilled by means of laboriously constructed terraces, of which it is full. The houses are few, but fruit-trees abound, and the soil is covered with grain. Almond trees, above all others, are the objects which every where greet the eye; and at the time when I journeyed there, the whole earth, in the distance, seemed to be whitening with their numberless flowers, possessing, of course, the same bloom and rich fragrance which we find in the

peach blossom. This region is denominated the Carrasqueta de Xijona,—the word *carrasqueta*, as I understand it, being applied to any tract excessively rough, broken, and precipitous, like that in question. The whole prospect, however, is indescribably beautiful. It reminded me of the expressive lines of Cowper :

How oft upon yon eminence, our pace
Has slackened to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,—
While admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.

Rough and jagged as was the surface of the declivities, and of the hill tops and sharp *sierras* below, around, or above me,—yet human art had been there, and had scattered fertility, verdure, and loveliness over the whole scene. In the distance were lofty mountains, the castle of Alicante crowning its rock, and the placid waters of the Mediterranean, telling me of gentle breezes and a clime of perpetual brilliancy.

Crossing over the summit of the *sierra*, the road turns once more in a northerly direction, and shortly descends into a valley of vineyards called the Canal de Alcoy, that is, the channel, or *trough* as it were, of Alcoy, containing within it the small hamlet of La Salga. Several plantations of young pine trees occur in this place. The road now again ascends a steep *sierra*, of great height, at the summit of which is an *hermita*, or solitary

chapel, and on turning this point you suddenly see before you the beautiful site of Alcoy, with its towers, and spires, and houses, and workshops, sprinkled all over its deep and broad valley. It looks only a step as it were beneath you; but such is the steepness of the *sierra*, that you have to take a very circuitous route in order to reach the town.

Alcoy is, indeed, situated on a spot of table land in a valley between two elevated mountains, called the Carrascal de Alcoy and the Sierra de Mariola, in a cool, but still a healthful and agreeable atmosphere.—It is an interesting place on several accounts. Its valley abounds with water, which is industriously applied to the purposes of agriculture and the mechanic arts. Manufactories are dispersed along the sides of the steep, whose white buildings rise amid verdant objects, while a multitude of streamlets descend in cascades towards the valley, and after giving movement to the mills, pass on to fertilize the rich fields. The sides and bases of the hills are covered with neat country houses, even to the very edge of the town by the river side at the bottom of the valley, which is charmingly diversified with numberless gardens rising on all hands like the steps of an amphitheatre, to attract and delight the eye.

The town itself is a most interesting example of prosperous industry. In addition to the great agricultural riches which cultivation draws from

its environs, it abounds with flourishing manufactures, being in this respect at the head of all the towns of Valencia. While the accumulation of capital in the town, and its judicious application to the useful arts, impart competency to its inhabitants, the same causes quicken the enterprise and reward the industry of the neighboring villages and hamlets. The manufactures of the place are chiefly of wool, cotton, and linen, including paper, there being no less than thirty-three mills for the fabrication of paper alone. There is nothing of the squalid wretchedness of the English manufacturing towns in the aspect of Alcoy. Its buildings are good, and the streets and squares convenient and spacious. It was at night-fall, a serene and mild evening, that I entered the place; and the open doors and balconies of the houses were filled with women, and the streets swarming with life, in the manner so frequently to be seen in those auspicious southern climes; and I could not fail to be pleasingly impressed with the appearance of thrift and populousness combined, which continually met my eye at every turn. The chief inn of Alcoy, called the *Posada del Rincon* is of enormous extent, it being indeed one of the largest *posadas* in Spain, and evincing the vast concourse of persons, who are attracted by the purposes of business to this great centre of domestic industry.

From Alcoy the traveller proceeds through a succession of olive groves, leaving the populous

town of Ivi at the westward, to Consentayna, a small town of uninviting appearance, but possessing a very industrious manufacturing and agricultural population, and producing, in its environs, abundance of wheat, maize, silk, wine, oil, and common fruits and vegetables of various kinds. In fact, the town commands a rich and beautiful valley, covered with terraces of grain, and spotted with olive-trees. This valley continues to a pass of the mountains called Puerto de Alcayda, *puerto* being the name given by the Spaniards to a narrow pass in the high *sierras*. You leave several villages very near you on the right, and the whole region of country is fully cultivated with the olive and the vine. Of wine, particularly, a large quantity is produced here.

I found the peasantry engaged, all along through the vineyards, in trimming the vines or grubbing up the soil around their roots. The course of culture seems to be, to cut off all the suckers close down to the stump or knotty stock, early in the spring, before the sap has begun to ascend; the effect of which is, that every year the root or stump sends up a group of vigorous luxuriant shoots, which receive all the concentrated juices and vigor of the plant. The appearance of the peasants is substantially such as I have elsewhere described them to be in the southern parts of Valencia. But in addition thereto, I was greatly struck by their habit of wearing their long shaggy black hair

hanging in large locks upon their shoulders, just as I have seen it represented in pictures of the Gothic kings of Spain ; and it is probably a fashion, which has descended to the present generation from the time of the Goths. They wear, instead of the Roman cap of La Mancha, or the round Andalusian hat, a high-crowned one, in the form of a sugar loaf, with short, loose trowsers, buskined legs, and sandals of canvass or grass-matting ; while their bronzed legs and faces betray the influence of constant exposure to a southern sun.

Before entering the Puerto de Alcayda, we passed two bridges, which had been broken down by the French, and exhibited abundant traces of the fierce passage of war. There is nothing worthy of note in the Puerto, which winds along the eastern edge of the *sierra* over ledges of rock, and thus brings you to the ruins of a monastery, which was also dismantled by the French during the war of Independence. Here you enter into another very extensive and richly cultivated valley, which takes its name from its principal town of Alcayda, just as in the cases already mentioned, of Xijona, Alcoy, and Consentayna. Without, however, entering into Alcayda, I proceeded on a short distance towards Alseneta. Two hours followed, through land covered with fruit-trees, to Montaverner, when you cross a river to reach Alfarazi, situated in the midst of a country covered all over with mulberry trees.

Soon after quitting Alfarazi, you come in sight of several villages, two of which, San Pedro and Belius, are within pistol-shot of the road ; but afterwards, for a space of three leagues to the city of San Felipe, there is no house or building on the road except a solitary mill in a mountain pass. Long tracts of vines, intermixed with olives and fruit-trees, fill up the tract of country, until you come to the *sierra* near which Belius is situated. Here the river before mentioned is pressed in between high rocks and cliffs, which beetle over the road above your head. At the distance of a league from San Felipe the road enters into the mountain pass, and is built beside the edge of the *sierra* overhanging the river, which dashes along its pebbly bed below, while huge precipices impend over you on one side, rough mountains rise upwards on the other side, and before you are the fortifications of San Felipe cresting a ridge of rocks.

A noble aqueduct is carried along here with the road, following the windings of the river, and conducting the waters of a mountain source to the city. Instead of stone pillars to mark its course, as elsewhere in Spain, apertures are left along the upper surface of the aqueduct from space to space, showing the clear crystal streamlet from within ; for in Spain pure water is one of the necessaries of life, and is provided in most of the large cities by means of costly aqueducts, as in the present instance.

At length you arrive at a small rivulet, over which the aqueduct is carried, and then turns off to the right, while the road ascends a steep hill, followed by another, of a soft loamy soil, covered with olive trees, the place being called Las Cuestas de Biscat. Descending the steep of the second hill, you enter the valley of San Felipe de Xativa; and turning to the left, you approach the city, which you find to be situated on the declivity of the mountain side, leaving a long range of fortifications, and a wall with towers from space to space, extending up to the castle on the top of the high mountain in the rear.

At the time of the war of Succession, the flourishing city of Xativa was among the most obstinate places in Spain in its partialities for the House of Austria, and distinguished itself by one of those persevering defences, which seem to be characteristic of the Spaniards. It was besieged by the Chevalier d'Asfeldt, in behalf of Philip V.; and although its garrison was confined to a few English troops, yet the indomitable courage of its inhabitants made it the scene of exploits, which would have done honor to any age or people. When the French troops finally prepared for an assault, the inhabitants, deaf to all offers of pardon, and regardless of the fear of death, refused to surrender. The attack at last commenced, and although the inhabitants fought with the courage of desperation, they were borne down by the numbers and impetuosity

of the French, and the city was taken. But still the inhabitants would not yield; they chose to die rather than to submit to Philip. When the word of carnage was given, they eagerly offered themselves to the sword, and mutually animated each other to meet death courageously; nay, resolved to perish under the ruins of the city, they hastened to set fire to its buildings. Seeing this, the soldiers seconded their efforts. In a short time, the streets were filled with the dead and the dying, while the flames rose high in the air, and the shouts of the soldiers, the groans of the dying, the enflamed atmosphere, and the crackling of the falling edifices, united to form a scene of horror, such as war alone can present. All perished,—men, women, and children,—except only a very few women, priests, and children, who were with difficulty rescued by the officers from the hands of the infuriated soldiery. Nothing was left of Xativa,—ramparts, edifices, inhabitants, all were destroyed together, and even the name of Xativa was abolished; for when a new city was constructed on the ruins of the old one, it received the appellation of San Felipe, in honor of the conqueror.

San Felipe, as it now stands, is not particularly interesting in respect of its edifices, the Cathedral being, indeed, the only one calculated to attract a stranger, and this being far inferior to others in various parts of Spain. The city contains many vestiges of Roman and Moorish works, having

been distinguished at an early period by the name of Setabis, and having given birth to many eminent individuals. Its territory produces a great variety of fruits, wheat, maize, silk, wine, oil, and especially rice, which is one of its chief articles of culture. It was celebrated, in ancient times, for the excellence of its flax and the beauty of its linens, which Pliny ranks among the best of Europe. It was probably the good quality and abundance of its flax, which led to the establishment here, at an early period, of manufactories of paper, the oldest in Europe, and introduced, among so many other valuable improvements in arts and science, by the industrious and ingenious Moors.

The Paseo or public walk of San Felipe is possessed of considerable attraction. Outside of the gate of Valencia is a long avenue of elms, running contiguous to the city, and terminating near the gate in a kind of grove or flower garden, which is separated into beds with borders of roses, oranges and the like, trimmed into shape, and having flowers within, whilst lofty trees overshadow the whole, and in the centre are a large circular basin and fountain with its jet of water, surrounded by rows of convenient benches. At the corners, also, of the enclosure are smaller fountains, together with allegorical statues. There is great beauty in the Paseo itself; but the striking prospect on either side, on one being the castellated mountain, and on the other the superb

valley of Xativa, gives it charms of the highest description.

From San Felipe to Carcajente there is a constant succession of groves of mulberries, olive and orange trees. It is the same from Carcajente through Alcira and Silla to Valencia, groves of fruit-trees every where alternating with cultivated land, except in a short tract between the villages of Algemesi and Alrosafez. At Silla you enter upon the great highway, or *camino real*, from Madrid to Valencia,—a noble road, as are most of those of this class in all the provinces of Spain. Great fertility of soil, and a most industrious cultivation, are to be observed in this region; but it is not remarkable for any picturesque beauties, unless in the neighborhood of the lake of Albufera, and in the rich *huerta* of the city of Valencia.

I spent three days in passing over the territory, which I have thus described, from Alicante to Valencia. Its combination of extreme industry with great local beauties interested and kept alive my attention, especially on the way to San Felipe. The entire country is, indeed, a continual succession of abrupt steeps and deep valleys, where massive precipices and rudely broken hills alternate with gardens and groves of extreme luxuriance of vegetation. The careful cultivation of the Moors,—their terraced hill sides, their well irrigated plains,—are seen here in full perfection. Strong evidence, indeed, of the former presence of an Arabian popu-

lation occurs in the names of the towns on this road, so many of which begin with the *al* of the Arabs. From Alicante you go to Alcoy,—thence by Albayda, Alseneta, and Alfarazi to San Felipe; and from San Felipe through Alcira, Algemesi and Almosafez, and by Albufera, to Valencia. And it is so common to think and speak of the Spaniards as a thriftless or at least an idle people,—the manners of particular provinces are so frequently taken as characteristic of the whole nation,—that I have entered, thus at length, into a description of the country as it met my eye, in order to correct some of the prevailing errors in regard to Spain.

1

MASANIELLO,

THE FISHERMAN OF AMALFI.

He would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedom; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world
Than camels in their wars; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

* * * * *
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form.

* * * * *

No kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; no use of service,
Of riches or of poverty; no contracts,
Successions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:—
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:—
No sovereignty.—

SHAKESPEARE.

Misera Italia, onde sperar degg'io
 Tregua a' miei guai, soccorso a' miei perigli,
 Se crudi incontro a me fatti i miei figli
 Se stessi han per altrui posto in obbligo?
Dunque barbaro stuol rapace e rio
 Vien nel mio petto a insanguinar gli artigli,
 E congiunti con lui farsi vermigli
 Vedrò i guerrieri miei nel sangue mio?
Itene pur, ingrati figli e indegni,
 E lasciate di voi empie memorie
 Fatti ministri in me degli altrui sdegni,
 Infelici trofei, misere glorie;
 Delle proprie ruine altrui far regni,
 E le perdite sue chiamar vittorie.

FULVIO TESTI.

Thou, Italy! whose ever-golden fields,
 Ploughed by the sunbeams solely, would suffice
 For the world's granary; thou whose sky heaven gilds
 With brighter stars, and robes with deeper blue;
 Thou, in whose pleasant places summer builds
 Her palace, in whose cradle empire grew,
 And formed the eternal city's ornaments
 From spoils of kings whom freemen overthrew;
 Birth-place of heroes, sanctuary of saints,
 Where earthly first, the heavenly glory made
 Her home: there, all which fondest fancy paints,
 And finds her prior vision but portrayed
 In feeble colors, when the eye,—from the Alp
 Of horrid show, and rock, and shaggy shade
 Of desert-loving pine, whose emerald scalp
 Nods to the storm,—dilates and dotes o'er thee,
 And wistfully implores, as 'twere, for help
 To see thy sunny fields, my Italy,
 Nearer and nearer yet, and dearer still
 The more approached, and dearest were they free,—
 Thou,—thou must wither at a tyrant's will.

BYRON'S DANTE.

MASANIELLO.



PREVIOUSLY to the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabel, and the union of the crowns of Castile and Aragon, the history of Spain is almost purely domestic. It is true that Aragon had already begun to have influence in Italy, by attaining possession of Sardinia, Sicily, and occasionally Naples, either for itself, or for members of its royal House; but that possession was not a fixed nor a stable one, nor such as effectually to counterbalance the interests of Germany and France. In other respects, the foreign influence of Aragon was comparatively light, being confined to the states which the kings of Aragon held in Roussillon, Montpellier, and occasionally elsewhere in France; and the weight of Castile abroad was inferior still to that of Aragon. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, so long as the Moors retained independent authority in any part of Spain? Whilst England, France, Germany,—in short, all the rest of Christendom was relieved of domestic enemies, and thus left free to engage

either in mutual wars, or in remote military objects like the Crusades, the Christian princes of Spain had ample occupation for their resources at home.

But in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabel, we begin to see a total change take place in the distribution of political power. The Moors are at length reduced to subjection, and all Spain is governed by a single will. Columbus discovers the New World, and Spain thus becomes mistress of its mineral treasures, and of a vast dominion stretching almost from pole to pole along the whole western hemisphere. The Great Captain, with a military genius such as belongs to men who make and overthrow empires, conquers, for Spain, the half of Italy. The Spanish infantry, inured to war and accustomed to its vicissitudes in their long conflicts with the Moors and among themselves, find their energy at last concentrated, and aimed with irresistible force at the weak point in the frame of European social order. Presently, the heir of the rich heritage of the Netherlands ascends the throne of Spain, to acquire, soon afterwards, the German Empire, and with it all the claims of his imperial predecessors in Lombardy; and thus, in a single generation as it were, Spain, from being a secondary European state, becomes the leading and controlling power of Europe and America.

Passing over the achievements of the Great Captain,—achievements which are so full of striking
at I reserve the life of this hero of fiction

and of fact for separate consideration,—passing over the circumstances of the conquest, I shall just allude to a few curious traits in the history of the Spanish domination of Naples. I single them out, in order to show the projects of romantic ambition, which have continually gathered around this kingdom,—not only in the early times of the Norman Guiscards, and afterwards in the conflicts of the House of Anjou,—not only in the brilliant elevation to royalty, and speedy downfall, of a French soldier-king of Naples during our times,—but also in the long intermediate period, when the country was ruled by the lieutenants of the kings of Spain.

There is reason to believe that, in the strange vicissitudes and wild schemes and multifarious intrigues of Italian politics, a proposal was made to the Great Captain himself, the delegated conqueror of Naples, to place the crown of the Two Sicilies on his own brow. Jealousy of such a possible fact led to his being recalled from the glorious theatre of his victories, and left to linger away his life in bootless inaction at home. In the following reign, when the troops of Francis I. suddenly overran Italy, and laid siege to the city of Naples, it was nothing but extraordinary good fortune, that saved it from falling into the hands of the French. Their ships, commanded by Filippino Doria, had destroyed or dispersed the Spanish squadron, killing the distinguished officer Don Hugo de Moncada in the fight; and although Don Pedro de Alarcon,

the Prince of Orange, the Marquess del Vasto, and other eminent chiefs had the direction of the defence, yet it was evidently becoming a mere act of desperation, when of a sudden the celebrated Andrea Doria abandoned the cause of the French, drew off the Genoese vessels of war, and imparted such added moral and physical force to the Spaniards, that the besiegers were compelled to retire precipitately from the kingdom. Thus it was, by the act of one man, that Naples remained to the Spaniards; and the ascendancy acquired by Charles V. assured the possession against any further hazard from the enterprises of the French.

But, in the reign of Philip Third, Naples was long governed by the famous Don Pedro Giron, Duke of Osuna, so prominent abroad in the various wars of Philip Second. During his long administration of the affairs of Naples, Don Pedro displayed the splendor, as he enjoyed the power, of royalty itself, although bearing merely the title of Viceroy. Saint Réal, in his romantic history, or historical romance of the Conspiracy of Venice, has portrayed one of the mighty designs of the great Viceroy of Naples. It was difficult for Don Pedro to refute the charge of aiming at the establishment of an independent monarchy, based, as it was, upon the conviction that he had the power, and wanted only the inclination, to exchange his viceregal commission for a kingly crown. Like us, Gonzalo de Cordoba, and Hernando

Cortes, he was compelled to pay the penalty of resplendent fame and pre-eminent public services, in being also torn from appropriate scenes of greatness abroad, to languish in disgrace and die of a broken heart in Spain.

But it was during the reign of Philip IV. that the annals of Naples afforded the most extraordinary example of personal vicissitude, in the case of Masaniello, the fisherman of Amalfi. At the period of the insurrection whereof he was the head, the administration of the affairs of the kingdom had grown to be corrupt, venal, and tyrannical under the various Spanish viceroys, who successively governed the country. In the reign of Philip IV. their abuses had reached the climax. Taxes of the most onerous nature, levied without regard to the sufferings and murmurings of the people, at length produced an inflammable state of public feeling, which needed only a breath to blow the elements of disorder into conflagration. This was furnished by Tomaso Aniello, a fisherman of Amalfi, of some twenty-four years of age, who possessed, among the *lazzaroni* of Naples, the influence which boldness of spirit and a kind of natural eloquence were calculated to impart. Under his direction, the insurrection broke out among the lowest of the Neapolitan populace on the seventh July of the year 1647. Followed by chosen comrades, he ran up and down the streets and squares, crying,—‘Down with the excise ; hurrah for Spain,

last death on the Vesuvius"—and all Naples were in confusion. The Duke of Arcos, the son of the name of Prince de Ligne, who was Viceroy, being expelled from the government palace with his and such things in the midst of confusion.

The multitude were now masters of the city, and gave themselves up to every species of excess. The offices of justice and revenue were seized, the prisons broken open, and the prisons of the noble pillaged and burnt. Masaniello, that is the name of poverty, mounted on a high scaffold, with the sword of revolutionary violence before him, and supported by a hundred thousand fierce and excited men, was become the centre of the national distinctions. Two of the nobles, the Duke of Massafra and his brother Prince Caraffa, attempted to slay the Italian Jack (Cade): but employed two hundred armed men from the country to attack him, as he was haranguing the people in the church of the Carmelites. But Masaniello escaped, and the motive design served only to inform the peasants and augment his power. Not less than one hundred and fifty thousand of the *lazzaroni*, fishermen, and sailors, had now assumed vendue by plundering the houses, arsenals, and shops for the sake of arms, and yielded a blind and implicit obedience to their young chief, who administered justice in the most regular manner, and according to the most arbitrary discretion, throughout the city of

At length, a negotiation was opened between him and the Viceroy, through the intervention of Cardinal Filomarini, Archbishop of Naples, for the peaceful redress of the popular grievances. Masaniello repaired to the interview, covered with gold and jewels, and at the head of a magnificent cavalcade, and adjusted the terms of accommodation in the church of the Carmelites. Having completed the treaty, he tore off his rich garments, and threw himself at the feet of the Viceroy, protesting that he had taken up arms for no motive of personal ambition, but only for the interest of the people; and that he would now return to his humble occupation of a fisherman. But this the Neapolitans would by no means permit. They insisted upon his continuing in authority, until a ratification of the treaty could be procured from Spain. Masaniello consented; and from this moment his influence gradually declined; for either the intoxication of his sudden elevation to supreme power, the unusual splendor that surrounded him, or as some say, poison administered by the Viceroy at a feast, seemed to have deprived him of his reason and self-possession. His conduct began to be marked by extreme folly, approaching to madness; the people dropped off one by one, disgusted by his extravagances; and on the sixteenth of July, nine days after the commencement of the insurrection, he was openly shot in the streets, without trial, by order of the Viceroy.

After his death, the people regained their attachment for his name. They kissed his body, and touched it with their chaplets, as if it possessed miraculous powers. He was clad in a royal mantle, crowned with laurels, and mounted on a rich bier, with a sceptre or staff of command in his hand, and thus paraded through the city with military honors, and interred with all the magnificence of the highest rank. The people acquired new fury from the murder of Aniello and the subsequent proceedings of the Viceroy ; but were at length reduced to obedience by the energy of the second Don Juan of Austria, natural son of Philip IV.

The Neapolitans had invited the Duke of Guise, who happened to be at Rome, and who held claims of succession to the House of Anjou, to come to Naples, and aid them in establishing a republic under the protection of France. He promptly acceded to the request, and made his appearance in the city. But the Duke of Arcos and Don Juan, sustained by the Neapolitan nobility, succeeded in putting down the insurrection, and gaining possession of the person of the Duke, who was sent to Spain as a prisoner of war, and held there in confinement for several years. Meanwhile, the seditious people of Naples, notwithstanding the rigor with which Don Juan had punished the rebels, would gladly have conferred the crown on Don Juan himself, if he had not nobly resolved to remain true to his father, his country, and his honor ; so

that Spain continued, for more than two hundred years, to be the mistress of the Two Sicilies, until it was voluntarily ceded by Philip V. to his son, the Infante Don Carlos.

Naples and Spain,—the fascinating dances, the picturesque costumes, the chivalrous manners of the latter, transferred to the splendid natural scenery and teeming climate of the former, and the ardent sensibilities and exciteable temperaments of the two nations brought in contrast, and their passions for music and spectacle combined,—what a noble field for the resources of art and fancy applied to the development of dramatic effect!—And of the various topics, which Neapolitan history affords, of a nature suited for the drama, certainly none surpasses that of Masaniello,—which, indeed, has been so skilfully employed in Aubert's opera of the Mute of Portici.

The insurrection, headed by the fisherman of Amalfi, stripped even of all the illusions of poetry and music, and the embellishments of scenery, dance, and stage effect,—seems a kind of extravagance of fortune, a freak of the capricious dame in one of her dreamy moments. A poor mariner in the lowest walks of life, a youth without name, property, or any extrinsic means of influence, is instantaneously elevated to supreme and absolute power. Thousands and tens of thousands of men are devoted to his beck, and his untutored will controls the destinies of his country. But in a week,

all the pageantry and pomp of his ascendancy are passed away like a vision, like a mere vagary of the imagination, as if in scorn of the nothingness of human power and earthly distinction.

And while the subject of the piece is eminently romantic,—in the music, ballets, dresses, and scenery, all the capabilities of the subject are completely drawn out, and in the finest manner. The Spanish *bolero*, so full of imaginative and graceful movement, with accompaniment of the castanet,—and the Neapolitan dance with its gay tamborines,—are each displayed to the eye, bringing up before the fancy a thousand delicious images of the golden shores of the Mediterranean. Parthenope and its time-honored monuments of art,—the Bay of Naples, celebrated in all ages for its extreme loveliness,—the luxuriant groves and antique columns of Portici,—and the terrific splendors of Vesuvius,—appear one after the other to surprise and overpower the spectator. Music that speaks to the soul is floating in the air; fishermen, soldiers and princes, love and war, insurrection and religious rites, continually fill the scene; and all these sights and sounds of enchantment are attached, with successful ingenuity, to the personal fortunes of the lowly but gallant Masaniello, and the mute but eloquent Fenella.

EL AFRANCESADO.

In this partial, avaricious age,
What price bears honor? virtue? Long ago
It was but praised, and freezed; but now-a-days
Tis colder far, and has nor love nor praise.

MASSINGER'S FATAL DOWRY.

Eis-aqui se descobre a nobre Hespanha,
Como cabeça alli de Europa toda ;
Em cujo senhorio e gloria estranha
Muitas voltas tem dado a fatal roda.
Mas nunca poderá com força, ou manha,
A Fortuna inquieta pôr-lhe nodã,
Que lha não tire o esforço, e ousadia,
Dos bellicosos peitos que em si cria.
Com Tingitania entesta, e alli parece
Que quer fechar o mar Mediterraneo,
Onde o sabido Estreito se ennobrece
Com o extremo trabalho do Thebano.
Com nações diferentes se engrandece,
Cercadas com as ondas do Oceano ;
Todas de tal nobreza, e tal valor,
Que qualquer dellas cuida que he melhor.
Tem o Tarragonéz, que se fez claro
Sujeitando Parthenope inquieta :
O Navarro ; as Asturias, que reparo
Já foram contra a gente Mahometa.
Tem o Gallego cauto ; e o grande e raro
Castelhano, a quem fez o seu Planeta
Restituidor de Hespanha, e senhor della ;
Betis, Leaõ, Granada, com Castella.

CAMOËS, OS LUSIADAS.

EL AFRANCESADO.

AMONG the multitude of now living Spaniards, whom the vicissitudes of the Peninsula have driven into banishment, there is a class denominated *Afrancesados*, or *Frenchified*, if I may so render the word, consisting of the partisans of King Joseph. Names, respectable for intelligence, rank, fortune, and even love of country, are to be found in this class of exiles; for many persons attached themselves to the fortunes of Joseph, from deep conviction of the necessity of a change of dynasty, in order to effect the reforms of internal administration, which Spain then needed and still needs. They saw that Joseph was an intruded king,—*rey intruso*,—as he was continually called, and that he was imposed upon the country by the arts or the arms of the French; but so also had been Philip V., the first of the Bourbons. They looked to the genius and power of the Bonapartes to give new impulse to the energies of the Spanish nation; they regarded Joseph's elevation to the throne, to

use a medical phrase, in the light of an *alterative* administered to the body politic,—a harsh remedy, indeed, but one called for by the inveteracy and virulence of the disease. In a word, they submitted to a fraudulent transfer of the crown from one Frenchman to another Frenchman, in the hope of bettering the condition of their country; and adhered to their new oaths of allegiance, from patriotic motives of honest principle, despite of the general enthusiasm of the people in behalf of the deposed Ferdinand. My object, in this article, is to communicate, in the supposed letters of an *Afrancesado* to an American, a distinct idea of the fortunes and opinions of this description of Spaniards.

LETTER I.

When I left your hospitable country, and parted from those amiable and affectionate friends, whose considerate kindness did so much towards alleviating to me the pains of exile, I promised you that I would not soon forget the pledges of interest, which bound me to my temporary home in America. If I did not, immediately after my arrival in Paris, fulfil my engagement to advise you of the situation of things around me, it arose from no diminished regard, still less from any disposition to deprive you of the instruction, which I should have been able to impart. Events

of the greatest magnitude have hurried along with such frightful rapidity during the last few months, that now, as in the days of Napoleon, it is the result alone, and not the cause or progress of things, which the passing generation have time to contemplate. Of me, you will not expect a recapitulation of the stupendous incidents, which have transpired here, since the ball of revolution regained its terrible momentum, in the shock of the Three Days. I consign you to the journals, which are filled with so many striking details, to the histories, which the revolution has already evolved, for a knowledge of those events, of which, however, even the most copious publication cannot relate the hundredth part, as they sweep along in all their agitating reality.

In the wandering and stormy life, which I have been fated to live, vicissitude, convulsion, war, these are words of alarum, so familiar to my ear, as daily to lose their spirit-stirring influence on the sense.—When the first hope of liberty dawned upon me, in my natal,—would that I could still say my own!—romantic Spain, it kindled and vivified my soul, as the bright sun of the equator quickens up the springing vegetation in a tropical clime. The selfish and faithless ambition of Napoleon, to whom, usurper though he was, I looked for the redemption of my country, gave a shock to my confidence in royal reformers; and the equally selfish and faithless imbecility of Ferdinand, who, while he

thought he was only betraying his country, was a greater traitor to himself, overturned that confidence forever. And how,—amid the fragile constitutions, the vacillating governments, the unstable factions, the still beginning, yet never ending wars, the bloody battles, but fruitless victories, which I have witnessed in the New World,—how darkly have the blessed visions of my young enthusiasm been realized! If time be measured duration, and if it be the succession of conceptions and impressions, which imparts our knowledge of duration, I may well consider my life a long one, brief though it be in years;—and I cannot wonder if, like the tired steed at the close of the day, who no longer starts at the bugle note, which roused him when the fight began, I also am something dulled, in manhood, to those impulses, which disturbed and propelled an over-ardent youth.

Regard me, therefore, as at present only a spectator of the animated scenes of which I speak; and if not a deeply interested, yet neither an inexperienced nor an unpractised observer. Sure am I, that the great events, which are taking place here, cannot be fully appreciated by those, who are not actually on the spot, although a remote view of them may, perhaps, enable one to form the best estimate of their probable consequences. For myself, I look on the struggle of the Three Days as little less than a direct attack upon the principles, which have sustained hitherto all the great powers

in Europe. It is true that in its objects and intentions it was only conservative of existing institutions; in its effects, it will be found to have removed the foundations of the regal state at home, if it do not topple down monarchy itself, abroad as well as at home. Louis Philippe is an elected king; and in the present condition of Europe, an elected king is but a president of the state by another name, and a name, which does not 'smell as sweet' to the electors, the millions, who are beginning to be conscious the world was made for them, and not for Cæsar.

Nor is this the whole of the appalling truth,—appalling, that is, to the few, who are interested in the oppression of the many. France has chosen a monarch to govern her; but she did not choose monarchy as her government. *La Fayette said, and Paris said, and France said, if not expressly, yet in terms much plainer than the ordinary jargon of state language: 'Our vows are for a republic, and it is in our power to establish one in name as in substance. But out of tenderness to the sensitive feelings of our neighbors, let us now, in the greenness of our new nation, qualify our institutions royal in denomination; taking care that the extension of the elective franchise, and the universal right to bear arms, shall make our sovereign a citizen, and every citizen a sovereign. If Europe is contented with the sacrifice we make to her tranquillity, it is well; and if she be not, it is well;

for in the one case we shall be left by her to consolidate a fabric of liberty suited to our wants, and in the other we shall shake her crumbling thrones into atoms in the whirlwind of our wrath, and if our own also fall by the concussion it will not be the worse for France.' Such is the sentiment of the press and the people, in a country, where the parliament does but echo their voice, and where they are more powerful than the prince. And who can doubt on the reflective influence of such opinions, when cherished in the very focus of continental politics? When propagated by restless genius, like a new mission from above, into every corner of Europe?

And sooth to say, the spread of the contagion, the progress of the electric shock, is no longer matter of speculation. Belgium has followed the example set her, of how easily kings, imposed by foreign force, may be stripped of their ill-gotten authority, and is independent in spite of protocols or princes, of diplomacy or Dutchmen. Poland, exercising the dearest, the sacredest right of an oppressed people, the right of revolt, has taken her stand for life or for death. Italy is also in arms, against another horde of flat-nosed Huns; and would these were the last that might ever cross the Alps to oppress the nobler race of the children of the South. And England, in the radical reformation of her representative system, is undergoing a revolution in her government, almost as important as would be

a change of her dynasty. And these are but the first fruits of what a Bourbon could accomplish, when, like the senseless clown, who sawed from the tree the limb, on which he himself sat, he chose in the mere madness of fatuity to knock away the foundations of his own tottering throne.

But I see you ready to enquire, will there be war?—and to the anticipated question I answer, there is war; for if France have not yet fought any battle, yet she has buckled on her armor, and every movement of a Croat platoon in Austria, every advance of a Cossac squadron in Russia, since the Three Days, is war against France. And is it nothing that all France is one great camp? Is it nothing that her conscripts are drafted and drilled, and stand, if I may use the expression, with their pieces loaded and primed, awaiting the word of command? Is it nothing that her enthusiastic youth are held in, like mastiffs in the amphitheatre, ready to be let slip on the wild bull, the moment the *picadores* have ceased to goad him with their lances? Is it nothing that the brave campaigners of the empire, the *illustrations* of Napoleon's court, to whom the tumult of war is as the very breath of their nostrils, after so long rusting in inaction, are once more in the field?—Is it nothing that Gerard and Lobau and Clausel are at the head of armies, and your adopted Bernard restored to his well-earned rank? Is it nothing that when *imbeciles* and emigrants have been cumbering the

war office so many years, it is now ruled by the stern vigor of a hardy old marshal of the Empire, who wields his baton of office with the democratic energy of other days, and who is not more familiar with the way from his own *porte cochère* to his drawing-room, than with the road to victory and glory? Does all this martial array, preparation, and movement, savor of peace? No: it is war, in spirit and purpose; and whatever gilded professions may glitter on the surface of things, it cannot fail to become war in fact. It is that war of opinion, which Canning predicted as about to shake the thrones of Europe,—that blast from the cave of Eolus, which, when once let loose, will sweep over the globe with fury emulous of the hurricanes of the Antilles.

LETTER II.

FOREIGN nations have been accustomed to lavish endless reproaches on the Spaniards for their cruelty towards the aboriginal inhabitants of the New World. I admit there is but too much cause for this, especially in the conduct of the first conquerors; and no individual, of whatever country, can more deeply lament the fact than I do, much even as I respect and revere the characters of many of the early settlers, much as I admire their prowess, much as I am attached to the name and the fame of my adored Spain.

When Columbus explored the islands of the West, the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, abounding in noble trees, splendid flowers, and exquisite fruits, and springing from a virgin soil of exhaustless fertility, awakened his astonishment at every step. Nor was he less enchanted with the blandness and serenity of the atmosphere of the new regions he was visiting, where the people, the climate, the riches of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, all excited his imagination, and drew from him the warmest praises. The riches planted in those beautiful islands still remain; and the conquerors have increased their abundance by transporting thither and naturalizing the congenial productions of Asia and Europe. But, in one respect, how changed is the whole face of things there! The native races of Guanahani, Cuba, Hayti, Jamaica, have vanished like the dew of morning; and Africa is unpeopled to supply their place. Nothing was more deeply impressed on the mind of Columbus than the perfectly *amiable* character of the inhabitants. He dwells upon it in the description of every island at which he touched. At peace among themselves, unarmed, and engaged in the tranquil acts of cultivation, they dreaded nothing but the ruinous descents of the brutal and ferocious Caribbees. They received the Spaniards with unsuspecting confidence, as beings of a higher order, descended among them for objects of philanthropy and beneficence.

And although, on the mainland, the native races have not been annihilated before the progress of the Christians, yet I admit that my countrymen were cruel conquerors and hard masters. The victories of Cortes in Mexico, of Pizarro in Peru, and of Quesada in Colombia, were all attended with tremendous consumption of life, in addition to the revolution instantaneously effected by them in the domestic and political condition of so many millions of beings. And when the Indians were given up to the Castilians to toil in the mines or on the land, when they were distributed into *repartimientos* and *encomiendas*, and decimated by the conscription of the *mita*,—I frankly concede that the treatment they endured is a dark spot in the annals of the New World.

Thus much, however, I think I may say in behalf of my countrymen,—if not in justification of their conduct, yet in extenuation of it. All of them, even the most relentless among the exterminators of the Indians, were more or less influenced by religious motives in their sweeping projects of conquest; and with many it was a prime inducement of the daring and skill they so profusely displayed in every clime of the New World. In fact, they were *crusaders*,—warriors of the cross, just as much as Godfrey of Bouillon or Richard of England; and their ardent ambition to advance the triumphs of religion, which they had acquired in the Moorish wars at home, and the deep-seated

religious enthusiasm which belongs to the Spanish character, stimulated them in America. Wealth, power, fame,—all these objects acted powerfully on their minds and passions; but Christianity, a spirit of proselytism, and a conviction of the duty of extirpating paganism and substituting the faith of the Gospel in lieu of it, were not less apparent inducements to action, in every movement of their lives. How much of this temper of mind may have been contracted by association with the Mahometans, in whom the same traits were so strikingly developed, I know not; but its predominating influence stands out, in bold relief, upon every page of the history of the New World.

And I am confident, also, that whoever carefully examines the legislation of the council of the Indies, on this subject, will find that, whatever cruelty may have been exercised by the Spaniards in America, it is not imputable to the disposition of the nation or the intention of the government. The sufferings of the Indians arose mainly from their being so far removed from the action of the metropolis, scattered over vast regions of territory, where the authority of local rulers was, for the time being, supreme, and where the redress of wrongs was a work of time, difficulty, labor, which men undertook only under the pressure of the most insufferable grievances. If the Indians of America were oppressed, so also were the Spaniards themselves, owing to the essential absurdity of hav-

ing the seat of government so remote from the governed:—the vice of the modern colonial system, which led to the Anglo-American revolution, to the insurrection of Tupac-Amaru in Peru, and to the separation of the Spanish and Portuguese colonies from the Peninsula; and which must, sooner or later, break up the unwieldy colossus of the British empire in the East.

But have other nations ground of exultation or of self-gratulation, in comparison of their deportment towards the aboriginal inhabitants of America with that of my countrymen? Have you, of the United States? You should remember that Spain became, by the acquisition of her dominion in the New World, the mistress of millions of unchristianized and uncivilized men, and of populous independent empires of the red race; whilst your authority extended only to thousands, and those in scattered and feeble communities. We reduced the Indians, in general, to be subjects of Spain, I admit; but at the same time we rendered them,—imperfectly it may be, but still, according to our convictions of religion, not the less truly,—the followers of Christ. We left them in the enjoyment of their rights of soil, and did all that legislation could do, to preserve them from the rapacity, fraud, and violence of the white men of our people. In the progress of revolution, they have come to be the citizens of free states, like the whites themselves;—of troubled and unstable states, it is true,

but still independent republics, containing within themselves the elements of consistency and future greatness. You, it must be confessed, did not proceed of set purpose to conquer the Indians by the high hand;—nor, on the other hand, did you take *very great pains* to bring them within the pale of Christendom and of civilization. Their lands,—how much of them has been left to the original lords of the soil? How much has escaped the spreading circle of your settlements? How much, the councils and treaties and cessions, which year after year your government calls and obtains?

I have heard themselves describe their condition in one of those plaintive chants, half despair and half defiance, which issue from the lips of their prophets and their fighting men, in the hour of death; and it is not foreign to the tenor of my letter.

I fly to the mansion of spirits, to tell
 The heroes, my kinsmen, who welcome me there,
 How the false and perfidious foreigners dwell
 In the land where the warrior once had his lair.

Our fathers were lords of the mountain and vale,
 Once they roved through the forest, brave, noble and free,
 And launched their canoes to the summoning gale,
 On each river, that flows to the dark-rolling sea.

Not a blast ever rushed on the bosom of night,
 Not a hill ever rung to the tramp of a deer,
 Not an eagle flew forth on his pinions of might,
 But the speed of the red-man outstripped their career.

But foemen have swept o'er the soil where we reigned,
 Like a merciless flood that came rolling afar

From the mountain of snows,—till no vestige remained
Of the myriads, who shouted the death-cry of war.

Your people are now seeking to drive beyond their borders the last remnant of the race, which once ruled supreme throughout the wide expanse of the continent. And they will succeed. Indeed, I know not but they ought to succeed; although I could have wished that rights of soil were treated with more of respect, than seems to be intended by some of your countrymen. I admit that to have an independent community of Indians organized with separate government and laws within the chartered limits of a State, is inconsistent with the safety or peace of that State; yet I would that, while preventing such an evil, you see that so many treaties of guaranty, which your government has made, remain unbroken, lest any cause of impeachment should rest on your national faith. It is impossible for me to approve of the precipitate violation of those treaties, into which the State of Georgia seems willing to hurry the constituted authorities of the Union. And yet are those very States, which express, and I doubt not feel, the deepest sympathy for their red brethren, exempt from blame in this matter? I profess that, in my poor judgment, and leaving out of the question the obligations imposed upon the United States by the treaties she has made, I cannot see that the *political principle*, on which Georgia proceeds, is essen-

tially different from that practised upon by her sister States. Massachusetts herself has subjected the Indians within her territory to guardianship ; she denies to them any of the powers of sovereignty ; she deprives them of all control over their lands except in regard to the usufruct ; and in legislating away their primitive rights as an independent people, I am not apprised of any abstract principle of polity on which she proceeds, unless it be the same professed by Georgia.

In a word, you are all culpable, according to my apprehension of the facts,—admitting the invasion and subjugation or extinction of uncivilized men by the civilized to be a crime. Spain proceeded at once to reduce the whole race to obedience so far as her immediate accommodation demanded. You have attained the same object by successive steps ; you have subjugated or expelled them by piecemeal and in detail ; and this, after all, is the only essential distinction between the conduct of the Spanish and the English possessors of America. Some of your people have infused more of equity, others more of violence, into their conduct towards the Indians ; but all have contributed to the same end, namely, the degradation of the race within their borders. And there has been too much of poisonous ingredient in the cup of good fellowship, which all, of either nation, have proffered to the Indians. I will relate an incident, which I myself witnessed,

in illustration of the causes of the gradual melting away of the Indians in many parts of America.

I accompanied, as you remember, Don Jose de San Martin in his adventurous expedition from La Plata for the liberation of Chile and Peru. It became necessary, in the course of the march, to pass through a tract of country on the eastern side of the Andes, which was occupied by an independent tribe of savages; and San Martin invited the whole tribe to a conference, in order to conciliate their good will and make sure of an unimpeded passage into Chile. He brought to the conference, according to the usage of the Christians on such occasions, four hundred and twenty skins of intoxicating liquors, as a compliment or drink offering preliminary to the business of the meeting. The Indians dug small pits or excavations in the ground, about two feet deep, over which they spread fresh horse-hides, so as to form reservoirs, into which the liquor was poured. The Indians next gave up their hatchets, knives, and lances into the custody of their entertainers, well knowing that deadly feuds among themselves could be prevented only by this voluntary surrender of their weapons; and having thus deliberately prepared for the maddening revels which were to ensue, they sat down in groups around the reservoirs, men, women and children, and spent three whole days in a horrid carousal, the days in drinking and fighting, and the nights in the deep lethargy of brutal intoxication..

And this was the hospitality tendered to savages by uncivilized men calling themselves Christians !

What I have related is no fiction of the fancy, no dream of heated enthusiasm : it is a sad reality, a melancholy page from the history of the nineteenth century. And it is a trait of the relations between the white man and the red man, in respect of which you, of the English settlements, have more cause of self-reproach, than my countrymen of the Spanish. And it is too often by such means,—by the administering of *fire-water* to the improvident sons of the forest,—that they have been stimulated into hostilities against the whites, especially in North America ; as it is also the same cause, in no small part, which has induced their unceasing decay. And how different was the Indian in the days of his dignity and his independence from what he now appears ! How different, when he stood in arms against the best troops of your English ancestors, and not always yielded to them the victory.

The chieftain of his tribe, I see him now,—
The wampum-belt, that binds his martial brow,
His blanket-robe in many a waving fold
Around his tall, majestic body rolled,
His jet-black hair, his wild eye's piercing glance ;—
I see his warriors mingling in the dance ;—
They chant the song, whose fitful bursts prelude
The battle near ;—they seek that gloomy wood,
Where tall rank brakes and tangled shrubs below
In their dark breast receive the savage foe.—

Hark! Hear ye not that yell,—that dreadful sound,
 Which burst at once upon the stillness round,
 With fire-flash, and with muskets pealing loud,
 Like thunder-bolts, which rend a summer's cloud?
 Each stately oak within that forest sees
 The mansion of a demon, whence bright gleams
 Are blazing forth, and quick shot rattles heard:
 Yet not a leaf by living feet is stirred;
 The straining eye sees nothing human there;
 Their shout alone betrays the Indian's lair;—
 And who, that once should hear that thrilling cry,
 Could doubt again what foes were lurking nigh?—
 Yes, 't was their war-whoop; and their foes, who sleep
Reckless of danger, from that slumber leap,
 Like the lost man's convulsive swift retreat,
 Who sees the cougar crouched beneath his feet.—
 Oh! vain was then the invader's haughty boast;
 And vain the skill, the bravery of his host;
 By hands unseen their death-shot has been sped;
 The boldest there have found a gory bed:—
 And ye, who live, fly, fly, like lightning fly;
 For he, who fingers, fingers but to die.

Such were the Indians of North America once;
 but such are they no more; for now, they are a
 dependant people, the passive objects of your legis-
 lation. The Indians of North America a depen-
 dant people! How many stirring recollections are in
 the thought! What revolutions in the fate of men
 does it bespeak, since the time when your fathers
 humbly sought permission to make themselves a
 refuge in the New World from the oppression of
 the Old, and received from the mighty lords of the
 soil little grants of land here and there on the edge
 of the forest, rather in favor and compassion, than

as an object of moment to them, the red warriors of virgin America.

Revert to that dark and cheerless winter of 1620, when amid the frowns of the elements, and sustained only by the unconquerable force of conscience within their breasts, the pilgrim fathers of New England fixed their abode on the icebound shores of Plymouth. Read the simple and affecting Memorial of Secretary Morton, which I, a foreigner, have perused with unspeakable interest, and which every child of New England should learn by heart as the record of his forefather's moral greatness. Read it, and judge whether the amity and protection vouchsafed to the English by the Sachem Massasoiet be a lesson of disregard for the rights and welfare of the Indians.—Go to the banks of the Delaware; observe the venerable and bland aspect of that aged man, who fearlessly enters into the camp of the aboriginal Lenni Lenape, and treats with them on the footing of equal and uncompromising justice; and ask yourself if the deportment of the red men towards the great Miquon be a lesson of disregard for their present rights.—Carry back your recollection two hundred years. Imagine yourself on the banks of James' river. A band of fierce savages are dancing their war-dance around a single captive. He is led out to death. The club of the executioner is suspended over his head; and he takes his last look of this beautiful earth, his last breath of this balmy air, commending his

spirit to the hands of Him, who gave it for so many noble uses. It is the chivalrous Smith.—But as the blow is about to descend upon him, the lovely Pocahontas, the youthful daughter of the chief Powhatan, throws herself on the neck of the white leader, and surrenders herself to his people as the pledge of enduring peace. Was it from such occasions as this that you learned to disregard the rights of the Indians?

When Bradford, and Winthrop, and Smith, and Oglethorpe assisted at the foundation of the North American colonies, they, indeed, were far from denying or disputing the Indian title. If some learned cavil of ownership of soil had been started by them,—if they had demanded of the aboriginal inhabitants, of them, who, according to their own fable, sprang out of the bosom of your western earth at the hour of its primal creation, ere Englishmen existed, or Europeans had begun to make erudite distinction between the rights of barbarians in Europe and the rights of barbarians in America,—if, I say, Winthrop or Oglethorpe had demanded of them to set forth their title, they would have replied, in the language of the Canadian described by Erskine.—“‘Who is it,’ said the jealous ruler over the desert encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure,—‘Who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it, that makes the loud winds of winter to blow and that calms

them again at his pleasure? Who is it that rears up the shade of these lofty forests, and that blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure?—The same being, who gave to you a home beyond the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it!—cried the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk on the ground, and raising the war-whoop of his nation.” Such would have been the answer of the red man then; but now he must gratefully receive such poor bounty as the new comers accord him, leaving to them the dominion of the soil, and the regulation of his destiny.

But it is time I should bring this letter to a close. My sole object has been to advertise you of the views I entertain upon the subject of the harsh reproaches so plentifully bestowed upon the Spaniards as a nation, in reference to the supposed singularity and peculiar cruelty in their treatment of the Indians. We, it may be, have been grossly unjust: have you been punctiliously just?

LETTER III.

MAN prides himself on his intellectual properties; he counts upon his free agency in the various contingencies of this world; he studies, and schemes, and toils, for the attainment of an object of ambition or desire,—to gain wealth or power, to gratify his love of fame or of woman,—forgetful that he is but an atom in the infinite of the universe, and

that, strive as he may, his fate but slightly depends on his own exertions. He is whirled along in the mass of created things of which he composes an insignificant portion ; and a thousand accidents of time and chance may happen unto him in every stage of his life, to show that the race is *not always* to the swift nor the battle to the strong.

When I was accustomed to ramble at eve by the banks of the beautiful Guadalquivir, gazing at the sparkling of the moonbeams in its waters, or listening to the mellow notes of the serenade as it sounded beneath a distant balcony ; when the flushings of youth kindled in my own cheek, and I also conceived those visions of future usefulness, distinction, and felicity,—as who has not?—in which one loved image of beauty and tenderness shed its holy influence over my heart ; when for me, also,

Beneath the chestnut tree Love's tale was told ;
And to the tinkling of the light guitar
Sweet stooped the western sun, sweet rose the evening star :—

at such times, how little did I or could I anticipate the years of disappointment, which were in store for me ; the blighted affections, the defeated plans of honorable action, the sickening pangs of hopeless exile, which were destined, and from causes beyond my control, to wither my young heart, and to render me an aimless adventurer in Europe, a hopeless outcast in America !

My father was a cadet of a noble Castilian family, which followed Saint Ferdinand in the conquest of Cordoba and Seville, and which obtained large possessions in Andalusia as the recompense of loyalty and courage. Time, which diminished the fortune of our house, had augmented its pride; and the happiness of all the younger members of the family was unsparingly sacrificed, in order to preserve the *mayorazgo* unimpaired, and to maintain the dignity of the title. My two sisters were, of course, doomed to the convent; and my father, the only younger brother, was compelled to carve out his own subsistence, with what incidental aid family influence could bestow. If such a lot did not contribute to make his life easy, if he was obliged to have more serious objects of care than the last bull fight, or the *prima donna* of the opera, or the parade of the associated nobles of the *maestranza*, or even the ceremonies of the church and the court,—he at the same time acquired a more sharpened intellect and larger views of government and religion, than belonged to the *faineant* grandee.

After acquiring such an education as the university of Salamanca could furnish, my father received a commission in the Walloon guards, and passed many years in comparative idleness, attached, as his corps was, to the court and the person of the King. To a young man of inferior understanding or depraved tendencies, such a mode of

life would have been likely to prove ruinous to his habits, or, if not so, to fasten him to frivolous pursuits, as a hanger on at the theatres and *tertulias* of the capital. But Don Esteban had intellect fitted for better things, and a taste, which prompted him to employ his time in the acquisition of knowledge, rather than of pleasure. In the rich library of San Isidro, in the King's, and in the private collections of Madrid, he found ample food for the mind, while he did not neglect the duties of his commission, but, on the contrary, gave flattering promise of distinction, whenever he should be called into the field. Was it his fault if, in tasting of the tree of knowledge, he gained an advance upon his countrymen and his age, and was tempted to wish for the regeneration of his country? Was it not a misfortune rather than a crime?

Don Esteban's intelligence, learning, regular habits, and honorable character assured to him the good will of the Council of War, the Minister, and the King; and he early formed a connexion by marriage with a noble family, also of the kingdom of Cordoba, which strengthened his hopes of one day obtaining honorable employment. It was of this marriage that I was born, in Cordoba, whither, according to a custom of her family, my mother had gone in anticipation of my birth; and it was in Cordoba that my youth was passed. My mother died in my infancy; and I saw my father only when I was indulged in a holiday visit to Madrid,

and sometimes when public business led him to cross the Sierra Morena ; but his calm, placid air, his cheerful affectionate temper, and withal a certain staidness of manner, which, but for the flash of his kindling eye, and the animation and enthusiasm of his expressive features when objects of interest aroused him, might have been mistaken for coldness and indifference,—these his peculiar traits made a strong impression upon my youthful imagination. And a long separation, at length, ensued. Don Esteban Cavia was selected to fill the important office of Viceroy of Santa Fé ; and left me to the care of my relatives at home, whilst he was treading the paths of honor and wealth in the New World.

Those were happy days. I was fond of books, and possessed a readiness of apprehension and retentiveness of memory, which enabled me to acquire my tasks easily, and to possess time for recreation or miscellaneous reading. It was my delight, when the studies of the day were completed, to ramble among the hills in the rear of the city, or far away on the eastern side of the Gaudalquivir, in view of the temples and towers of Cordoba, and of that beautiful territory, which one of the English poets has so well described.

Betis rolled his glittering stream
In many a silvery winding traced afar
Amid the ample plain. Behind the walls
And stately piles which crowned its margin, rich

With olives, and with sunny slopes of vines,
And many a lovely hamlet interspersed,
Whose citron bowers were once th' abode of peace,
Height above height, receding hills were seen
Imbued with evening hues; and over all
The summits of the dark sierra rose,
Lifting their heads amid the silent sky.

If the hopes and speculations, which then floated in my mind, were but dreams of youth, how much purer and nobler, as well as happier, were they, than all the realities of manhood!—I saw that Spain was rich in boundless natural resources; and I mused of the means of reviving her passed prosperity. The stories of Greek and Roman virtue, which I found in the pages of Herodotus, Plutarch, or Livy, inflamed my spirit, and filled me with aspirations of greatness. I will aim, I said, at a high and shining mark, and if I fail to attain it, I shall at least have the consolation of an honorable purpose to guide my life. I read of Don Pelayo, the restorer of the monarchy; of Bernardo del Carpio, Fernan Gonzalez, and the Cid, the champions of Castilian legend; of Jayme the Conqueror, Alonso the Battler, Saint Ferdinand, and others the great monarchs of Castile and Aragon; of Isabel and her imperial grandson; of Guzman the Good, of the Great Captain, of Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, of Columbus, Cortes and Pizarro, of the two Juans of Austria, of Roger de Lauria, and of so many great commanders and admirals, who led our armies to victory and our fleets to fame;—and

I shed tears over the history of their deeds, in mingled enthusiasm of admiration, and of despair that no Moorish kingdoms nor Indian empires remained for me to confer on Spain.

Love, too,—how should I, young, imaginative, and an Andalusian, escape its influence? My immature passion attached itself, as happens so frequently when we begin to entertain love, to one my elder in years, who regarded me with interest and treated me with kindness, which she would have been slow to manifest, if she had entertained any suspicion of the nature of my sentiments.

How rudely was my vision of glory dispelled, my trance of love dissolved! The studies, the acquisitions, the thoughts of the young are in past events, which genius has recorded in attractive writings, rather than in events which are actually transpiring around us, and which rest for the time being in state papers, or gazettes, or the personal knowledge of the actors. Therefore it was that, if I knew Don Carlos to be a weak prince, and Doña Maria Luisa a vicious woman, and Don Manuel Godoy an ignorant *parvenu* and an incapable minister;—and if, as events proceeded, I heard of the scandalous trial of the Escorial, of the riots of Aranjuez, of the King's renunciations, of the arrival of the Grand Duke of Berg with soldiers of France, of the meeting of Bayonne, of Don Fernando's abdication, and of the closing act of elevating Joseph Bonaparte to the throne of Spain,—

yet I seemed to hear of these as events in some foreign country ; for they did not yet come to my home, and sweep me along in their vortex. It rushed upon me, the whole dreadful reality, as it were in an instant. That Joseph was in the palace of Madrid, that the province of Andalusia was in arms for the Prince of the Asturias, and that the French were approaching the Sierra Morena,—these were facts, which would have sufficed to awaken me to the sense of my country being the seat of war, even had they not been followed, as they were, by the mustering of troops at Cordoba to join Castaños, their hasty march, and the intoxicating victory of Baylen, the signal of universal rising throughout the Peninsula.

From Alpujarra's peak the bugle rung,
 And it was echoed from Coruña's wall ;
 Stately Seville responsive war shout flung,
 Granada caught it in her Moorish hall ;
 Galicia bade her children fight or fall ;
 Wild Biscay shook her mountain coronet ;
 Valencia roused her at the battle-call ;
 And foremost still where valor's sons are met,
 Fierce started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.

Had Providence willed that I should join the ranks of my countrymen at that time, I might, it is true, have fallen in some ignoble *guerilla* fight, but I might, also, have run successfully the glorious race of patriotism. It was not for me to choose ; the incidents were taking place, which sealed my

fate. Couriers had been despatched to America, instantly upon the transfer of the crown to Joseph, to secure the obedience of the Viceroy, Captain General, and Audiencias of the New World; and, of course, one among the rest to the important government of Bogotá. If my father had been at home,—if he had been able to witness the national enthusiasm in behalf of the Prince of the Asturias, to see the flame of indignation, which, after Dupont's defeat, pervaded all ranks of the people, in view of the transaction of Bayonne,—I am sure he would have clung to the cause of his country as such, regardless of all other considerations. But, unfortunately for him, he judged of the change of dynasty from what appeared on paper; and rightly appreciating the incalculable benefits, which Spain might derive from re-entering the pale of European civilization under the auspices of the great Napoleon, he signified his resolution to support Joseph, and required the acquiescence of the subordinate authorities in New Granada. For a short time, men seemed to pause, uncertain what to think or to decide; but intelligence soon reached Carthage of the state of things in Spain,—of the resistance of the people to the intruded government, of the various *juntas* established in the name of Don Fernando, and in short of the general hostility of the nation towards the French. A conspiracy was therefore secretly organized for deposing the Viceroy; and a junta of government, having cor-

rupted and gained over the officers of the army, succeeded in arresting Don Esteban, and placed him on board a transport to be carried to Cadiz and handed over to the Junta of Seville for trial. The vessel was captured by a French cruiser, and thus my father was carried to Brest instead of Cadiz; but although he personally escaped the control of the Junta, they caused him to be condemned to perpetual banishment and confiscation of goods, and thus drove him into close alliance with the French.

When I first heard of all this, I felt as if I were stunned, stupified, incapable of thinking or acting. My mother's family began to look upon me with coldness, in consequence of their vindictive condemnation of my father's conduct; and my uncle, roused from the apathy of provincial idleness by the troubles of his country, was in arms with Castaños, at the head of his tenantry and household. And I had little space for reflection; for ere long the French entered Seville, and orders came to me from my father to leave Cordoba immediately, and to repair to Paris to receive the elements of military education previously to entering the army. I was hurried along from one post to another in company with a French courier; I crossed the Sierra Morena; I passed through Madrid, stopping only a few hours for the necessary refreshment of sleep; and thus, in a few days, I traversed the Peninsula from Cordoba to the Bidasoa, and entered upon

the soil of France. During this rapid journey, I had little opportunity to dwell upon the scenes around me; and there was, indeed, nothing to be seen any where but the same terrible spectacle of war. I caught sight of my father an instant, and but an instant, on the way; and the circumstances of the interview made a deep impression on my mind.

There is a mountain pass in Old Castile called the Garganta de Pancorvo. Leaving the town of Bribiesca, and proceeding through the miserable village of Santa Maria del Cubo, you arrive, after passing a road which branches off to Logroño on the right, at the village of Pancorvo, from which the gorge or *throat* derives its name, being situated between that place and the village of Mayago. It is one of the wildest spots, one of the most difficult defiles, in a country abounding in mountain straits; and is peculiarly defensible against a force marching in the direction of Bribiesca. The road from Miranda de Ebro for two leagues to Mayago offers nothing peculiar; but at Mayago it comes of a sudden to the foot of the mountain, which at this place is a huge perpendicular broken rock, several hundred feet in height. The road winds along the foot of this precipice, having another cliff of less height on the opposite side, with a little ruined chapel; and here commences the gorge in question. There is, at this point, a small valley or oblong plain, closely surrounded by the mountains; and

when you reach its termination, it seems as if the road was about to be swallowed up in the gorge; for the mountain on the left hand side stretches out as it were before the other, or rather they converge together as if they were going to unite in one stupendous mass. Advancing, however, you find that the road winds into the defile, the mountain on each side consisting of enormous blocks of solid rock cloven down to the base, and just affording a narrow trough for the passage of a rivulet. Enormous cliffs overhang the traveller in threatening masses of castellated form; and at length a succession of huge, bare, jagged rocks appears, on the summit of which are the ruins of an old castle frowning in desolate elevation above the village of Pancorvo, as if placed there by some caprice of human vanity, or singular love of unapproachable security. Such is the Garganta de Pancorvo.

Night was approaching as we departed from Santa Maria del Cubo, and we hurried on, anxious to reach Miranda de Ebro before it should be dark, as we apprehended some danger from the wild region that intervened, and knew that there we should gain the main body of the army. Soon after passing the rivulet and bridge, and an obelisk-fountain, which are situated at the entrance of the road to Logroño, we descried scattered parties of men issuing from Pancorvo into the gently undulating region towards us, and flying with desperate

haste in the direction of Logroño. Their long fowling pieces, their want of uniform, some of them wearing the little shepherd's cap of the country, others the round broad brimmed Andalusian hat, some in tattered brown cloaks, and others in garments which had evidently belonged to French soldiers,—every thing indicated that I beheld a *guerilla* party of my countrymen flying before the French. The Castilians were too closely followed by their pursuers, to think of molesting us; for a squadron of cuirassiers came dashing out of the gorge, their polished armor gleaming in the sun, and the advance guard of the French was debouching behind them into the open champaign in face of Pancorvo.

And it was then I was doomed, after so many years of separation, to behold my father. He was in the centre of a group of officers, just pausing from the pursuit. He started as I caught his eye, and turned to give me a brief greeting and his paternal blessing. As I kissed his hand, and received his hurried 'God bless you, Vicente,' I was deeply struck by the look of profound melancholy, which his countenance bore, and the stern harsh expression, which had succeeded to the tranquil repose of his noble features, as I remembered them in other days. A few years, it seemed, had done the work of a life upon his frame and his spirit; and premature old age had settled down upon him; and I became sensible that the calm of despair was

taking the place of the manly self-poised vigor of his former existence. His foaming horse, and his person covered with dust and blood, sufficiently indicated the work of death in which he was engaged; but it was the blood of Spaniards and of countrymen which he had been shedding; and while his position or his immediate sense of duty impelled him to the task, it was evident that his feelings, if not his principles, revolted at the part he was called upon to act. Was he not, indeed, in arms upon his native soil, and yet fighting in the ranks of its invaders? A band of Castilians and Aragonese had attempted to defend the Garganta de Pancorvo. With artillery they might have held it against the world; but they were borne down by the fierce charge of the French cavalry; and while Don Esteban fleshed his sabre in their blood, he felt that, like Count Julian, he was bringing the foreigners upon his country, without the stimulus of private wrongs to goad him on, or the promptings of revenge to stifle his conscience.

But the painful impression, which this incident made on my mind, was effaced by what occurred at Miranda de Ebro. We found here the main body of the French army, drawn up in momentary expectation of the arrival of the Emperor. What an imposing spectacle is a well appointed army, in its orderly ranks, splendid dresses, glittering arms, and all the pomp, and circumstance, and movement of war! As I was conducted along, sometimes in

the rear of the line, sometimes crossing it, gazing at the magnificent scene, my beating pulse, and mine eye filled with tear drops, which excitement often calls into it, but sorrow never,—told me that here were those victorious legions, which had planted the tricolor on half the cathedrals of Europe.

Night was about descending around us, and the blazing watch-fires and other preparations making for the bivouac, began to add to the impressiveness of the scene, when all at once a shout of 'Vive l'Empereur' rose along the line, so deep and loud, that it seemed the solid earth sending up its voice to greet the child of destiny. A cloud of dust, illumined by a blaze of torches, came rolling on as if impelled by the winds; and as it approached, a squadron of horse issued from its bosom, their lances flashing in the torch light, and their bright pennons floating in the night air,—at the head of whom was an individual mounted on a mettled black steed, and clad in a plain gray frock-coat and low military hat, whilst a numerous staff, glittering in gold lace and gay with nodding plumes, galloped along in his train. It was Napoleon whom I saw; for even if the dress and attendance had not sufficed to bespeak the conqueror, who could have mistaken that man's inexpressible grandeur of air and feature, the very personification of one of Plutarch's antique heroes? All around him were full of martial ardor; animated faces, flashing

eyes, eager movements, evinced that exaltation of soul, which dominates over the field of battle, and is the very spirit of victory and conquest. He alone wore an imposing serenity of look, which seemed to look down upon the excitement around him, as if, master of destiny, he had succeeded in binding even death to his chariot-wheels, and had no emotions to bestow upon the chances or perils of war. I yielded me unresistingly to that profound impression of the moral sublime, which the sight of this extraordinary being never failed to produce. I knew that I was gazing on the man of the age, the inventor of a new system of war, a new art of victory; the imperial soldier of the Pyramids and the Simplon was before me; he, who found the diadem of Charlemagne in the kennel, who rescued it from ignominy, to place it on his own brows amid the acclamations of mankind, and who restored its glory and splendor; and I felt that to follow him in the stricken field, to die under him and for him, was better than to live for aught else of human joy or hope.

One event only was wanting, to fix my future lot; and too speedily it came. I had reached Paris, and was unremittingly devoted to the studies and exercises of my profession, only snatching from them time enough to read the details, given by the gazettes, of the progress of the war in Spain. My father, I saw, was distinguished and trusted, as, with his qualities, he could not fail to

be more and more, in proportion to the opportunities afforded him for becoming known; but a painful and tragic end awaited him,—an end, how unworthy of his noble character, of his elevated principles! Being taken prisoner by the Spaniards, he was tried on a charge of treason, condemned, and executed, in spite of all the remonstrances of the French, and their threats of bloody retaliation. His death severed the last link of hope, which attached me to the fortunes of my native country; for how could I, the son of an executed traitor, abandoned by my connexions, and convinced, at last, of the impossibility of sustaining Joseph on the throne,—how could I expect to return to Spain, unless in disgrace and obscurity? In short, I saw that I was compelled to reconcile myself, as I might, to the condition of an *Afrancesado*, a homeless exile, dependant on his sword for subsistence, and doomed to fight the battles of others, in Germany, in Poland, in America, as fortune should direct his footsteps. I would not, I could not, consent to bear arms against my native land, but you well know I was not backward in serving my adopted country, as the fields of Leipsic, of Borodino, and of Waterloo might attest; and when the star of Napoleon's ascendancy had set never to rise again, I followed the banners of independence in the New World through many a day of triumph, by the side of San Martin, Sucre, Bolivar, and Victoria; and the scenes I witnessed, the men I knew, may,

perhaps, form the subjects of future communications; but I will not fatigue you with more of my adventures on the present occasion.

LETTER IV.

AMONG the nations of modern Europe, which, for several centuries, held a place in the front files of European politics, and which are now secondary in rank, there are none, whose decline is more plainly ascribable to vicious political institutions, than Poland and Spain. They lie at remote extremities of Europe; the circumstances of their rise to power and of their downfall respectively are widely different; and yet I have not seldom reflected on the light, which their contrasted peculiarities throw upon the history of government in general; and if you will follow me in my view of their fortunes, I think you will be satisfied that each of them affords matter of admonition to yourself as a citizen of the United States. In the cosmopolitan life, which it has been my lot, as you remember, to lead, I have gained some personal experience in relation to each of these countries; and I give you its results.

Poland is a name calculated to awaken the deepest emotions of sorrow, pity, indignation; to fill the mind with a train of melancholy and heart-rending reflexions, such, I admit, as attach to no

other country among the nations of Christendom. Other lands have been misgoverned, oppressed, afflicted by revolutions, civil war, and bloodshed; they have been ravaged by foreign conquerors: but what second example is there, in modern times, of a nation annihilated, of a country reduced to a desert, of a people swept from the face of the earth, and that by a Christian prince, pursuing his tyrannical purposes with the name of a just God and a merciful Saviour on his lips?—And yet such is the disastrous destiny of Poland.

The fact, that such a thing shou'd happen in our day, is in itself sufficiently extraordinary, and the causes, which led to it, must of necessity be peculiar and striking. What induced that anarchy of Poland, which tempted and enabled the north-eastern monarchies of Europe to seize upon its provinces, and to piece out their hereditary states with the spoils of partition?

First among them I place the quality and social condition of their population. It has consisted, as you will remember, of three distinct classes, namely, the Jews, and the Christians divided by a marked line into nobles and peasants. Infinite reproach has been cast upon the Castilian princes, who forced the Jews and Moors out of Spain; but I cannot say that I feel persuaded the measure was so plainly impolitic, as most foreign authors have been disposed to argue. Poland, I am sure, has sustained constant injury from seeing the commer-

cial industry of the country in the hands of individuals, who, by their particular circumstances, were aliens to the political interests of the nation. I do not speak of this fact in the purpose of imputing the whole blame to the Jews; the laws, imposing disabilities on them, might have been quite as much in fault as the disabled individuals; but, whether it be a Spanish prejudice of education or not, it seems to me, I confess, that the Jews contributed in no slight degree to the natural weakness and consequent anarchy of Poland.

I admit, however, that the Christians are responsible for more of this than the Jews. The laboring population of the country was distributed in vast estates, held by the proud nobles, in whom and for whom only the nation existed. The peasantry consisted of degraded serfs, born but to till the earth, and to serve their haughty lords, and of course destitute of the spirit of liberty, or the capacity of imparting solidity and strength to the national organization. In fact, the Polish character, as such, the nationality of Poland as it appears in history, belongs to the nobles, not to the aggregate mass of the people. It happened to them, as it does to all men who enjoy freedom while those about them are destitute of it, that they prized the blessing the more highly from the contrast; that a spirit of ardent, exciteable independence pervaded them, equally hostile to good government and to public peace, because prone to degenerate into self-willed

obstinacy of irresponsible personal ambition; and that, as a nation, they possessed a kind of irregular energy, which manifested itself in fits and starts of greatness, a spasmodic vigor alternating with complete prostration. Harmony, union, regulated and systematic public action,—these were comparatively unknown to the national councils. Hence while Sobieski could raise a splendid army of Polish nobles, that should vanquish the embattled myriads of the Turks before Vienna, as it were in a day, and thus deliver Christendom once and forever from the dominion of the crescent,—it was not long afterwards, when a Swedish *roitelet* could overrun Poland, dictating laws to her, and making and unmaking her kings at will.

And the elective quality of the Polish monarchy is a familiar cause of the disorders, which have visited that unhappy country. It became, in process of time, a prize too great for private individuals to attain without violent conflicts of faction; and the practise of electing foreign princes introduced a series of evils, greater, if possible, than those which attended the elevation of a native palatine to the throne. Experience shows that the property of being hereditary is of the essence of stable monarchy. Among the most fruitful sources of confusion in Gothic Spain,—and in Leon, Navarre, Castile, and Aragon, afterwards,—was the absence of a clearly settled law of succession.

But the mode of conducting elections, and other

public business, in the assemblies of the nobles, was a more singular feature in the political constitution of Poland. Your ideas of a deliberative assembly are derived from the forms of legislation adopted in England, and communicated by her to the United States. The old cortes of Spain, the parliaments held in remote periods by the English barons, and similar assemblies elsewhere when feudal institutions were in vigor in Europe, wore a very peculiar aspect; and Poland was destined to afford a pregnant illustration of their mischievous tendency, when conducted, under changed circumstances, and yet in the forms of the middle age. Imagine a vast plain before Warsaw, covered with tents, alive with prancing steeds, and with armed horsemen in the most brilliant and showy costumes, while martial music greets the ear, and every thing speaks of war. You would infer, from the mustering squadrons and the groups of tents on different sides, that hostile armies were preparing for battle; but you discern the black eagle of Poland floating above the camp; and soon discover that these are her free nobles met to deliberate and vote on the affairs of the kingdom. The spectacle is magnificent, and the idea splendid; but how radically false is the whole in principle! Men of pacific temper and pursuits are quite ready enough, in the effervescence of debate, to yield to the impulse of passion; and what can be expected of irascible warriors, with arms in their hands, and troops of

vassals at their heels, under the like circumstances? What but violence, bloodshed, the argument of the sword to back the weaker one of reason!—And such, indeed, was the operation of things in Poland.

Out of a state of facts like this grew the extraordinary privilege of the *liberum veto*, or free veto, by virtue of which any one of these turbulent and opinionative nobles could interpose his negation so as to arrest the legal action of the whole body, and thus completely nullify every measure of public utility, and render violence the sole means of accomplishing any important natural measure. The effect of this institution is one of the strongest possible examples of the mischiefs of ill-organized freedom, and especially of that worst abuse of freedom, the attempt, in a popular government, to impose the will of the minority upon the majority.

The anarchy, consequent upon this system of laws, gave to Russia, Prussia, and Austria, arguments in favor of the partition of Poland, which, unfortunately, were but too well founded. It is not singular that Frederic of Prussia should have entered heartily into the scheme; it is not singular that Catherine of Russia should have done so; but it is singular that Maria Theresa of Austria should have joined with her inveterate Prussian foe, and with Catherine of Russia, in the prosecution of a project so flagitious. It is remarkable, indeed, that two female sovereigns should have conspired for such a purpose, and still more so, in view of the

opposite character and past history of those two sovereigns. The chaste, the conscientious, the devout Maria Theresa, the daughter of a race of monarchs, she who had well nigh fallen a victim in her youth to a similar attempt on her own dominions, and who had escaped only by throwing herself on the national enthusiasm of the Hungarians,—that she should have made common cause with a profligate adventurer like Catherine, the reverse of herself in all respects, and whom she every day contemptuously spoke of as ‘that woman,’—all this shows how easily every consideration of principle may be made to yield to the dictates of state necessity or expediency.

And thus, we see, fell Poland, notwithstanding the ardent spirit of nationality, which animate the Poles,—through want of due combination of the elements of political greatness. The prostration of Spain has arisen from the contrary cause, namely, the attainment of undue consolidation of the same elements by the total sacrifice of the sentiment of individuality among the nobles, and by the attempt to sacrifice it in the provinces composing or dependant upon the Peninsula.

Spain resembles Poland in the excessive number and haughty spirit of her privileged class; and had that tendency to personal independence, which distinguished the great nobles of Castile and Aragon, acquired the same degree of development as in Poland, it would have been likely to end, as

there, in political anarchy ; but having been suppressed and subdued by the power of the crown, and all counterpoise to the latter having thus been lost, the political energies of the kingdom were sunk in the apathy of absolutism. Thus it was that one foreign possession of Spain after another fell off, beginning with Holland and terminating with America ; and thus it was that the cause of constitutional freedom in the Peninsula was wrecked, at a time when its prospects were so auspicious, subsequently to the restoration of the present King.

Let me explain my idea a little more fully. Recollect that Spain consists at the present day, as it has from a remote period, of separate provinces, or kingdoms as we call several of them, each having been for centuries independent of the other, so as to have acquired peculiar laws, manners, and language. Leon with Galicia and the Asturias formed the kingdom of the early descendants of Don Pelayo ; Navarre formed another ; Aragon, Biscay, Castile, Catalonia, successively appear on the stage, under their counts or kings ; as the reconquest of the Peninsula from the Moors proceeds, Portugal, Valencia, Murcia, Estremadura, and at last Andalusia, begin to assume individuality of character. When all these fragments of ancient Spain are at length reunited under Philip Second, none of them loses its identity. The costume, dialect, and habits of the Valencian are the reverse of those of the Gallego ; the Andalusian differs not

less widely from the Catalan, the Murcian from the Navarrese, and the Portuguese from each ; and even those who most nearly resemble each other, like the Castilians and Aragonese, have yet their distinctive prominent features of peculiarity ; and thus it has continued through all the political vicissitudes of the Peninsula.

I might follow up this course of remark, by referring to the foreign territories of the same Philip, —to Milan, Naples, the Netherlands, and the New World ; but I abstain from doing it, lest I should encumber my argument by making too many complex considerations bear upon a single point. What I suggest to you, therefore, upon this view of the subject, is to observe the extraordinary facilities afforded by the existing subdivisions of Spain, for the organization of a government more or less federative in its nature. I do not say for the organization of a republic ; because the federative principle is equally reconcileable with monarchy ; and therefore I free the question from that ground of objection. And I ask you again to reflect how readily the provinces of Spain would fall into a federative government,—nay, how congenial such a form of government is with the whole spirit of their institutions. Biscay, Navarre, Castile, Aragon, Catalonia, possess a peculiar provincialism of sentiment and of internal organization, just as plainly as Massachusetts and Virginia. Once they were separate communities, like your States ; they

were accustomed, like you, to act in their local legislative assemblies; like you, they are averse to consolidation into one people, one homogeneous mass; and, like you, in short, they are the very elements for a federal union.

You have felt surprise, I doubt not, in common with so many others, that the Constitution which limited the royal power, which gave to Spain a legislative body, which aimed at reforming abuses, and renovating the health of the monarchy,—you have wondered that so noble and hopeful a scheme as this did not receive the unshaken support of the people; and you have been disposed, it may be, to join in the vulgar cry against the Spanish clergy, and reproach them as the cause of the strange downfall of the Cortes. But I assure you that it was not solely the influence of the clergy, which ruined the fabric of the Constitution; it was because that fabric was not founded on the affections of the people; it violated the cherished nationality of the various provinces; it disregarded the pre-existing institutions, upon which and out of which it should have been framed; and the people preferred an absolute king at the head of those institutions, rather than a limited king obtained at the expense of sacrificing them in obedience to political theory.

The Spanish nobles, in ancient times,
 authentic beyond that of their class
 Not even France,

whose great feudatories balanced the power of the crown ; nor England, whose barons could assemble at Runymede and extort a charter from their king at the point of the sword,—ever witnessed the same independence of spirit and action among their nobles, which characterized those of Castile and Aragon. I do not speak merely of weak princes, in whose reigns the great barons usurped, of course, more than their due share of sway ; but I refer, also, to the history of Castilian and Aragonese kings of the greatest eminence and most resolute character. Thus it was that the Cid presumed to administer to Don Alfonso an oath, to ascertain whether he had participated in the murder of his brother Don Sancho. Thus also, when Don Lope Diaz de Haro took arms against Don Sancho IV., to the herald who came to demand the reason of his conduct, he replied that he had no reason to give but his own good will and pleasure. And it is notorious that, for centuries, individual families, like the Laras for instance, yielded obedience to the Castilian kings or not, as might suit their personal convenience or their convictions of public good. Abundance of insulated facts of the same tenor could be selected from the history of Aragon ; but it is sufficient to refer to the Aragonese Justiza, that great national magistrate, who attempered, neutralized, and sometimes controlled the royal authority ; and to the famous oath of office administered to their kings. *NOS QUE VALEMOS TANTO COMO*

VOS, Y QUE PODEMOS MAS QUE VOS, OS HACEMOS NUESTRO REI, CON TAL QUE GARDEIS NUESTROS FUEROS ; SINO, NO.— *We, who, in nobility are equal to you, and in power superior, make you our king, provided you observe our rights ; if not, not.*—And every page in the old Spanish chronicles contains evidence of the independent, not to say turbulent, spirit, in the great nobles, which such limited oaths of allegiance to their kings would lead us to anticipate. In the cortes and in the field, they were alike powerful, both in peace and war.

But the grandees of Spain have utterly ceased to possess any independent political power in the state. In Scotland, England, and Ireland, when the feudal supremacy of the nobles passed away, and the chiefs of the state raised troops without reliance upon their great vassals, the latter still retained their political influence, as hereditary members of the parliament of the realm. Hence the peerage of Great Britain continues to be an integral part of the government, and possesses means of distinction and of usefulness, which are beyond the control of the crown. And although the independence of the great nobles was for a while suspended in France, it is now revived by their constituting there also a separate branch of the legislature. The Spanish nobles, on the contrary, are mere satellites of the court, looking to their kings for offices in the household or abroad, and possessed of public station and consequence only

through the favor of the crown. How such a change in their condition was effected, I need not here explain. The fact is undeniable, and it serves, in addition to what I before stated, to explain the *absolutism* of Don Fernando, and all that long train of public evils, which arise from weak princes and incapable favorites having so long virtually had complete dominion over the public resources of Spain.

I repeat, therefore, that as the peculiar misfortunes of Poland have arisen from deficiency of consolidation and excess of individuality, so, on the contrary, those of Spain flow in a great measure from causes precisely the reverse, from defect of individuality and excess of consolidation. These two kingdoms, once among the freest in the world, are now sunk, by opposite means, in the lowest abasement of servitude. The political principle, on which their fate has hinged, is the predominating one in the social organization of the United States; and valuable lessons may be drawn from their fortunes, as affected by that principle.

But I must abruptly bid you farewell. Another blow is to be struck for the deliverance of my country; and although I feel the desperateness of the enterprise, yet shall Vicente Cavia refuse to follow where Mina leads? If we succeed,—or if we fail, and I escape the sword and the scaffold,—I will not forget my friends across the Atlantic.

THE COUNT DUKE,

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF A FAVORITE.

Un Godo, que una cueva en la montaña
Guardó, pudo cobrar las dos Castillas,
Del Bétis y Xenil, las dos orillas,
Los herederos de tan grande hazaña.

A Navarra te dió justicia y maña :
Y un casamiento en Aragon las siñas,
Con que á Sicilia y Nápoles humillas,
A quien Milan espléndida acompaña.

Muerte infeliz en Portugal arbola
Tus castillos; Colon pasó los Godos
Al ignorado seno desta bola :

Y es mes fácil, ó España, en muchos modos,
Que lo que á todos les quitaste sola,
Te pueden á tí sola quitar todos.

FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO.

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new opened : O how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors !
There is betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE COUNT DUKE.

FAVORITISM is incidental to the nature of monarchy; and the influence of the former upon the latter resembles the influence of the latter upon the national prosperity. Sometimes, in the chances of hereditary succession, a country is blessed with a prince like Henri Quatre, whose ambition is for the good of his people; and sometimes the administration of public affairs may fall into the hands of a minister, who, while absolute master of king and kingdom, exercises his authority justly and honorably, and with the feelings of a patriot. But these are the exceptions to the ordinary course of things; for it usually happens that favoritism, like monarchy itself, is a perdurable curse to the country where it exists. Such was emphatically the case with the famous Count Duke, Don Gaspar de Guzman, commonly designated in foreign histories by his territorial appellation of Olivares.

That was the age of imperious favorites. Buckingham in England, Richelieu in France, and

Olivares in Spain, whilst they resembled each other in character and social position, and whilst they tyrannized over their respective liege lords, were also distinguished for their mutual private hatred. The enmity of Buckingham and the Count Duke grew out of the gallantries of Villiers during the celebrated visit of Prince Charles at the court of Spain; that of Richelieu and Olivares was more the result of political rivalry acted upon by the relative circumstances of Spain and France.

Don Gaspar was born at Rome, his father being at the time Spanish Ambassador, and residing in a mansion built on the ruins of Nero's palace,—a circumstance, which served to point many a satirical remark in the sequel. He received his education at Salamanca, and, on being admitted at court, attached himself devotedly to the Infante, afterwards Philip IV. In 1621, his patron ascended the throne, at the age of sixteen; and it soon appeared that the absolute control of affairs was to be exercised by Don Gaspar, through the extraordinary influence he possessed over the dissolute and weak-minded young King. Don Gaspar began by excluding from the cabinet his benefactor, the Duke of Uceda; next he filled the principal offices with creatures of his own; then he caused Don Rodrigo Calderon, the individual commemorated in *Gil Blas*, to be tried and executed, ostensibly for some old act of homicide, but in reality to remove so able a competitor out of the way; and he finally

procured the deposition and ruin of Don Pedro Giron, the great Viceroy of Naples. After these terrible proofs of his exclusive domination over the King, who would venture to rival or oppose the Count Duke of Olivares and San Lucar? On the contrary, he now became the fountain of honor and the centre of power, and commenced that long but disastrous administration of the affairs of Spain, from which her political decline is to be dated.

When Philip IV. assumed the crown, Spain was at the height of her power. She not only possessed Milan, Naples, and Sicily on the one side of Europe, and the Austrian Netherlands on the other; but, in addition to the Spanish and American heritage of Charles Fifth, she held Portugal, and all the Portuguese dominions in the East and West Indies. The Count Duke undertook the gigantic task of restoring the ascendancy of the Spanish arms all over Europe, wasting the resources of the kingdom abroad instead of husbanding them at home. The truce, concluded with the Dutch under the administration of the Duke of Lerma, was about to expire; and the Count Duke resumed the war with great spirit, in the Netherlands and on the Rhine; but, if the great Spinola gained some advantage from the Dutch, on the other hand the latter obtained possession of Brazil and part of the Portuguese conquests in the East, whilst Cardinal Richelieu succeeded in expelling the Spaniards from Artois, as also from Piedmont and the

Valteline in the north of Italy. And, in the year 1640, the Catalans, whose privileges had been violated by some of the Count Duke's measures, and who became weary of the expense and commercial losses occasioned them by the existing wars, broke out into open revolt, and formed a defensive and offensive alliance with France. This misfortune was quickly followed by a greater, namely, the murder of Don Miguel Vasconcelos, the son-in-law of Olivares, and Secretary for Portugal, who governed that kingdom for the time being; and the *acclamation*, as it was called, of Joaõ de Braganza to the throne of Portugal, Brazil, and the Indies.

When intelligence of the revolutionary movement in Portugal reached Madrid, it produced extreme inquietude, not to say consternation. Spain was already overwhelmed with troubles abroad and at home, arising out of her incapacity to cope with so many enemies at once, and the necessity of sustaining the contest in so many quarters, crippled, as she was, by the fierce and obstinate insurrection of Catalonia. No man dared to communicate the bad tidings to the King, through fear of the Count Duke, who deferred it as long as possible, and then concealed the true state of the case from his credulous master.

'Señor,' said the Count Duke, 'I bring good news: we have gained a spacious territory.'

'And how so, Count?' said the King, in some surprise.

‘The Duke of Braganza,’ replied Olivares, ‘has gone mad, and suffered himself to be proclaimed King of Portugal. His folly will furnish a confiscation of twelve millions.’

‘Well then, set it right,’—*pues bien, que se ponga remedio*,—said the indolent Don Philip, and returned to his pleasures.

But the Count Duke could not conceal from himself the growing peril of his situation. For twenty years, he had ruled the wide realms of Spain with despotic sway; his will had been law upon three continents; but the period of his abasement was at hand; and the circumstances, which at length opened the eyes of the King to the misgovernment of his favorite, constitute one of those curious passages in human fortune, where fact and romance appear to be contending for the mastery.

The Count Duke was in his cabinet, preparing to retire from the accumulating cares and anxieties of the day, to obtain, if he might, the repose he needed. A servant announced that Sancho, the former treasurer of the army in Portugal, having escaped from the prison of the usurper, begged permission to communicate to the Count Duke an affair of the last consequence. Don Gaspar, who was naturally proud and difficult of access, roughly commanded that he should come at the proper time of audience. Sancho was in despair. He insisted that he must instantly see the Count Duke; that the salvation of the monarchy depended upon it; and he adjured

Don Gaspar not to refuse him admission. Overcome by these earnest entreaties, the Count Duke at length yielded. No sooner did Sancho find himself alone with the Count Duke, than he knelt before the latter, exclaiming :

‘I thank God and your Excellency, that I am permitted to throw myself at the feet of the most excellent the Count Duke, and thus to preserve the kingdom from destruction.’

‘Speak to the point, sir,’ said the Count Duke ; ‘give me your tidings in brief, and without ceremony.’

Thus urged, Sancho proceeded to give a clear but circumstantial narrative of the strange facts which had come to his knowledge, interrupted occasionally by the exclamations, comments, or questions of the Count Duke.

‘Your Excellency remembers that the usurping Duke of Braganza has caused all the Castilians in Lisbon to be thrown into prison ; and I, among the rest, became the tenant of a Portuguese dungeon. At length, it came to my knowledge that Fray Nicolas de Valesco, a Spanish Capuchin friar whom I had seen at the Duke of Medina Sidonia’s, enjoyed great favor at the palace, and had constant intercourse with Don Juan and the Dutchess as well as with their principal servants, although he had been brought into Lisbon loaded with chains, and very harshly treated as a detected spy. The suspicion forced itself upon my mind that there

must be some mystery, some political intrigue at the bottom of this ; and at any rate I drew from it hopes of release from captivity. I wrote to Fray Nicolas in respectful terms, stating who I was, and imploring him to use his influence for my liberation ; and in confirmation of my claims to his good offices, I communicated to him letters of business which I had received at various times from the Duke of Medina, showing that I was honored with the confidence of the Duke. I obtained a prompt reply from Father Nicolas, to the effect that he should be proud to serve any friend of the Duke's, and that he would not fail to labor for my enlargement ; recommending in the mean time strict secrecy.'

'A pretty piece of insolence this,'—interposed the Count Duke,—'to bandy about my noble kinsman's name between you like a hand-ball.—But proceed.'

'I crave pardon for a few moments,' said Sancho, 'and your Excellency shall hear. Ere long I addressed another letter to the monk, entreating him to observe that I had now lain in prison seven months ; that the Count Duke seemed to have no thought of my misfortune ; and that I had no prospect of regaining my liberty but through his aid. In short, but little time had elapsed, when Fray Nicolas made his appearance in person with an order for my discharge, offering, at the same time, to have me included in a passport given to some do-

mestics of the Dutchess of Mantua, who were about returning to Madrid. With many professions of thankfulness I declined his offer, telling him that my funds having been seized and my accounts destroyed in the late revolution, I was afraid to present myself before the Count Duke, who was austere and inflexible,—I humbly crave pardon of your Excellency once more for presuming so far,—and who would perhaps sentence me to imprisonment on some groundless charge of peculation. I assured him that the first wish of my heart was to re-enter the service of the Duke of Medina.'

'The Duke of Medina, again?'—exclaimed Don Gaspar; —'Whither tends all this?'

'Your Excellency shall know all,' said Sancho. 'Fray Nicolas and I became inseparable friends, and ere long his vanity gave me a clue to the secret which I sought to possess. To show the extent of his credit and his consideration, my Capuchin boasted that I should see him very soon in other habits; that he had assurance of a bishopric, and did not despair of attaining the Roman purple.—I affected not to believe this, and even ridiculed it as preposterous and incredible. Hereupon Fray Nicolas, in a moment of pique, exclaimed—"And what should you think, if you saw a crown on the head of the Duke of Medina?" In a word, what with flattery and what with pretence of incredulity, I trained him on to disclose to me his whole plot. He avowed that he was charged with negotiation be-

tween royal personages ; that in a brief space we should see the Duke of Medina Sidonia sovereign of Andalusia.’—

‘Hold!’—cried the Count Duke ; ‘what absurd folly is this, which you repeat ? The Duke of Medina sovereign of Andalusia !—The man is mad !’

‘Please your Excellency,’ resumed Sancho, ‘I am not mad, but give you sure information in all truth and soberness. Fray Nicolas explained to me that this important affair was conducted by a Castilian lord, the same who had exposed to Don Joaõ a late conspiracy against his life, namely, the Marquess de Ayamonte.’

‘Ha !’—said Olivares ; ‘sits the wind in that quarter ? I know the Marquess of Ayamonte for my bitter enemy, and a man bold, enterprising, unscrupulous, and endued with that indifference for life which usually accompanies high ambition. I see the whole plot, both its author and its object. Yet proceed.’

‘I have all but done,’ replied Sancho. ‘Here, then, was Fray Nicolas, earning the mitre by laboring to elevate his patron the Duke of Medina to a throne. Spain, according to him, was about to assume a new aspect. Catalonia a republic ; Andalusia a kingdom for the Duke of Medina ; Portugal another for his sister the Dutchess of Braganza,—take away three such mighty fragments, with the Indies, perhaps, to follow the fate of Andalusia and

Portugal, and what would remain for Don Philip? —In a word, the monk pitched on me as a messenger to the Marquess and the Duke, charging me with despatches from Don John of Braganza and himself, which I have the supreme happiness to remit into the hands of your Excellency,—whom God preserve.'

Sancho's intelligence had gradually unfolded itself, as he proceeded; but it did not the less fill the Count Duke with surprise and consternation. He anticipated the odium, which would attach to himself and his administration, when the treasonable designs of yet another Guzman should become generally known; the lever it would place in the hands of the Queen and his other enemies, wherewithal to heave him from his seat; nay, the idea flashed across his mind of the possible success of the Duke in such a combination with his brother-in-law, John of Braganza, if Richelieu should enter heartily into the scheme, and operate upon others of the foes of Spain. At the same time, he was most anxious to save the life and honor of his kinsman, the head of his House, the lineal representative of Guzman, the good Lord of San Lucar.

These thoughts had fully arranged themselves in the Count Duke's mind, before Sancho arrived at the conclusion of his disclosure. Olivares received the packet of despatches amid a profusion of thanks. He loaded Sancho with praises for his penetration, diligence, loyalty, and above all his hon-

orable procedure in coming straight with his information to the near relative of the principal personage in the conspiracy ;—and requesting Sancho to tarry a few moments, assured him of the most magnificent recompense. Sancho was conducted into another apartment, refreshments were placed on the table, books were offered him ; and at last he began to perceive that, although every attention was paid to his convenience and wants, yet he was a prisoner in the hands of the Count Duke.

Don Gaspar's resolution was taken. He hurried to the royal apartments, and rendered to the King a faithful account of the whole affair. Philip was indignant. The intolerable pride of the Guzmans had long been odious to him ; he thought of the recent loss of Portugal, which he ascribed to the Dutchess of Braganza, and now came a conspiracy for crowning the Duke of Medina, her brother ; and in the moment of irritation he abruptly exclaimed that all the misfortunes of Spain flowed from the Guzmans. In fact, the King was not wanting in the power of discrimination ; but like Louis XV. and George IV. after him, he was dedicated to pleasures and hated business ; he seemed to care for national calamities, only as they compelled him to think, and thus interfered with his luxurious indulgences ; and he was easily induced to abandon the whole management of this delicate affair to the Count Duke.

Don Luis de Haro, the Count Duke's nephew,

was immediately despatched into Andalusia for the purpose of inducing the Duke of Medina to throw himself on the King's mercy; orders were given for the arrest of the Marques de Ayamonte; and Sancho was made to understand that his testimony must represent the whole affair as merely a Portuguese intrigue, in which the Duke of Medina was wholly blameless. The Duke eagerly embraced the course marked out to him by Don Luis de Haro,—hurried up to Madrid,—confessed his fault to the King in a cabinet of the Buen Retiro, and luckily escaped with only the sequestration of a part of his immoderate power and excessive revenues in Andalusia.

And these he might well afford to lose:—for precedents enough were to be had of princely fortunes thrown away by the Spanish nobles of that day, in the gratification of some caprice of vanity or pleasure. The Duque de Frias, hereditary Constable of Castile, and chief of the House of Velasco,—a family so eminent that when a Spaniard would boastingly describe his own gentility, it had passed into a proverbial expression to say, '*Tan hidalgo como el Rey y mas viejo que Velasco*,' that is, 'as good a gentleman as the King, and more ancient than Velasco,'—this proud noble refused all the appointments attached to the various great offices he held, saying that 'When a gentleman has estate enough to live upon, it is mercenary and beneath his dignity to receive pay, like a mechanic,

for the services he renders his King.'—The Duke of Aveiro, a rich Portuguese lord descended of the House of Lancaster, had pretensions to the crown of Portugal, and abandoned to the Duke of Braganza the income of vast estates in that kingdom rather than do homage, as he said, to the usurper :—to lose forty thousand crowns of rent was a trifle, to render fealty to John of Braganza would be an indelible blemish upon his honor.—The Duke of Medina de las Torres, Prince of Astigliano in Naples, allowed a vast amount of his hereditary revenues in Seville to go into the royal treasury, because it was necessary to execute patents occasionally. '*Es una miséria,*' he was accustomed to say, when they brought him the warrants to sign :—'What ! a Spanish grandee of three hats put his name to your beggarly papers like a baseborn Jewish trader ? Truly I cannot trouble myself with such small matters.'—A Duke of Albuquerque died in that reign, leaving an inventory of *fourteen hundred dozen* silver plates, five hundred large and seven hundred small silver dishes, with other plate in proportion. And the Duke of Medina del Rio-Seco, better known by his hereditary title of Admiral of Castile, once gave eighty thousand crowns in a single gift to a woman of pleasure.* Such was the profuse expenditure of the Spanish nobles of that

* Voyage d'Espagne, cuireux, historique, et politique, (anon, 1666 Cologne) p. 50 ; Ingenious and diverting Letters of a Lady's Travels into Spain in 1679—1681, vol. ii, p. 116.

day, and such the pride of condition which they derived, like the old Roman senators, from their great revenues amassed in Italy, the Netherlands, and the Indies.

The Count Duke made only one condition with his kinsman. The Duke of Medina was obliged, much against his inclination, to issue a cartel of defiance against John of Braganza, to the effect that he, Don Gaspar Alonso Perez de Guzman, Duke of Medina Sidonia, Marquess, Count and Lord of San Lucar de Barrameda, Captain General of the Ocean-Sea and of the Coasts of Andalusia, challenged him Don Juan de Braganza, late Duke, to single combat, for presuming to impeach the fidelity of the loyal House of Guzman, celebrated through all ages for devoted attachment to their legitimate princes;—and at the appointed time the Duke repaired to the town of Valencia de Alcantara, on the Portuguese frontier, where lists were set up, and all the ceremonies of knightly defiance performed, although, of course, the King of Portugal took no notice of the mock challenge, which he, as well as the Spanish court, knew to be intended only as a matter of ostentation, to satisfy the King of Spain. The Marques de Ayamonte paid the forfeit of his failure, in a manner worthy of his reputation. He was apprehended, tried, and condemned to be beheaded the next day. He supped, as usual, after receiving his sentence, retired as if nothing strange had happened, was waked from a tranquil and profound sleep in the

morning to be conducted to the scaffold, and suffered death without a change of feature, and as if alike indifferent for the past, the present, or the future. And thus terminated a conspiracy, which had threatened, at one time, to rend asunder Spain.

But if this untoward affair passed off without overturning the credit of the Count Duke with his master, it gave that credit so rude a shock that the Queen, who was his greatest enemy, very soon succeeded in accomplishing his downfall, under circumstances characteristic of the age. The Count of Villa Mediana was the most gallant and witty cavalier about the court, young, handsome, brave, and magnificent. Many of his bon-mots were famous. Being one day in the church of Our Lady of Atocha, and observing a priest bearing about a basin, soliciting money *para sacar animas*,—to deliver souls from purgatory,—the Count threw down a pistole. ‘*Muchisimas gracias*, many thanks,’—said the friar; ‘there is a soul released from purgatory.’ The Count threw in a second pistole. ‘Another soul is released from purgatory,’ cried the monk. The Count gave him six pieces, one after the other, receiving at each time the same response. ‘Are you sure of it?’—demanded the Count. ‘Yes, yes, most excellent Señor,’ said the monk; ‘I vouch for their being in Heaven.’—‘Well then,’ said the Count; ‘I will take my money again, seeing it is of no use to you, and the poor

souls are fairly delivered from purgatory.'—Similar traits are told of him in abundance.

This nobleman was become violently enamored of the Queen, and spared neither pains nor expense to win from her the slightest personal favor. How far he prevailed I know not; but a circumstance at length occurred, which drew universal attention to his presumptuous gallantry. He made his appearance at a masquerade in Madrid wearing a suit embroidered with the small coins called *reales*, and bearing the device—'*Mis amores son REALES*:'—words, which signify, in Spanish, 'my loves are *reales*,' or 'my loves are ROYAL.' This was but the prelude to a still greater piece of eccentricity. The Count had written a comedy, which received great applause; and which so pleased the Queen, that she resolved to take part in it herself on the festivities of the King's birth day. The Count had the sole charge of the preparatory arrangements, and expended thirty thousand crowns in the purchase of dresses and scenic machinery, part of which consisted of the representation of a cloud, where the plan of the piece required the Queen to be concealed, just as the fairy is in Cinderella. At a concerted signal which he gave, one of his servants set fire to the scenes, and in a moment the whole theatre was enveloped in flames, and the edifice containing it was almost entirely consumed. The Count, however, watched his opportunity, snatched up the Queen in his arms under pretence of saving

her life, and ran with her to some place of safety and retirement. The Count Duke suspecting the truth, set on foot enquiries which unravelled the whole scheme, and took good care to lay the facts before the King, in consequence of which the Count of Villa Mediana was shot dead by a hired bravo, as he rode one evening in his coach in company with Don Luis de Haro.

The Queen now applied herself perseveringly to the task of alienating the King from the favorite of five and twenty years ;—and she found but too much of plausible ground of accusation against the Count Duke, in the multitude of disasters, which had lately descended upon Spain. The King was forced to yield ; and Don Gaspar ceased to be the ruler of Spain. He might well have said with Wolsey :

‘ All my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever :
No sun shall ever usher forth my honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles.’

The Count Duke was permitted to reside awhile at Loeches, a village near Madrid, where he had founded a convent, celebrated to this day for the rich collection of pictures which he conferred on the foundation* ; but he was in a short time banished to Toro in the kingdom of Leon, where he died a

* Ponz, *Viage de España*, tom. i, p. 268 ; Laborde, *Itin. d'Espagne*, tom. iii, p. 156.

few months afterwards of a broken heart. His nephew, Don Luis de Haro y Guzman, succeeded to his power in the government. The pasquinades of the day had it, that uncle and nephew differed in this:—Don Gaspar was bad for every thing, and Don Luis good for nothing. The saying was true enough for an epigram, but not for history. Olivares had great excellencies and great defects: he possessed quick penetration, and a capacity and application for business; but he wanted address; and being of a distrustful temper, the individuals, whom he appointed to office, were apt to be selected less for ability than for the marks they had exhibited of devotion to his cause. His extreme austerity raised up against him many enemies, especially among the great nobles, who, without openly opposing his plans, often contrived to prevent their success. For the rest, he was not mercenary in pecuniary matters, and was pious by principle, which circumstance often operated to his disadvantage in conflict with his great national rival, the unscrupulous Cardinal de Richelieu.*

* Compendio de la His. de España, t. ii; Vertot, Rev. de Portugal; Biographie Universelle, tom. xxxi; Beaumont's Hist. of Spain, ch. ix; Monclave, p. 187; Voyage d'Espagne (anon.) c. viii; Hist. of Spain in Lardner's Coll. vol. v.

AMERIGO VESPUCCI.

Venient annis
Secula venturis, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
Pateat tellus, Tiphysque novas
Detegat orbes, nec sit terris
Ultima Thule.

SENECA.

At that time the Atlantic sea was navigable, and had an island before that mouth, which is called by you the Pillars of Hercules. This island was greater than both Libya and all Asia together, and afforded an easy passage to other neighboring islands; as it was likewise easy to pass from those islands to all the continents which border on the Atlantic sea. * * But in succeeding times, prodigious earthquakes and deluges taking place, and bringing with them desolation in the space of one day and night, * * the Atlantic island itself, being absorbed in the sea, entirely disappeared.

TAYLOR'S PLATO, TIMEUS.

Of those, therefore, that dwelt within the Pillars of Hercules, this city (Athens) was the leader, and is said to have fought in every battle; but of those beyond the Pillars, the kings of the Atlantic island were the leaders. This island, as we said, was once larger than Libya and Asia, but is now a mass of impervious mud, through concussion of the earth; so that those, who are sailing in the vast sea, can no longer find a passage from hence thither.

PLATO'S ATLANTICUS.

A l'occident de l'Afrique on trouve une Isle distante de cette partie du monde de plusieurs journées de navigation. Son terroir fertile est entrecoupé de montagnes et de vallées. Cette Isle est traversée par plusieurs fleuves navigables. Ses jardins sont remplis de toutes sortes d'arbres, et arrosés par des sources d'eau douce. D'ailleurs on respire là un air si tempéré que les arbres portent des fruits et des feuilles pendant la plus grande partie de l'année. En un mot, cette Isle est si délicieuse, qu'elle paroît plutôt le séjour des Dieux que des hommes. Autrefois elle étoit inconnue, à cause de son grande éloignement; et les Phœniciens furent les premiers qui la découvrirent. Ils étoient de tout tems en possession de trafiquer dans toutes les mers; ce qui leur donna lieu d'établir plusieurs colonies dans l'Afrique et dans les pays occidentaux de l'Europe. Tout leur succédant à souhait, et étant devenus extrêmement puissans, ils tentèrent de passer les colonnes d'Hercule et d'entrer dans l'Océan. Ils bâtirent d'abord une Ville dans une presqu'isle de l'Europe, voisine des colonnes d'Hercule, et ils l'appelèrent Cadix. * * * Au reste les Phœniciens ayant passé le détroit, et voguant le long de l'Afrique, furent portés par les vents fort loin dans l'Océan. La tempête ayant duré plusieurs jours, ils furent enfin jetés dans l'Isle dont nous parlons. Ayant connu les premiers sa beauté et sa fertilité, ils la firent connoître aux autres Nations. Les Toscans devenus les maîtres de la mer, voulurent aussi y envoyer une colonie; mais ils en furent empêchés par les Carthaginois. Ces derniers craignoient déjà qu'un trop grand nombre de leurs compatriotes attirés par les charmes de ce nouveau pays, ne désertassent leur patrie. D'un autre côté, ils le regardoient comme un azile pour eux, si jamais il arrivoit quelque désastre à la Ville de Carthage. Car ils espéroient qu'étant maîtres de la mer, comme ils l'étoient alors, ils pourroient aisément se retirer dans cette Isle, sans que leurs vainqueurs qui ignoroient sa situation, pussent aller les inquiéter là. Revenons maintenant en Europe.

TERRASSON'S DIODORUS SICULUS.

AMERIGO VESPUCCI.

IT is a most remarkable circumstance, as illustrating the situation of Italy in modern times, and as affording us apt instruction, that though Spain, Portugal, England, and France, powers which partitioned among themselves the greatest part of America, all derived the title to their trans-atlantic possessions more or less from the voyages and discoveries of Italian navigators, not a single colony was planted on this continent, nor a single rood of territory gained, by the inhabitants of Italy. She has not participated in the colonial enterprises, which, undertaken by so many other nations of Europe, have in their consequences produced the most extraordinary changes upon the whole face of the world. Among the new-born nations of the West, there is not one, which can call her its mother. Thousands of Europeans, crossing the Atlantic, have rendered their respective languages vernacular in climes to which they were previously foreign ; but the most beautiful of all,—*la bella favella Tosca-*

na,'—does not enjoy the fortune of being a spoken tongue in America.

But notwithstanding this, how indissolubly are Italy and America associated in the mind. The very name of America itself awakens at once the recollection of the adventurous Florentine, who followed so promptly in the track of Columbus. And if the latter was deeply injured by the name of Vespucci being adopted for the geographical designation of the New World, it deserves to be remembered that the appellation bestowed on the most extensive of the Spanish American republics, is an atoning act of personal justice, however tardy and imperfect, and another tribute to the fame of Italians.

The celebrity of Italians, indeed, as connected with the New World, is of a singular kind. It is altogether individual, and in no sort whatever national. Italy, as a country, could not be regarded, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as possessing the community of interests, or the centralization of power, necessary to constitute Italy a nation in the true sense of the term, a nation either in feeling or in efficiency. Hence the reputation acquired by her children belongs to them as individuals merely. They were solitary, homeless adventurers,—if such a word may be used without reproach in describing men like Columbus and the Cabots, of the highest reach of intellect, and trusted in proportion to their exalted ability. Again, their

celebrity is not the accidental merit of rich merchants establishing plantations abroad in the pursuit of greater opulence. Nor is it the cheap title to regard, advanced by conquerors, in the trade of wars. It rests purely upon the lofty qualities of head and heart,—unparalleled firmness, enterprise, perseverance, skill, science, penetration, which raised them to be the chosen guides and leaders, for introducing their less gifted contemporaries to the land of boundless wealth. At one period, four kingdoms of Europe engrossed America to themselves, pretending claims to territory, more or less extensive, chiefly by the vague right of discovery. But each of them arrived at this right through the medium of an Italian navigator. Spain came first, and, like Sinbad in the valley of diamonds, disdaining all but the largest and brightest gems, selected, as she thought, each of the richest regions of the continent for her sole use and behoof; but it was from Columbus, the long suffering and the ill-requited Columbus, that she derived her title. Portugal followed, and relying in part upon the discoveries of Amerigo Vespucci in her service, appropriated a tract, which, although considered then less eligible than the Spanish possessions, yields not even to them, it appears, in abundance of mineral wealth, or in pre-eminent local advantages of soil, climate, and geographical position. Afterwards France and England contended each for prior and exclusive rights in North America; but Venetian

navigators, Verazzani for the one, and the family of Cabots for the other, acted as the pioneers of these rival nations in the path of discovery, which led to their colonial acquisitions in the New World. Nay, we find that Pigafetta conducted the voyage which bears the name of Magallanes ; and that Sebastian Cabot, leaving the service of England and entering that of Spain, signalized himself by exploring the waters of the river La Plata. Thus remarkable and decided has been the instrumentality of individual Italians in the extraordinary series of events connected with the discovery of America.

And yet so unhappily was Italy split into diminutive states, and debilitated by intestine disorders, that, whilst her sons were toiling in other lands, as aliens and exiles, and lavishing their nautical skill and intrepidity upon thankless foreigners, whilst her merchants were the factors and her seamen the pilots of the whole earth,—she herself, that had once been the mistress of nations, never attempted to enter into the glorious competition for empire, which was agitating the rest of Europe. Even the Eternal City, so far from seeking or having the power to seek colonial acquisitions, was too weak to defend her territories against the encroachments of domestic enemies, or to secure her liberties from foreign invaders, at the very time that her ecclesiastical head was exercising a prerogative seldom enjoyed by her proudest emperors, enfeoffing a favorite vassal with whole provinces in America, as

if they had been a petty barony, and bartering away nations more numerous, and kingdoms more wide, and rich, and magnificent, than all the conquests of Alexander. Nothing could more clearly indicate the advantages of our federal government: for if the jealous states of Italy, which, notwithstanding the superior genius of her people; were individually so powerless, had been united in one stable league, they would not have been from that day to this the prey of contending factions, and the slaves of every military monarch beyond the Alps; and if the Italian spirit, which has in all ages pervaded Italy,—pointing to the union of countries already one in language, territory, character, and ancient fame, should, in the vicissitudes of time, produce the consolidation of Lombardy, Tuscany, Rome, Naples, Sicily and Sardinia into a federal republic, Italy, perhaps, would renew the long line of her national glories, and assume a rank amongst her contemporaries which she has never held since the dissolution of the Western Empire.

Not the least distinguished of those Italians, whose fame is inseparably connected with the history of our country, is Amerigo Vespucci. This celebrated navigator, from whatever cause, acquired the honor of communicating his name to the New World. If he did not deserve this glorious pre-eminence, it is too late to remedy the injustice, now that the universal consent of mankind for three hundred years has sanctioned it. Reluctantly as

the name of Vespucci may be suffered to remain, it is impossible to substitute that of Columbus. The circumstances, however, which occasioned this quarter of the globe to be denominated America, form an interesting subject of inquiry. The subject has been involved in obscurity, chiefly in consequence of the want of authentic documents, although very much by reason of the great acrimony, with which the controversy has been managed: Vespucci having been accused of employing the worst artifices for the purpose of depriving Columbus of his merited honor, and the cause of Vespucci being espoused, with more zeal than discretion, by many of his countrymen, of whom the most recent and noted is Stanislas Canovai. His Eulogy and Dissertation were first published in 1788; but the whole was afterwards revised by the author, and enlarged with the addition of the Life and Voyages. Canovai exhibits considerable research, erudition, and ingenuity, but very little judgment; he is prolix beyond all endurance, abounding with digressions and repetitions; and he weakens our faith in his statements by displaying, without disguise, the polemical spirit of a champion. There is likewise a Life of Vespucci, published in 1745 by Bandini; a Eulogy in 1787 by Lastri; and Researches concerning his Discoveries in 1789 by Bartolozzi: all of them printed at Florence. Much authentic information upon the subject has lately been made public by Don

Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, in the continuation of his Collection of Voyages, which serves to clear up some points, previously involved in great uncertainty and obscurity.

Amerigo Vespucci was born at Florence, March 9, 1451. His father, Anastasio, was a man of narrow fortune, although of noble blood; and Bandini enumerates many persons of civil or literary distinction, who belonged to the family. Amerigo was educated by his paternal uncle, Giorgio Antonio Vespucci, who was a scholar of some note in the fifteenth century, and deserves to be remembered as the instructor of Pietro Soderini, afterwards Gonfaloniere of Florence, and as the intimate friend of the celebrated Marsilio Ficino. Nothing is known with certainty concerning the early part of Amerigo's life: * it is probable, however, from the nautical skill which he subsequently displayed, that he was employed in maritime commerce; but about the year 1492, when he was more than forty years of age, he went to Spain to carry on some mercantile enterprize for Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de' Medici; † and here it is that his life begins

* The house of Vespucci is shown at Florence, having over the door the following inscription: 'Amerigo Vespuccio, Patricio Florentino, sui et Patrie Nominis Illustratori, Amplificatori Orbis Terrarum, in hac olim Vespuccia Demo a tanto Domino habitata Patres Sancti Johannis a Deo Cultores gratae Memoriae Causa P. C. A. S. MDCCXIX.' Lastri, *Elogio d'Am. Vespucci*, in notis; Bandini, *Vita e Lettere*.

† Bartolezzi, *Ricerche istorico-critiche*, p. 79.

to assume historical importance. It appears from documents printed by Navarrete, that in 1495 Vespucci was connected in business with one Juan Berardi, a merchant of Seville, who was occasionally employed by the government in affairs growing out of the discovery of America. When Columbus returned from his first voyage with such splendid success, Vespucci resided in Seville; and being wearied with the vicissitudes of commerce, as he himself informs us, he determined to gratify his curiosity by making a voyage to the newly discovered islands in the West.

That he soon had an opportunity to do this, and embraced it, is questioned by none of those, who deny him to have been the discoverer of America; but the date of his first voyage, his companions in it, and his own station, are matters of great controversy. Those who defend the claims of Vespucci assert, that he was appointed one of the principal pilots or masters of four ships sent to pursue the discoveries begun by Columbus; that he sailed from Cadiz in this fleet May 10, 1497, and in thirty-seven days discovered the continent or main land, near the mouth of the river Orinoco; and that therefore, as Columbus did not reach the main land until July 1498, Vespucci is to be considered the first discoverer of the continent of America. They aver, that he and his companions landed a few days after they came in sight of the shore, and then coasted along towards the north-

west for several hundred leagues, until they came to a harbor much superior to any which they had previously entered. Thirteen months having now elapsed since their departure, the provisions began to fall short, and the seamen to complain. On this account the ships were repaired and preparations made for returning. The savages assisted the Spaniards and gave them provisions with great alacrity; asking, as a reward, that the latter would support them in an attack on some islanders in the vicinity, with whom they were at war. The Spaniards agreed to do so, after having waited a month to refit, and accordingly followed the canoes of the savages to one of the Caribbee islands, probably Hayti, whose inhabitants they wantonly attacked, burning their villages, killing many of them, and carrying away two hundred and fifty to Spain.

Vespucci, having returned from this voyage in October 1498, was despatched by the King the next May, with three caravels, to perform another voyage of discovery. In the latter voyage, which occupied about a year, he explored the coast under and near the equator, from what is now called cape St. Roque to the river Orellana.

On his second return to Seville, in June 1500, Vespucci was solicited by Emanuel, King of Portugal, to enter into his service: which he finally consented to do, although he seems to have continued still in good credit with the King of Spain. He departed from Lisbon with three ships, May

15th, 1501, and having sailed along the coast of Africa as far as cape Verde, he steered thence across the Atlantic, and after a boisterous passage of ninety-seven days he made land in the latitude of 5° S., and followed the windings of the shore almost the whole length of South America. Some have thought this the first discovery of Brazil; others consider that to have been made by Vicente Yañez Pinzon; but Joam de Barros, Castanheda, and Osorio concur in attributing its discovery to Pedro Alvares Cabral, a Portuguese admiral, who was blown off to America the year before, whilst endeavoring to sail round the cape of Good Hope, and formally took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, calling it Santa Cruz.* Herrera asserts that Vespucci was at this time with Alonso de Ojeda, of whom hereafter, in the gulf of Darien.† But as P. Martyr, a contemporary historian of undoubted veracity, declares that Vespucci had sailed many degrees south of the line in the

* J. de Barros, *Da Asia*, i. p. 14 and 388; Castanheda, *Hist. do Descobrimto e Conquista da India*, l. i, c. 30, 31; Osorio, *Da Vida e Feitos d' El Rei D. Manoel*, t. i, p. 141.

† *Historia de los Hechos de los Castellanos*, d. i, l. 4, c. 11; P. Martyr ab Angleria, *Ocean. Decad.* ii, l. 10, p. 199; Rocha Pitta, *Hist. da America Portuguesa*, p. 54; Barlaeus, *Res gestae in Brasilia*, &c. 12mo. 1660, p. 24; G. Giuseppe di S. Teresa, *Istor. delle Guerre del Brasile*, pt. i, p. 7; Lafitau, *Histoire des Découvertes des Portugais*, t. iv, p. 116; Southey's *Hist. of Brazil*, v. i, p. 14. See also *Collection of Voyages made by the Portuguese and Spaniards*, p. 321; Gomara, *Historia de las Indias*, c. 103, in *Barcia's Historiadores*.

service of Portugal; as Rocha Pitta, Barlaeus, G. Giuseppe, Lafitau, Southey, and other historians say the same, although they do not all agree as to the date of his voyage; and as the Spanish writer Gomara declares expressly that Vespucci was sent on a voyage of discovery in 1501 by the command of Emanuel;—it seems past a doubt that the voyage was at that time actually performed. Indeed, Navarrete has published satisfactory original evidence to the same effect, from testimony taken by the Spanish government, with reference to the line of demarcation between Portugal and Spain.*

Vespucci describes the whole country as being delightful and temperate, diversified with hill and dale, intersected by innumerable rivers, and covered with deep forests. The Portuguese saw many pearls and precious stones; and although they found little gold, the savages all affirmed that it existed among them in great abundance. The soil produced the richest fruits spontaneously; and the trees diffused a fragrance so exquisite and distilled so many sweet gums, that the Portuguese supposed no climate could possibly be more salubrious. Vespucci was more struck with the fertility of the soil, the mildness of the air, and the beauty of the natural productions of Brazil, than he had been by any thing which he saw or felt in his preceding voyages; and declared that if there

* Coleccion de Viages y Descubrimientos, t. iii, p. 319.

was a paradise on earth, it must be found in these magnificent regions of the West. As in this voyage he sailed far south of the equator, he was introduced to many constellations invisible in Europe, and particularly mentions the four brilliant stars in the southern hemisphere, which form the Cross of the South, described, with an imagination resembling prophecy, in the celebrated verses of Dante :

'Io mi volsi a man destra, e posi mente
 All' altro polo : e vidi quattro stelle
 Non viste mai, fuor ch' alla prima gente.
 Goder pareva' l ciel di lor fiammelle.
 O settentrional vedovo sito,
 Poi che privato se' di mirar quelle !'

After laying in provisions for six months, the Portuguese left the coast and stood off to the southward until they reached the latitude of 52° S., where meeting with a violent tempest, they ran in towards the land again ; but neither discovering any harbor nor seeing any inhabitants, on this cold, inhospitable shore, they concluded to return. After making Sierra Leone on the coast of Africa and there burning one of their ships, which was disabled, in September 1502 they safely arrived at Lisbon. If the season had been favorable, there is little doubt that Vespucci would have reached the Pacific Ocean : for he was confident that there was a passage by the southwest, and anticipated great benefit to his country from the discovery, as well

as a reputation to himself, which should be the solace and glory of his coming old age.*

In consequence of this belief, Vespucci was sent on another voyage by Emanuel the next spring, Vespucci having the command of one ship and Gonzalo Coelho that of the whole squadron,† which consisted of six ships well furnished with every thing necessary for a long expedition. The design of the voyage was to seek for the island of Malacca in the East Indies, which was reputed to be the mart and magazine of oriental commerce. Coelho, who was obstinately ignorant, persisted in standing for Sierra Leone, without any cause, and contrary to the advice of the other captains; by which means they were driven off the coast of Africa by a violent gale of wind. The first land they made was a small island, on the breakers near which Coelho struck, and his vessel, by far the best in the squadron, sunk, and every thing on board, excepting the crew, was irrecoverably lost.

* 'Mentre adunque io anderò in levante, facendo il viaggio per mezzogiorno, navigerò per ostro, e giunto che sarò là, io farò molte cose a laude e gloria di Dio, a utilità della Patria, a perpetua memoria del mio nome, e principalmente a onore e alleviamento della mia vecchiezza, la quale è già quasi venuta.' Lettera secunda a Lorenzo de' Medici, ed. Canovai, p. 99.

† Vespucci does not tell us the name of him, who had the chief command; but Coelho is known to have made a voyage exactly corresponding with this in time and circumstances. Southey's *History of Brazil*, v. i, p. 20; G. Giuseppe, *Ist. delle Guerre del Brasile*, pt. i, p. 8; Rocha Pitta, *Hist. da America Portuguesa*, p. 54; Osorio, *Da Vida e Feitos d' ElRei D. Manoel*, t. i, p. 189.

Coelho ordered Vespucci to sail around the island to find a harbor ; but after he had waited there in great anxiety eight days without seeing the fleet, he stood out to sea and soon came up with one of the ships, from which he learned that the rest had already proceeded on their voyage.

Vespucci therefore resumed his course in company with this ship, in the hope of rejoining their consorts, and after some time they entered a port in Brazil, to which they gave the name it still bears, Bahia de Todos os Santos. He remained here two months in fruitless expectation of his comrades, and then sailing on to the south, entered another port in the latitude of 18° S., where he continued five months. He built a fort here and left twenty-four men with arms, ammunition and provision for six months ; this being the first European settlement ever made in Brazil. He arrived at Lisbon in June 1504, with a cargo of brazil-wood, apes and parrots, and was received with great joy, his friends having relinquished all hope of his return. Vespucci attributes the loss of the other four ships to the misconduct of Coelho, whom, he says, God punished for his presumptuous folly.

Whatever controversy there may be, on the grounds which I shall presently explain, as to the adventures of Vespucci from 1495 to 1505, every thing after that is well ascertained from authentic documents published by Navarrete.* Columbus

* Coleccion de Viages, tom. i, p. 351 ; tom. iii, p. 320—324.

being at Seville in 1505, writes to his son Diego in the following terms:—

‘I have conversed with Amerigo Vespucci, the bearer of this, who is called thither by some concerns of navigation.—*He always had a wish to do me pleasure.* He is a very excellent man. Fortune has been adverse to him as to many others: his labors have not produced him so much as reason requires. He goes as in my service, and with great desire to do something which may redound to my benefit, if occasion offers. I do not know here what I can employ him upon, for my advantage; because I know not what they want there. He goes determined to do for me every thing possible. See in what he can assist, and labor on it, for he will do and say every thing, and will put it in train.’

In effect, Vespucci proceeded from Seville to Toro, where the King then was, and obtained from the government a gratification of twelve thousand maravedis and letters of naturalization, in consideration, says the patent, of his fidelity and of some good services which he has already rendered, and of those expected of him hereafter; and was thereupon commissioned for a voyage of discovery in the East, to be made in conjunction with Vicente Yañez Pinzon. In preparation for this voyage Vespucci repaired to Palos and Moguer, and considerable time as well as a large sum of money was expended in the purchase and equipment of

three vessels; but the remonstrances of the King of Portugal caused the intended expedition to be abandoned. Vespucci continued to be employed in various commissions connected with maritime affairs until 1508, when he was appointed Chief Pilot, with a suitable salary and appointments, and became fixed at Seville in the regular discharge of his official functions as examiner of pilots and inspector of charts and quadrants. He died there on the 22nd day of February 1512, without children, but leaving a widow, named Maria Cerezo, who received a pension down to the time of her death, in 1524. Pedro Martyr informs us that Giovanni Vespucci, the nephew of Amerigo, inherited his skill in navigation.* For whatever division may have existed among men of letters with respect to the discoveries of Vespucci, none of his enemies, not even those, who accuse him of the basest forgery, have denied him the merit of being superior to most of his contemporaries in the knowledge of practical astronomy, geography, and all the nautical sciences.

Having thus run over the life of Vespucci, we shall be prepared to examine the discussion concerning his discoveries. The principal question, as I before remarked, is with respect to his first voyage; what was its date, what his rank in the squadron, and who his companions. Our know-

* See Navarrete, *Collec. ut supra*; Muñoz, *Hist. del Nuevo Mundo*, prol. p. 14; Bartolozzi, p. 48; Bandini, p. 123; Canovai, p. 156; P. Martyr, *Ocean. Decad.* ii, l. 7, and iii, l. 5.

ledge of his voyages is derived entirely from the narrative of Vespucci himself, contained in three letters written by him to his patron, Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de' Medici, and another to Pietro Soderini. And the history of his voyages, related by Vespucci, was always relied upon and cited as authentic, until the publication of Herrera's History, in 1601; in which it was asserted that Vespucci's first voyage was in 1499, that he sailed under the command of Alonso de Ojeda, that he went as a merchant, and that in the account, which he afterwards published, of his voyages, he falsified their dates and framed his narrative with great art, in order to arrogate to himself the honor of being the first to discover the continent of America. From Herrera this imputation was circulated by his countrymen, particularly Solorzano, Pizarro, and Muñoz; and by some judicious historians of other nations, Charlevoix for instance, Tiraboschi, and Robertson.*

This interesting point in Spanish history is confessedly one of great obscurity. Mr. Irving has investigated the whole subject with his characteristic

* Herrera, *Historia de los Hechos de los Castellanos en las Islas y Tierra-firme del Mar Oceano*, dec. i, l. 4, c. 1—4. Solorzano, *de Jure Indiarum*, l. i, c. 4, and *Politica Indiana*, l. i, c. 2; Pizarro, *Varones ilustres del Nuevo Mundo*, fol. 1639, p. 50; Muñoz, *Historia del Nuevo Mundo*, prol. p. 14; Charlevoix, *Hist. de St. Domingue*, t. i, p. 187; Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, t. vi, pt. i, p. 248; Robertson's *Hist. of America*, v. i, p. 149 and note 22.

discrimination and judgment, and arrives at the conclusion that no voyage was performed by Vespucci in 1497, mainly upon the account that no such expedition is recognised, expressly or impliedly, in the evidence taken by Don Diego, the son and heir of Columbus, in support of his claim to the authority and succession of the deceased Admiral. There is, undeniably, much force in the argument; and it derives confirmation from the investigations of Navarrete. But all the evidence is merely negative; and Mr. Irving very properly hesitates to impute imposition to Vespucci, upon a view of all the facts. Many gross errors occur in the early printed editions of the supposed voyages of Vespucci;—which, with other considerations, leads him to suppose that the whole difficulty arises from the mistakes or interpolations of ‘some book-maker, eager to gather together disjointed materials, and fabricate a work to gratify the prevalent passion of the day.’ And the friendly letter of Columbus to his son, in reference to Vespucci, certainly tends very strongly to show that the latter had done nothing to injure the well earned reputation of the Admiral.*

At the same time, there is nothing conclusive to be found on the subject, either in the old writers or in the original records of Spain. We find Vespucci at San Lucar in 1496; but nothing appears to

* Irving's Columbus, vol. iii, app.; Navarrete, ut supra.

show where he was, during the three succeeding years, except the letter describing the supposed voyage of 1497. And it is well known that several voyages were made at or near the period in question. Gomara, one of the earliest writers on America, informs us, that after the discoveries of Columbus were known, many were eager to continue them, some at their own expense, and others at that of the King, all of them hoping to enrich themselves, acquire distinction, and merit the royal favor; but as most of their voyages led to no remarkable consequences, the memory of them was speedily lost. Such was the case, he continues, with those who explored the coast of Labrador, *and of all those who went in the other direction to Paria, from the year 1495 to the year 1500.** Herrera and Muñoz† expressly declare, that during this time Columbus expostulated in vain against the general permission, granted two years before, to

* 'Entendiendo quan grandisimas tierras eran las que Christoval Colon descubria, fueron muchos a continuar el descubrimiento de todas; unos à sua costa, otros à la del Rei, y todos pensando enriquecer, ganar fama, y medrar con los Reies. Pero como los mas de ellos no hicieron sino descubrir, y gastarse, no quedò memoria de todos, que yo sepa: especialmente de los que navegaron àcia el Norte, ...ni aun de todos los que fueron por la otra parte de Paria, desde el año de mil quatrocientos y noventa y cinco hasta el de mil y quinientos.' Gomara, *Historia de las Indias*, c. 36, in Barcia's *Historiadores primitivos de las Indias Occidentales*, tom. ii.

† Herrera, *Historia de los Hechos*, &c., dec. i, l. iii, c. 9; Muñoz, *Historia del Nuevo Mundo*, p. 323.

make discoveries in the Indies; and that he could procure nothing but a partial revocation of this license: in conformity with which, as appears by the passage cited from Gomara, many ships were sent to make discoveries at a time, which exactly corresponds with that assigned to the contested voyage of Vespucci. We may safely conclude, therefore, that there is no evidence whatever, which expressly contradicts, or is absolutely incompatible with, the supposition that Vespucci first discovered the *continent* of America.

Vespucci does not distinctly apprise us of the capacity in which he made his Spanish voyage or voyages. Herrera says, in a few words, that he went as a merchant, and as one skilful in geography and navigation; * but Charlevoix, improving upon this, adds, that he was interested in the voyage to a considerable amount. † Canovai controverts this position with great warmth, maintaining that Vespucci was one of the principal masters or pilots. If he was a mere passenger, it is probable that his

* Herrera, *Historia*, d. i, l. iv, c. i. 'Iba....Americo Vespuccio por mercader, y como sabio en las cosas de cosmografia y de la mar.'

† 'Americ Vespuce, riche marchand Florentin, non seulement s'y interessa pour une somme considerable, mais voulut même être du voyage,' &c. *Hist. de St. Dominique*, t. i, p. 187. The riches, which Charlevoix gratuitously confers on Vespucci, are imaginary. He cites no authority for the expression; and I know of none excepting Moreri, who says the same in his *Dictionary*.

nautical information soon drew him into notice, and gave him great ascendancy over his companions; because the subsequent invitation of the King of Portugal proves that he had signalized himself in some way to deserve such a marked distinction. But there is no reason to suppose that he was the chief in command; for we learn from his own narrative that he was subordinate in his Portuguese voyages; and when he begins his first voyage, he barely says that he was chosen by the King *to assist in the discoveries* intended to be made: * an expression, which would be very singular if he was a superior officer, but which would admirably accord with the duties of one, who had no particular commission, but was expert in the sciences allied to navigation, and was merely to afford his advice and direction as a geographer in the prosecution of the voyage. This inference will be confirmed, if we recollect that the post and stipend of Chief Pilot, which Vespucci afterwards enjoyed in the court of Spain, although sufficient and proper for an eminent geographer, would be very inadequate as the remuneration of a person, who had distinguished himself in the sole conduct of a voyage of discovery to the New World.

Having commented on these circumstances, I

* 'Il Re Don Ferrando di Castiglia avendo a mandare quattro navi a discoprire nuove terre verso l'occidente, fui eletto per Sua Altezza che io fussi in essa flotta per aiutare a discoprire.' Lettera a Pietro Soderini.

now proceed to consider when and in what manner the New World acquired the name of Vespucci. As to this question, Herrera gives us to understand, that when he was appointed Chief Pilot by the King of Spain in 1507, from this cause those parts of the Indies towards the south took the name of America. It is material to observe, that Herrera does not speak of the whole or the larger part of the Indies, but only of *those parts towards the south* :* for Tiraboschi, Prévost and others have inferred from this, that Vespucci himself gave his name to the *whole* of the New World ; Tiraboschi supposing that, in his office of Chief Pilot, he affixed his name to the New World in the charts he constructed, from which it was gradually spread through Europe.

Robertson affirms, that when Vespucci published the account of his first voyage, he labored with the vanity of a traveller to magnify his exploits, and drew up such an amusing history of the productions, inhabitants, and customs of the countries he had visited, that the performance was rapidly circulated and read with admiration ; and he is of opinion that from hence the New World, of which Vespucci was believed to be the discoverer, was called America. If Robertson had ever read Vespucci's letter, which he does not seem to have done,

* 'Y de aqui tomaron aquellas partes de las Indias de el mediodia el nombre de America.' Herrera, *Historia*, dec. i, l. vii, c. 1 ; Prévost, *Histoire Gén. des Voyages*, t. xii.

he would have perceived that nothing could be written with greater modesty. Vespucci very rarely speaks of himself individually, and does not pretend to have held any command or any particular charge in his first voyage; and in mentioning the discoveries made by the company, he never attempts to conceal, nay, repeatedly declares, that Columbus had already visited the New World. This alone would suffice, I should imagine, to vindicate Vespucci from the imputation of having wilfully falsified his narrative, with a view to appropriate to himself the honor due Columbus. The narrative, as Robertson remarks, is written with considerable ingenuity and elegance, describing what the writer saw with so much accuracy, that every subsequent traveller confirms his statements; although the original letters are very bad Italian, insomuch that Canovai thought it necessary to illustrate them with a glossary of nearly two hundred foreign words or idioms, by which Vespucci's narrative was adulterated from his long residence in Spain. But that he exaggerates his discoveries, or exhibits any disposition to interfere with the claims of other navigators, I am persuaded is altogether false.

The name *America* does not seem to have come into general use until after the middle of the sixteenth century; and what deserves to be particularly noticed is the remarkable fact, that it was not originally applied to the whole continent, but

only to that part of it, which is now denominated Brazil. The Spaniards, indeed, who once proposed to call the continent Fer-Isabelica, from the sovereigns under whose auspices it was discovered, and the Caroline World in honor of the Emperor Charles, entertain, to this day, a sort of horror of the word *America*, almost invariably speaking of the New World, or the Indies.*

In this view of the subject, we may conjecture, with a great degree of certainty, that, on Vespucci's return from his last voyages, the coast, which he had visited, began to pass by his name. Two reasons may be given why this honor should have been conferred on him, rather than on his superior officers. One reason is, that, although he was not first in command, yet his pre-eminence in geographical and nautical knowledge gave him that control over the proceedings of the rest, which men of strong minds inevitably acquire in moments of difficulty and danger. Indeed, we find that he came back from his fourth voyage, when Coelho with the greater part of the squadron had perished, and when he himself was no longer expected: in which circumstances it would have been perfectly natural for the Portuguese to attribute to him the sole merit of the discovery of Brazil. The second reason is, that, as Vespucci was highly skilled in the construction of charts, and as those which he

* Pizarro, Varones ilustres del Nuevo Mundo, p. 51; Solorzano, Polit. Indiana, l. i, c. 2, s. 18.

made were held in great esteem, he may, in depicting the coast of Brazil, have given it the name of America.* Vespucci would have had a still more inviting opportunity to do this when he became Chief Pilot to the King of Spain; and considering the foregoing explanation of the manner in which the name of America was originally understood, in doing this he would not have been guilty of any injustice to the memory of Columbus.

The subsequent extension of the name of America to the whole western hemisphere was an event, which Vespucci could never foresee; and therefore it ought not to be imputed to him as a crime, that, according to the remark of Lipsius,† the name of one discoverer engrossed a distinction in which others deserved to participate. And knowing, as we do, the confined application of his name in the beginning, we have a complete answer to all those calumniators of Vespucci, who charge him with falsifying the narrative of his first voyage, in order to seem better entitled to the honor of naming America.

I have pursued this investigation as a matter of historical curiosity, for the purpose of giving Vespucci's character its proper construction; but I think

* P. Martyr informs us he had seen a Portuguese chart of parts of the New World, in the construction of which Vespucci assisted. Ocean. Decad. p. 199. See likewise *Memorias de Litteratura Portugueza*, t. viii, p. 339.

† Lipsii *Physiolog. Stoic.* l. ii, dis. 19, in ejus *Oper.* t. iv, p. 947.

it as absurd as it is ungenerous in Canovai to endeavor to rob Columbus of his well-earned fame, on the pretence that he did not reach the continent until a few months after Vespucci. If Vespucci, excited by the success and instructed by the discoveries of Columbus, did penetrate a league or two farther into the great western ocean than his predecessor,—if Vespucci entered the track marked out by the keels of Columbus, and continued it onward until he was stopped by the continent,—is any thing like this to cast a shadow over the glory of Columbus, and degrade him into the mere finder of a petty islet, instead of the discoverer of the whole western world? If Vespucci's priority in discovering the southern continent was a valid reason for naming it America, there is equal reason, as Purchas observes, for denominating the northern Sebastiana or Cabotia; since it is notorious that the Cabots explored the coast from Labrador to the Gulf of Mexico, a full year before any portion of the continent was ever seen by Columbus. But the hand of chance has an influence so predominant in the assignment of honors by the world, that we can hardly feel surprised at the neglect of Columbus and the Cabots, and the exclusive distinction of Vespucci. How true is the language of anticipation, in which Dante is made to address the genius of Italy!—

Thy soil shall still be pregnant with the wise,
The gay, the learned, the generous and the brave,

Native to thee as summer to thy skies,
 Conquerors on foreign shores and the far wave,
 Discoverers of new worlds which take their name :
 For thee alone they have no arm to save,
 And all thy recompense is in their fame.

And let us not seek to tarnish the lustre of that only recompense. The fortune, indeed, of the name of America itself is not a little singular, as an instance of the mutations in human affairs:—which, having been first given to a single province, next spread over the southern continent; then passed on to the northern; and now, from being the appellation of the whole New World, it seems about to be confined, by foreign nations at least, to our own outstretching Republic.*

* I subjoin some additional explanation, in regard to two points, first, the original editions of Vespucci's Voyages, and secondly, the original application of the word America.

Of the three letters to Lorenzo de' Medici, the oldest, written soon after his return from his second voyage, of which it gives an account, was first published, from a manuscript preserved in Florence, by Bandini; and the next, describing his third voyage, was first published by Bartolozzi. (Bandini, *Vita e Lettere d' Amerigo Vespucci*, p. 230. Bartolozzi, *Ricerche istorico-critiche circa alle Scoperte d' Amerigo Vespucci*, p. 168.) But the last of these letters, which contains a fuller account of the same third voyage, is ascertained to have been printed at Vicenza so early as the year 1507, in the oldest known collection of voyages, entitled *Mondo Novo e Paesi novamente ritrovati da Alberico Vesputio*, a book, usually quoted as that of Luigi da Cademosto, from the circumstance of its containing his voyages in the employ of Portugal. (See Bartolozzi, *Ricerche*, p. 14, 65; *Memorias de Litteratura Portugueza*, t. viii, p. 312; Tiraboschi, *della Litteratura Italian.* t. vi, pt. i, p. 220; Muñoz, *Historia*, prol. p. 23.

P. Martyr complains of this Luigi da Cademosto, or Aloysius Cadamustus, for a plagiarism from his first Decade. Ocean. Decad. ii, l. 7. See Navarrete, t. iii, p. 187.) This work was reprinted in Latin the next year, under the name of *Itinerarium Portugalsium*, and afterwards in 1532, in the collection of voyages published by Grinaeus. (*Novus Orbis Regionum ac Insularum Veteribus incognitarum*, fol. I have not seen the first edition, but have made use of that printed at Basle by Hervagius in 1555; and a German translation printed at Strasburg in 1534, entitled *Die New Welt der Landschaften und Insulen so bis hieher allen Altweltbeschrybern unbekant*.) The remaining letter of Vespucci's, dated at Lisbon, Sept. 4th, 1504, contains an abridged account of all his voyages. There was an impression of this letter in a Latin work printed in 1507, at St. Diey in Lorraine, entitled *Cosmographiæ Introductio* (Irving's Columbus, vol. iii, p. 267); but the oldest impression of it, to which I have had access, is in the *Novus Orbis* of Grinaeus.

In this translation the letter is addressed to René, King of Sicily and Jerusalem: as reprinted in Italian by Bandini and Canova, it is directed to Pietro Soderini. It seems doubtful to which of these distinguished individuals it was originally sent; but there is abundant evidence that it was actually written by Vespucci; because it can be traced down from his time to the present day. No writer, indeed, has ever pretended that this letter, or either of its companions, is spurious.

The earliest mention, which the industry of authors has been able to detect, of the word America, is in the *Cosmographiæ Introductio* above mentioned, and in the following words: 'Nunc vero et hæ partes sunt latius lustratæ, et alia quarta pars per Americum Vespuccium (ut in sequentibus audietur) inventa est, quam non video cur quis jure vetet ab Americo inventore, sagacis ingenii viro, Amerigen quasi Americi Terram, sive Americam dicendam.' (Irving's Columbus vol. iii, p. 276.) Next after this comes a letter written by Joachim Vadianus, a Swiss scholar known by his commentary on Pomponius Mela. His words are: 'Si Americam a Vespuccio repertam, et eam Eos Terræ partem, quæ terræ Ptolomæo cognitæ adjecta est, ad longitudinis habitate rationem referimus, longe ultra hemisphærium habitari terram constat.' (Joachim. Vadian. Epist. ad Rudol. Agricola)

ad calcem Pomponii Melæ de Situ Orbis, ed. fol. 1530, Lutet. Parisiorum, in the Boston Athenæum.) Looking into the oldest writers on America, such as Cademosto, P. Martyr, Benzoni and Grinæus, we find that each of them uses the term *Novus Orbis* where we should use *America*. And in most of the maps published between 1510 and 1570, *America* is applied in the limited sense stated in the text. Thus Munster, whose *Cosmographia*, printed in 1550, was long a text-book in geography, has a map of the world, in which, towards the west of Europe, appear *Terra Florida*, then a little below *Cuba*, then *Hispaniola*, and a little south of the line *America vel Brasiliæ Insula*. In another map of Munster's, which is entitled *Novus Orbis*, are found grouped together *Terra Florida*, *Cuba*, *Hispaniola*, *Jamaica*, *Parias*, and lastly *Insula Atlantica quam vocant Brasiliæ et Americam*. (Canovai, Diss. Giustif. n. 76. Being unable to procure the works of Munster, I am dependant for these citations on Canovai.) In a map of the world prefixed to the Grinæus of 1555, the western part is occupied with a number of islands, which, beginning with that farthest north, are named *Terra Cortesia*, *Terra de Cuba*, *Isabella*, *Spagnolla*, *Insula Antiglias*, *Zipangri* (Japan), and then *America*, an island considerably larger than either of the others, on the northern extremity of which is printed *Parias*, on the western *Cannibali*, and on the southern *Prisilia*. If the last word *Prisilia* refers to Brazil, it would seem that some geographers had begun to distinguish it as a part of America. The same edition of Grinæus contains a brief introduction to geography, in which occurs the following sentence: 'Insulas occidentales, nempe Hispanam, Ioannam, Spagnollam, Cubam Isabellam, Antiglias, Cannibalorum Terram, Americam, et reliquas incognitas terras, primi mortalium adinvenit Christopherus Columbus et Albericus Vesputius.' Similar quotations can easily be multiplied. Thus Comes Natalis, who flourished about 1680, speaking of the famous expedition of the huguenots under Villegagnon, says that the French called Brazil America, because it was discovered by Amerigo Vespucci. (Comes Natalis, Hist. S. Temp. p. 139, as quoted by Canovai, Diss. Giustif. n. 75. See also Southey's Brazil, v. i, p. 272, note.) Jean de Lery, a huguenot minister, who visited Villegagnon's settlement in 1550, and twenty years afterwards published a very amusing ac-

count of his voyage, entitles it a History of a Voyage to Brazil, which is also called America. (*Historia Navigationis in Brasiliam, quæ et America dicitur, &c.* a Joanne Lerio, Burgundo, Gallice scripta, nunc vero primum Latinitate donata, &c. 1585, 12mo.) The present use of the term seems to have been established soon after this time: for Ortelius, in his *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*, applies the words *America* and *Bresilia* as we do now, and delineates the geography of this continent with tolerable accuracy. (*Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*, fol. Antuerpiæ, 1584, apud Christophor. Plantinum.) But the original signification was not immediately forgotten, as we perceive in Gaspar Ensl's History of the West Indies, where he says, that the name of America was originally given to the countries explored by Vespucci, although afterwards, on account of the dye-wood found there, common usage superadded the name of Brazil. (*Gaspar Ensl, Indis Occidentalis Historia, Coloniae* 1612, 12mo. p. 130.) I will add to these citations the authority of Rocha Pitta and Barbosa, who, in noticing Pedro Alvares Cabral, remark that the name of Santa Cruz, which Cabral gave the country he accidentally discovered, was afterwards changed into America, on account of the charts of it delineated by Vespucci, and finally into Brazil, from its producing the brazil-wood. 'Para eterno monumento da sua piedade, intitulou Pedro Alvares a nova terra com a religiosa antonomasia de S. Cruz, que depois se mudou em America, por ter demarcado as terras e costas maritimas della Americo Vespucci insigne cosmografo, e ultimamente Brasil, pela produçãõ da madeira, que tem côr de brazas.' (Barbosa, *Bibliotheca Lusitana*, t. iii, p. 554.) Rocha Pitta is no less explicit. 'Este foy,' says he, 'o primeiro descobrimento, este o primeiro nome desta regiaõ, que depois esquecida de titulo taõ superior, se chamou America, por Americo Vespucci, e ultimamente Brasil, pelo pao vermelho, ou côr de brazas, que produz.' *Hist. da America Portugueza*, p. 6.) Finally, Navarrete himself admits that such was once the application of the word America. (*Viages y Descubrimientos*, tom. i, int. p. 126.

WOMAN,

IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Περὶ ἀρετῆς γυναικῶν, οὐ τῆ αὐτῆ τῶ Θεουκιδίδῃ γυνάμην ἔχομεν. ὁ μὲν γὰρ, ὅς ἂν ἐλάχιστος ἢ παρὰ τοῖς ἐκτὸς ψόγου πίρι, ἢ ἱπταίου λόγος, ἀρίστη ἀποφαίνεται· καθάπερ τὸ σῆμα καὶ τοῦνομα τῆς ἀγαθῆς γυναικὸς οἴμενος δεῖν κατάκλειστον εἶναι καὶ ἀνίξοδον. ἡμῖν δὲ κομψότερος μὲν ὁ Γοργίας φαίνεται, κελύων, μὴ τὸ εἶδος, ἀλλὰ τὴν δόξαν, εἶναι πολλοῖς γάμειμοι τῆς γυναικὸς. ἀρίστα δὲ ὁ Ῥωμαίων δοκεῖ νόμος εἶχειν, ὅσπερ ἀνδράσι, καὶ γυναῖξι, δημοσίᾳ μετα τὴν τελευταίαν τοὺς προσπικοντας ἀποδιδοῦς ἱπταίους.

PLUTARCH. DE MULIER. VIRTUT.

Some are so uncharitable, as to think all women bad; and others are so credulous, as they believe they all are good. Sure, though every man speaks as he finds, there is reason to direct our opinion, without experience of the whole sex; which, in a strict examination, makes more for their honor than most men have acknowledged. At first she was created his equal; only the difference was in the sex; otherwise they both were man. If we argue from the text, that male and female made man, so the man being put first, was worthier; I answer, so the evening and the morning was the first day; yet few will think the night the better. That man is made her governor, and so above her, I believe rather the punishment of her sin, than the prerogative of his worth. Had they both stood, it may be thought she had never been in that subjection; for then it had been no curse, but a continuance of her former estate, which had nothing but blessedness in it. . . . Women are naturally the more modest, and modesty is the seat and dwelling-place of virtue. Whence proceed the most abhorred villanies, but from a masculine, unblushing impudence? What a deal of sweetness do we find in a mild disposition! When a woman grows bold and daring, we dislike her, and say, she is too like a man; yet in ourselves we magnify what we condemn in her. Is not this injustice? Every man is so much the better, by how much he comes nearer to God. Man in nothing is more like him, than in being merciful. Yet woman is far more merciful than man; it being a sex wherein pity and compassion have dispersed far brighter rays. God is said to be love; and I am sure every where woman is spoken of for transcending in that quality. . . . I am resolved to honor virtue, in what sex soever I find it. And I think, in the general, I shall find it more in women, than men, though weaker and more infirmly guarded. I believe they are better, and may be brought to be worse. Neither shall the faults of many make me uncharitable to all; nor the goodness of some make me credulous of the rest. Though hitherto, I confess, I have not found more sweet and constant goodness in man, than I have found in woman.

OWEN FELLTHAM.

W O M A N .

WE have cause, in my apprehension, of heartfelt gratitude to Providence, for that we live in the present age of the world. I know that such is a common topic of congratulation, and has been in other centuries, when the young were, as now, accustomed to dwell upon the alleged circumstance of the continued advancement of man, while the aged doubtfully interposed their disbelief of the fact. But this difference of opinion has arisen from adverting rather to the intellectual, than the social, condition of man. It does, indeed, seem to me that the great leading truths of natural and moral science are more accurately understood at the present time, than they were in any, which has gone before it; that the higher branches of art have attained an eminence, which, if not more astonishing in each individual case, certainly is so in the extendedness of its diffusion;—that poetry, and eloquence, and moral and religious teaching, are characterized by a richness of invention and a

vigor and affluence of illustration, which no past era has excelled ; and that genius, in whichever of its innumerable forms it is to be considered, may be as truly predicated of our own age as of the days of Pericles or Augustus.—But neither learning, nor science, nor imitative art contains the secret of private happiness or public prosperity. It is not by the condition of these alone that the progressive improvement of the human race is to be measured ; nor is it in reference to them directly, nor indeed any otherwise, except as they minister to the well being of mankind in general, that I speak, when I give to the present age a preference over its sixty predecessors.

Whoever should entertain a serious doubt on this point, would clearly satisfy himself in regard of the fact, by comparing the state of things known to ourselves at the present time, with the condition of mankind at any selected epoch of marked celebrity in history. Consider, for instance, the situation of private individuals at the flourishing period of the Grecian commonwealths, when literature and the fine arts had arrived at their highest distinction, and those productions of sculpture, eloquence, or poetry were struck out, which have been the objects of wonder and imitation in every succeeding age. Such were the ferocious maxims of those days, that war rather than peace was the natural state of man ; prisoners taken in battle became the slaves of the conqueror, servitude being the price of

life ; and in the perpetual commotions, which agitated the states of Greece, the successful faction mercilessly butchered such of their antagonists as fell into their power, and arbitrarily subjected the fugitives, who escaped from massacre, to confiscation and banishment. At each of these unhappy revolutions, it not seldom happened that, in the rage of civil discord, half the population of a state were cut off by the edge of the sword, or driven into exile to become the infuriated enemies of their native country.* And yet these were polished, refined, enlightened Greeks, the brilliant cultivators of philosophy and the arts, compared with whom all the rest of mankind, even the proud and victorious Romans, were barbarians in name, and barbarians in fact, if a darker picture of social barbarism can be conceived, than that of miserable, distracted Greece.

Take another example from the days of chivalry, so dear to the lover of sparkling fiction, so romantic in all the associations of the spirit-stirring verse of the lively minstrel, so fully identified, in our imagination, with deeds of generous heroism and self-devotion, of high-toned love and of knightly faith. Yet all this is but the brilliant exterior, the glittering surface, which covers up an incalculable mass of universal suffering. Isolated individual objects of attraction and interest stand out in daz-

* See Hume's Essays, vol. i.

—ing splendor amid the scenes of chivalry, relieved against the murky darkness of crime, and folly, and ignorance, into which every class and condition of society were plunged. The enchanter's wand of romance or poetry has raised up before our mind's eye the image of brave cavaliers, clad in their steel harness, and doing their devoir full knightlike in the battle-field or the tournament, to sustain the cause of religion, loyalty, or beauty; but to appreciate those times aright we should read the ancient lays and chronicles themselves, and we shall then shudder at the spectacle of supreme wretchedness in fact, which is enabled to shine so gaily in fiction. For the few, who lived for war, and joyed but in scenes of violence and carnage, and who by the accident of birth or the possession of superior prowess and strength stood in the front rank of society, the part they had to play was brilliant at least, however perilous and precarious it may have been. But for the many, plundered at will by the profligate and lawless nobles, the victims alike of every conflict whether friend or foe prevailed, the dependant covering vassals of the brutal chieftain, who from the vaulted recesses of his baronial castle tyrannized over the starving peasantry of his feudal jurisdiction,—for these, for the great mass of the human family, the days of chivalry were days of calamitous private misery and public dissoluteness.

Will you reply, that I have unfairly selected pe-

riods in the history of our race, which, although presenting remarkable and striking contrasts in illustration of my position, yet afford no safe criterion of the comparative social advancement of the present age? If it be so, I know not where to look for examples better suited to aid the argument of those, who would depreciate the present condition of mankind. Choose for yourselves the epoch, whatever it be, that shall fail to sustain my position, when you test the true condition of society by referring to the state of the useful, instead of the ornamental arts. Shall it be the famous age of Augustus, of Mæcenas, Virgil, and Horace,—when men lived in palaces of gold and marble, and simple senators displayed the state and exercised the power of oriental monarchs, and fortunes were sometimes expended in a single entertainment? And yet in those times the commonest conveniences of private life were so little known, and its embellishments so poorly understood, that time was imperfectly measured by sun-dials or by a kind of clumsy hour glass; that when princes were feasted at the table of Octavius Cæsar they tore their food in pieces and conveyed it to the mouth chiefly with their fingers; and that a quarrel arose between a Spartan lady and the queen of Deiotarus, because one of these lofty dames was so regardless of etiquette as to anoint herself with butter instead of ointment; for the simple comfort of linen being then unknown to Greece and Rome, the toilet of

a noble lady bore a striking resemblance to the primitive one of a savage in our western wilds.

Shall our age be compared with the sumptuous days of Henry, of the gallant Francis, and of Charles of Spain, when the floors of a royal or noble dwelling, instead of being carpeted, were very ingeniously strown with a plentiful supply of fresh rushes, to cover the remnants from the table and afford occasional visiters a more convenient seat in default of an adequate number of chairs? Shall it be the long applauded age of Louis the Fourteenth, ere Paris or London was lighted by night, when a royal coach was but a lumbering car loaded with paint and gilding, and when neatness, warmth, convenience, and personal ease were less known in the magnificent halls of the Tuileries or of Saint James, than they now are in the humble abode of each plain untitled citizen?

It were idle to contrast with ours, in respect of public freedom or private security, either of these periods, when political rights were comparatively unknown, and assassination or robbery by the high hand was quite as common as theft or vagrancy is now. And I presume somewhat on the reader's indulgence in alleging the homely illustrations, which I have introduced; but they prove, more conclusively than the most labored induction, the manifold reasons we have to entertain a grateful sense of the blessings which distinguish our own age, and which are best under-

stood by lifting the veil of illusion from off the glittering misery of periods apparently the most resplendent in the past history of man. For if the present age have any leading characteristic more striking than another, it is the tendency to refer every thing to a positive end of utility; and that end, not the accommodation or advantage of a privileged class of individuals, but the accommodation and advantage of the many, the multitudes, the millions, the whole indiscriminate human family. And the consequence is, that in no preceding age has the true secret of public good been so well explained, or so universally acted upon, as in this; and the sum of human happiness, notwithstanding the sanguinary wars and frantic civil commotions which have been passing around us, has in like manner far exceeded that of any other specific period.

In reference to the considerations which I have thus explained, it may be received as an axiom that the condition of the female population, in every country, affords the surest criterion of the general state of society. In communities which are purely barbarous, such as the negro population of most of the continent of Africa, and the savage population of North and South America, it is invariably found that, among the laboring classes universally, woman is the mere slave of lordly man; and while the latter is engaged in the stirring pursuits of war and the chase, the former is dedicated,—not merely to the

rearing of children, which alone imposes such an unequal burden upon the female sex,—but also to the toilsome drudgery of household and field labor in its worst form. This is one extremity in the scale of social condition. And on the other hand, in proportion as a community is highly civilized, and especially when it attains that highest elevation of civilization, which arises from the combination of the Christian religion with the influences of good government, then woman emerges from the wretchedness of savage life, and continually tends to become as she should be, cherished the more for her very infirmities, because those infirmities grow out of the constitution of human nature as essential to the perpetuation of our race. I say, in a civilized community, she continually *tends to become* a cherished subject; and the degree of development which that tendency has reached in any country, attests the degree of civilization attained in that country.

I ought to apologize, perhaps, for laying down such a general proposition as this in such positive terms; but it would be a diversion from my main object to stop to demonstrate its truth, although I am confident it is as capable of demonstration as any problem in Euclid. At all events, I shall assume it to be so; and the more unhesitatingly, in that the time has gone by when coarse reprobation of the female sex, such as disgraces the pages of Pope, could gain countenance any where;

and good sense now tells us that whoever gives in to such opinions as his, is guilty of sacrilege to the character and honor, if not of a sister or wife, yet of the mother who bore and nursed him, who gave to him the mysterious boon of life, and who made it endurable to his helpless infancy and immature youth by her tenderness and affection.

How it is here, in regard of the female sex, we all see. I do not mean that portion of them only, who are nourished in the lap of luxury, and who, by virtue of the riches or station of their male relatives, enjoy all the blessings of life without being subjected to any of its privations or anxieties. If it were now the occasion to go into that topic, I might show the superior delicacy of sentiment, correctness of principle, and pure-hearted devotion to the duties of domestic life, which characterize the highly educated woman of the fortune-favored classes in the United States; as compared with individuals of the same condition in Europe. But I confine myself to those only, whose lot it is to exercise industrious callings, or to be associated in the domestic relations with persons of such callings; and I ask the reader to observe and bear in mind the pursuits and occupations, which the habits of society permit to such women in America.

It may be deemed the general rule, that in consequence of our consideration for their sex, they are completely debarred, or I should rather say sedulously shielded and protected, from any of the out-

door labors belonging to the exigencies of society. Who, among us, ever saw women plying as porters in the streets, toiling upon the highways, digging in the fields, or working in the midst of sailors and day-laborers on the wharves?—I venture to say that such a spectacle would awaken universal amazement in the first place, and this would be speedily followed by an indignant inquiry after the brutal husband or father, who imposed, sanctioned, or suffered such an unworthy exposure of a female to the severer hardships of laborious life. Public opinion, in our country, is inexorable on this point. The appropriate sphere of woman is domestic life, and if she must labor, her labors are either in discharging the duties of family care, or in such departments of industry as require skill only, not strength, and as completely exempt and preserve her from all exposure to the elements, and to the rudeness of the other sex. I state the fact thus unqualifiedly, because I know of nothing capable of being considered as any wise an exception to it, unless it be the practice, in some portions of our country, of permitting females to make sale of vegetables, fruits, and the like articles of food, in the public markets. But in this particular case, there is no subjection to the vicissitudes of weather; and the general rule undoubtedly is, that females, with us, labor only at indoor tasks, in families, manufactories or elsewhere, where skill and taste, not strength or capacity of bearing exposure, are the requisite qualifications.

In Europe it is altogether otherwise. There is no feature of national manners in Europe, which seems more singular to an American eye, than the promiscuous entry of the female sex into the indiscriminate labors of out-door life, especially on the continent. It is a familiar fact, which is continually presented to us in books, that, in the south of Europe, the business of retail traffic in the shops is exercised by women much more generally than in America; and this custom is, in evident relations, connected with the main doctrine of which I am speaking. The actual complexion of the thing is infinitely stronger for my argument. But enough of general observation: let me adduce particular facts pertinent to the subject, which I have personally witnessed,—facts to be sure, not observed in Spain exclusively, but yet applicable in principle to the Peninsula.

Holland, it is well known, is a low country, much of it reclaimed from the sea by human art, and protected by vast dykes from its inroads, whilst artificial canals every where abound, and many rivers flow through it to the ocean. The canals and rivers are covered with large sloops and schooners, for the interior transportation of merchandize; and it is the ordinary spectacle to see the wife and family of the master living on board the vessel. The *vrouw* not only cooks the food of the crew or family, and cleans the deck of the vessel, as she might the floor of her house on shore;

but I have continually seen her managing the helm, hauling at the ropes, fending off when other vessels come along side, and screaming out her orders and objurgations, when the navigation is intricate or the water crowded with vessels, in a voice far above all other sounds of confusion. But, it may be said, on board a large sloop or schooner a poor woman may live in tolerable comfort, and may greatly contribute to the cleanliness of the vessel, even if she be too shrewd a vixen to add to the happiness of her husband. Be it so. But what can be deemed of a small open boat, scarcely larger than a common wherry, being used as the habitation of a man and his wife, it being their joint occupation to row about the rivers, canals, and creeks, to work as day laborers upon the farms along the water's edge?—This, also, I have repeatedly observed on the river Maes, nor is it a rare fact, or considered, in Hollaënd, at all extraordinary. Nay, the large sloops have occasion frequently to pass through narrow canals, where either the want or the wrong direction of the wind prevents the use of sails, and where it is necessary to drag along the boat by the application of power on shore; and I have seen this incident happen, so often and so familiarly as to cease to attract my attention. Sometimes the owner of the vessel cannot afford to hire a horse, or there is none at hand, and the *wrow* places the drag rope around her waist and shoulders, with her son, or it may be a daughter, to aid

her, and thus drags along the boat and its freight, while the *schipper* remains on board to direct the helm. Nay, I have seen her, on such an occasion, assisting the horse on pressing emergencies; and I do not state insulated or strange facts, but things of every day's occurrence all over the maritime regions of the Netherlands.

But these, it may be urged, are amphibious beings, whose pleasures and pursuits have special reference to the peculiar state of their country. Well, then, let us enquire how things are conducted on shore, among females of settled land life. In the first place, it is to be observed that the marketing, I mean, the business of selling in the markets as well as buying for domestic uses, is almost exclusively performed by them in all weathers. This alone I should not adduce as a very material fact, although I confess the quantity of out-door work done by female domestics in the European cities, and which is here confined to male domestics, awakened in my mind no small degree of surprise. But on the *boompjes*, or principal quay, of Rotterdam, I have repeatedly seen females at work in discharging merchandize from boats alongside of the quay, such as bricks, pressed hay, and other heavy commodities, which they took from the boats into the magazines or upon the quay, promiscuously with men. I mention the *boompjes* of Rotterdam, not because it is a solitary case, but in order to give a specific example of place and circumstance.

And I shall draw only a single additional illustration of my subject from the Netherlands. Near to the Hague, the political capital of Holland, and by far the most refined city in that country, is a small fishing town called Scheveningen, which is also much frequented as a bathing place and for its fine sea views. A beautiful avenue of trees leads from the Hague to Scheveningen, and the whole population of the latter place are dedicated to the business of catching and selling fish for the market of the Hague, the selling being conducted by the women exclusively, as it is elsewhere in the Netherlands. In the morning the women convey their fish to market, partly in baskets, partly in small wagons or carts drawn by large dogs. In the afternoon you will meet the same persons returning, with their baskets on their heads, heavily laden with vegetables or other articles, while their husbands are not rarely seen riding at ease in the little carts,—a spectacle, which, although somewhat local, it is true, yet grows out of the general habits and feelings of the people, in regard to the labor which may be exacted of women.

Nor is the state of things materially different in France. The universal diffusion of knowledge in this country by means of popular publications adapted to the wants of every condition of society, has rendered all the world familiar with the leading events of the French revolution. There is no fact, in that dreadful tragedy, which I have heard more

frequently introduced in conversation as a subject of amazement, than the part acted by the female population of that city in the worst horrors of its revolutionary madness. Nevertheless, it would strike us with little surprise, if we were practically familiar with the aspect of a Parisian mob. The fact is, that, on all public occasions, females enter as largely almost as males, into the composition of the multitude, which throng the streets; and this arises naturally from the circumstance of their being so continually abroad in the performance of a thousand of the common acts of industrious life, which, among us, are generally if not absolutely confined to the male sex. They do not possess that domesticity of character and occupation which belong to woman in this country, and constitute her greatest charm. Hence, in all the popular movements of Paris, we continually find women of the laboring classes to be prominent actors.

And there is this, also, of peculiar in their appearance in the cities of the Netherlands and France. Whilst females, among us, whose circumstances compel them to a life of labor, as they yield not to others in those personal attractions, which are the bounteous gifts of impartial nature herself, and belong to no condition of life, so also in the general fashion of dress, in its neatness and taste if not its quality, there is no marked line of distinction here between classes of society. But in the countries of which I speak, bonnets are in a mea-

sure confined to the fashionable classes, or at least are forbidden by fashion to females in the ordinary pursuits of laborious life, who universally wear upon their heads simply a muslin cap. I premise this in explanation of a fact which I am about to state. Criminals are executed in Paris by the guillotine, which is erected for the occasion in a large square called the Place de Grève. In witnessing an execution on this spot, I have seen the whole square, the streets leading into it, and the neighboring quays of the Seine completely filled with a dense mass of spectators, where the number of white muslin caps apparently quite equalled the number of hats. For it is a necessary consequence of the promiscuous pursuit of laborious occupation by both sexes, that, as I have before intimated, they should appear in the streets on all occasions of public concourse.

And I should do injustice to my case, if I confined my remarks to Paris, or any other large city in France. Accompany me to the south of France, to the lovely regions of Provence and Languedoc, the very clime of poetry, the land of troubadours, and knights, and romance, where, if woman is to enjoy immunities any where, we should expect to find her the most highly favored by the usages of social life. In the south of France the principal roads are macadamised, and kept in a state of admirable perfection, by means of the peculiar system of administration adopted in that country.

I have seen, between Perpignan and Narbonne, along the shore of the Mediterranean, a company of twenty young women,—a gang as we should say in speaking of male workmen,—engaged in collecting, and transporting in baskets upon their heads or by their hands, the stones to be used in the repair of the public road. And it is no uncommon incident in France for the traveller to have occasion to employ females as porters. I remember giving a franc to a woman in Toulouse for carrying a large double trunk of my own upon her head, with the easy unconcern of accustomed labor. And it is the same elsewhere in the country. One of the neatest engravings of the costumes of Normandy represents the common incident of a young woman in her fantastic Norman cap, bearing the baggage of a traveller from the mole of Dieppe. What a total revolution in the exigencies of society, and the condition of the female sex, must be operated, before such things could happen in the United States!

Cross, now, the Pyrenees, and see if the condition of woman be anywise different there, from what it is in that contiguous Aquitaine, which, not less than proper Spain, once belonged to the realm of the Goths. It is common fact in Navarre and Biscay, as it is in Provence, Roussillon, Bearne, and Languedoc on the other side of the mountains, to see females engaged in ordinary field labor. Nor is it merely such field labor, as, in our happy coun-

try villages, the females are occasionally seen performing at haying time in turning the fresh mown grass. It is heavy, toilsome work with the plough, hoe, or spade, which they perform, not to aid in the sportive and joyous operations of hay-making, but as a part of the fixed labor of an agricultural population, just as in our Southern States the female slaves work in the fields side by side with the males. So it is substantially in those fruitful regions along the Mediterranean, which I have elsewhere spoken of as distinguished for agricultural industry. Elsewhere in the Peninsula, however, there is much qualification of the general principle involved in these facts, flowing from variations in the general habits of the people, which encourage somewhat more of that domesticity of occupation, so peculiarly characteristic of the female sex in the United States.

In the preceding remarks, I have contemplated the subject chiefly in reference to the consideration of labor, as a criterion or as a modifier of the condition of woman. It might be far more interesting, I admit, although perhaps not more instructive, to inquire into the discriminating traits of difference between European and American females, induced or affected by rank, costly education, the habits of refined life, the relations of marriage, and the forms of religion;—especially as appertaining to the character of the female sex in Spain. At another time I may not, perhaps, avoid the topic. And it would be found, on discussing it, that not only is

there more of moral purity, more of genuine delicacy and elevation of sentiment, more that is pre-eminently and in the best interpretation of the word *feminine*, in the character of woman in this country, but that here alone does she receive, in the apportionment of the necessary duties of life, in access to and enjoyment of all social conveniences and luxuries, that deference to her sex, wherein home-loving England, gallant and polite France, high souled Spain, staid and plodding Holland, are far outdone by their commingled offspring in America.

Very strongly marked epochs are observable in the condition of woman in the Peninsula, even in modern times. Regard the sentiment of love, as developed in the chronicles, romances, poems, plays, and other writings of the Spaniards.

In the long period of years preceding the conquest of Granada, when Christian and Moslem contended day by day for the empire of Spain, love, honor, and religion, it has been truly remarked,* disputed the field of high achievement, and contended together in the prompting of noble actions. Then it was that the Spaniards, disinterested, generous, punctilious in all things to a fault, looked upon courage in war as the peculiar sign of merit, and the attachment of woman as its peculiar recompense. In those times, it was seen that a young

* Laborde, Espagne, tom. i.

cavalier and his lady love, who met after a separation of three years, and were again to separate, died under the uncontrollable power of the mingled emotions of bliss and of anguish, which that occasion poured in upon their souls. Then it was that love and war went hand in hand. It is the state of manners described in Florian's *Gonzalve de Cordoue*, in Hita's historical romance of the Feuds of the Abencerages and Zegrís, in Irving's *Conquest of Granada*. At a later period, the expulsion of the Moors, and the conquests of Spain in Italy and America, produced an extraordinary change in this respect, and originated that condition of manners, which the *comedias* of Lope de Vega, Moreto, and Calderon, place before us in sketches only less impressive and vivacious than the reality. Daring bravery, boundless ingenuity of expedient in intrigue, nightly serenades, dueñas, transports of jealousy, the Italian gallantry and art associated with Castilian honor and Moorish ardor of passion,—all these crowd into the plot of life, to quicken its movement and sharpen its zest, and belong to the first century of the consolidated Spanish monarchy, when its banner floated over the world, its language and literature were the fashionable study of the day, and when the popular impression as to the character of its women was communicated to Europe.

But it is time I should look to the close of these remarks; and I continue them only for the pur-

purpose of explaining the true theory of moral distinction, as I conceive it, between the sexes, and the influence of Christianity as a religion, and independently of its sectarian varieties, upon the condition of woman.

An idle question has been started, with regard to the relative intellectual rank of the sexes :—some maintaining that men are endued by nature with superior acuteness and force of mind; others, on the contrary, vindicating the right of women to hold the same place in the scale of moral capacity with that sex, which possesses the greater physical strength. And although the advocates of the doctrine, which, if not the true one, is certainly the more generous, may point to many elegant female writers, who, for extensive information and mental vigor, at least enter into competition with the proudest ornaments of the male sex; although they might refer to the numberless instances of female courage and magnanimity, with which the pages of ancient and modern history are adorned; although, in short, the moral refinement of women in our own times is abundantly sufficient to establish their claim to that respect, as intellectual creatures, which the age of chivalry gloried in bestowing upon them, so that the question would thus be placed beyond the reach of controversy :—still it is enough to consider, that nature has clearly indicated the endearing offices of social intercourse, the kindly duties of the domestic circle, as the nobler scene for

the display of feminine excellence. Woman, when she comes forth into the bustle, and among the harassing cares, the heartless employments, the cruel passions, which occupy and agitate the world, loses her most exquisite grace, her most potent charm, because, in abandoning those situations in which her influence is unequalled and supreme, she places herself on a level with all that is ungenerous, selfish, ambitious, revengeful, and ceases to be the tender and lovely being, which nature designed for the solace of life.

Indeed, why should woman wish for that masculine temper, which is appropriate to the minds of men? Would she choose to sacrifice the touching delicacy, the refined elegance, the generous confidence, which belong to the female mind, in order to acquire the harsher, although stronger, features, which characterize the intellect of her kindred sex? The strength of the one is incompatible with the delicacy of the other; and it is no less impossible to unite these qualities of mind in the same person, than it is to combine the matchless beauty of the Medicean Venus with the coarse lineaments, the rude and massive form, of the Farnese Hercules. No single instrument can stir our souls with the full, deep, and thrilling tones of the trumpet, and at the same time enchant with the finely and softly breathed accents of the lute. Nor is such a union of incongruous properties desirable. It would violate all our most cherished

notions of what is right and natural, without adding, in the smallest degree, to the charms of the female sex, or any wise increasing their legitimate influence. The magnificence of Semiramis differs from that of Sesostris, says the delightful old gossip of the Greeks; the policy of Servius and Tanaquil, and the magnanimity of Portia and Brutus, have diverse lineaments, peculiar to the sex of each; and it is the due combination of such distinct qualities, as in the different chords of a harp, which communicates harmony to the social elements.

Keeping these considerations in view, if we examine the best instances of female force of mind on record, we shall perceive that they are generally distinguished from corresponding instances of the same trait in men, by one remarkable peculiarity.—Whenever men have made any signal display of intrepidity, it has generally been for the purpose of advancing their projects of ambition, or of enlarging the power and dominion of their country, or of gratifying a vindictive passion, or, it may be, in many cases, of merely yielding to some native propensity to deeds of bravery and hardy daring. Female courage, on the other hand, has, for the most part, been exercised in the furtherance of the domestic affections, and in strict subservience to those affections, but comparatively seldom for its own sake, or, like the courage of men, for selfish and ambitious ends. Women have more frequently been intrepid in the preservation of their

offspring from danger, in testifying filial or sisterly affection, and in manifesting their unshaken constancy in the duties belonging to the perfect wife, than for the purpose of simply exhibiting a sentiment of patriotism, of hardihood, or of warlike enthusiasm.

And in further qualification of the facts and inferences which I have alleged, it is proper to observe that whilst education, public sentiment, or whatever other cause, has created such marked differences in the condition of the female sex in Europe and America, their political condition, upon both continents, and in all parts of the world, and in every age, has felt, in the most essential manner, the salutary influence of Christianity.

What remains to us of lofty intellectual effort, to bespeak the cultivation of the female sex in ancient times? Truly half a dozen morsels of verse, chiefly dedicated to the least intellectual of the great passions which agitate the human breast. What may have been the personal character of Sappho is by no means perfectly clear; but the social condition of the next most celebrated female wit of pagan Greece is matter of settled fact, for Ninon de l'Enclos was but a bad copy of Athenian Aspasia. Consider, for a moment, the same point in the literary history of Rome. True it is that in Rome eulogies were pronounced on eminent female excellence in the dead; and it was more highly honored among the living, than in Greece.

But what female classic has Rome bequeathed to posterity?—Cicero, in testifying his respect for Cornelia, assures us that she spoke her native language with extraordinary purity; and this was the intellectual cultivation of the daughter of the Scipios and the mother of the Gracchi! And when the younger Pliny would describe the *mind* of his second wife, the companion of his studies not less than the ornament of his rank, he shows to his friend, not how admirably she wrote herself, but how intelligently she admired the writings of her accomplished husband. In short, antiquity possessed no De Stael or Edgeworth,—no Vittoria Colonna, no Felicia Hemans.—Portia, Arria, Paulina,—names of trust and glory like these abound in heathen, as in Christian times; but search antiquity over, and you will discover no Doña Maria de Padilla, no Lady Rachel Russell, to eclipse the fame of man. But so soon as Christianity had stamped itself upon the sentiments of the Greek and Roman world, at that moment begins the catalogue of pre-eminently intellectual females, not only among the *purple-born* of the palace of the Constantines, but in the lowlier walks of life.

In Europe, at the present day, I think it is to be seen, as I have shown by examples, that distinctions *in favor* of the female sex obtain far less than in America. Still there, as here, she is at least man's equal. But I look to certain portions of the world, and I see woman the toilsome hard-

tasked bond-maiden of man, banished from all the elevated and elevating pursuits of life:—I look to certain others, and I see her his companion, his counsellor, and his friend, and participating with him in every thing, which ennobles humanity, or which humanity possesses of noble. It needs but a glance at the map to discern, that where she is depressed, degraded, enslaved,—Christianity has not yet achieved its conquests; and that she is upraised, cherished, an admired and intellectual being, there only where the cheering influences of our religion have come to awaken the inspiration of a purer passion and loftier sentiment in her soul, like the morning sun drawing forth music from the dumb statue of Memnon.

Reflect on the wonderfully strikingly illustration of this, which repeatedly occurs in the sacred history of the Hebrews; where, for instance, in moments of difficulty and peril, the daughters of a family, instead of being anxiously shielded from the bare touch of danger, as in like circumstances they would be among us,—instead of being resolutely defended from harm to the last gasp of life,—were voluntarily offered up to an assailing foe to purchase immunity for the masculine inmates of the household, as the mariner casts overboard his least valued effects to lighten his laboring ship in the storm. Go, in our own time, to the lettered and cultivated nations on the banks of the Ganges, and you find woman at best admitted to the brief hours

of man's passing tenderness, or suffered as the mother of his children, while toil is equally her lot with his; and if, as the usages of their country permit, a part of the too numerous offspring of needy parents is to be sacrificed for their comfort, it is the daughter, who is committed to the un pitying waves of their sacred river, as of small account; —and when the head of the family is consigned to the tomb, his widow testifies the humble nature of her relation to the deceased, not by cherishing his memory in her bereaved heart, but, as the favorite steed of a Pawnee chieftain is slain at his burial, by immolating herself on his funeral pile to serve him in another world. Enter even the mirrored halls of the imperial Seraglio, smiling with its gilded turrets over the placid waters of the sea of Marmora; and if woman be cherished there in all the luxury of oriental pomp, it is only as the purchased slave of man's pleasures, earthy, soulless; born for the recreation of his moments of ease, and with no title of aspiration to join in his higher hopes of heaven, that she is arrayed in jewels and gold, and enshrined in mysterious magnificence by the Padishah.

Christendom, and Christendom alone, invests her with the character which nature and heaven designed her to receive, as the equal partaker of the moral and intellectual properties of man upon earth, and the equal partaker of his promised immortality hereafter. In Christendom, nothing for her is ex-

clusive, but in so far as she may be exempted, to different degrees in different countries, from the laborious occupations, and harassing cares and deadly dangers, to which sterner man is subject. There she is the same social and spiritual being that he is; the book of knowledge is alike unclasped for her perusal as for his; the creations of art may do honor to her pencil, the inspiration of poetry issue from her lips, and lettered talent render her the teacher and the enlightener of mankind. There also the world has seen, in such splendid examples as an Isabel of Castile or an Elizabeth of England, that genius has no sex, and that feeble woman can wield the sceptre with as lofty a spirit as ever belted knight that mounted the throne. And for all these peculiarities in the condition of woman, the most extraordinary proofs of the augmented improvement and bettered prospects of the human race in our age and country, it is but simple justice to render thanks to the auspicious influences of Christianity.

CHRISTMAS

IN MADRID.

When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits received,—propitious Heaven
Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense,
And doubles all its blessings.

LILLO.

Star of God, we follow thee,
From danger, doubt, and trouble free :—
The beamings of thy holy light
Dispel the gloominess of night,
 And glad our longing eyes.
Thou shinest glorious in the west
The herald of approaching rest ;
And there, with undiminished splendor,
Our beacon, loadstar, and defender,
 Oh ! shine, oh ! shine :—
Shine till thou hast led us on
To kneel where God's descended Son,
 The cradled monarch, lies.

Star of God, we follow thee
At morn and eve, o'er land and sea :
The light of thy celestial rays
Was never poured on mortal gaze,
 Nor kindled in the skies,
Before the promised Saviour's birth
Proclaimed good will and peace on earth :
And o'er the west still calmly brightening,
Our lone and weary path enlightening,
 Oh ! shine, oh ! shine :—
Shine, till thou hast led us on
To kneel where God's descended Son,
 The cradled monarch, lies.

CHRISTMAS.

THE birth-day of our Saviour is a day of great festivity in all Christian countries ; but peculiarly so in Spain. Christmas eve, or *noche buena*, 'good night,' as it is called in that country, is in every body's mouth long in anticipation of its arrival ; and when it comes, all the world is consigned to exuberant hilarity, except in the hours appropriated to the services of religion. The various modes of amusement, and the modifications of religious observance, which prevail in Madrid, especially, are eminently curious to the eye of a stranger and a Protestant.

In the heart of the city is an extensive square called the Plaza Real, or Plaza Mayor, upon a side of which stands a large edifice called the Panaderia. Formerly the bull-fights were exhibited in this public square, the lists being defended by halberdiers, while the galleries and balconies of the buildings received the spectators, the royal family occupying the Panaderia. The Plaza Mayor has

long ceased to be used as an arena ; and is quite as profitably employed for the purposes of promenade, military spectacle, processions, and above all as a market for diverse miscellaneous objects of traffic. At the period of Christmas a vast quantity of articles, called for by the tastes and habits of the season, are displayed here, as also in the Calle Mayor and Plaza de Santa Cruz, and elsewhere in that quarter of the city. Independently of the diversified costumes of the sellers, and the appearance or character of the buyers, there is much in the commodities for sale, which is attractive and amusing.

First to be noticed is the astonishing variety of *dulces* and *turrões*, comfits, sweetmeats, candied or dried fruits,—in short, every combination and form whereby honey or sugar in conjunction with fruits can be rendered alluring to the sight and palatable to the taste. The preserves of Zaragoza and Vitoria, are particularly to be noted for their beauty and abundance. They remind one of the dialogue between Folly and Humor in the Sun's Darling.

Fol. A most sweet Spaniard, a comfit-maker of Toledo, that can teach sugar to slip down your throat a million of ways.

Hum. Mystery there, like to another nature,
 Confects the substance of the choicest fruits
 In a rich candy, with such imitation
 Of form and color, 't will deceive the eye
 Until the taste be ravished.

Fol. Comfits and caraways, marchpanes and marmalades,
 sugar plums and pippin-pies, gingerbread and walnuts.

Indeed, the Spaniards on both continents have always been celebrated for their taste in the preparation, and their avidity in the consumption, of these articles; which are pre-eminently in vogue, as will be presently explained, at the season of Christmas. In some of the arcades of the Plaza Mayor you see little stalls, where the *dulces* are displayed, arranged on shelves or suspended from frame-work, the sweetmeats being interspersed sometimes with flowers or other decorations. And in addition to the preserved or dried fruits, there is a rich array of nuts and fresh fruits, among which the delicious oranges of the southern provinces are conspicuous in brilliant golden heaps, redolent of the gardens of Seville.

Next to these are to be observed the curious toys of colored porcelain, generally brought from Malaga, and which, although small, are executed with admirable spirit and correctness. You see the Castilian peasant in his little cap and shrunk habiliments,—the fat Franciscan or the humbler looking Capuchin in their appropriate garb,—the muleteer of Biscay and the wagoner of La Mancha familiar with every road and village in Spain,—the gay Andalusian *majo* in his tasselled jacket, his gaudy vest, and his hat glistening in bugles, with his cloak jauntily thrown upon his shoulder and the guitar in his hand,—the black eyed damsel of Cadiz or Valencia, in the attitude of tripping it on ‘the light fantastic toe,’—you see these and a

thousand other representations of the picturesque costumes and original fashions of the Peninsula. Artificial grottoes, small towers, castles, and other more common varieties of toys, serve to make up an assortment adapted to please any caprice of taste or fancy.

Finally, the strangest exhibition of all is of the numberless instruments of music, most of which are so peculiar to Spain as to be without a name even in the English language. Small drums for children abound on all sides. Resembling them is the *pandereta*, a circular instrument, precisely of the form of a common sieve, with parchment stretched across a wooden frame, the wooden frame having small bits of tin strung upon wires, and the whole being gaudily painted. It is, of course, beat by the hand, while the bits of tin are made to tinkle in accompaniment. The *zambomba* is a drum in form, differing from it in this, that the parchment covers only one end of the instrument, out of the midst of which proceeds a reed, and the music, if music its harsh sounds can be called, is made by rubbing the reed with the fingers. The body is usually constructed of wood, covered with tawdrily painted figures; but larger ones are sometimes made of clay. The *chicarra* is like the *zambomba* in principle, except that it may be made of greater relative length than the latter, and that in place of the reed is a long cord, which is also made to utter similar notes in the same way

with the *zambomba*. The *rabel* is a most primitive violin, consisting of a distended bladder attached to the end of a rod, with a single cord stretched across the bladder from one end of the rod to the other; and the cord is played upon with a fiddlestick.

The life, the activity of Madrid, at such a time, is indescribable and almost inconceivable. The streets and squares absolutely swarm with human beings. Blind musicians appear to have a glorious holiday of it, as if collected here from every province in Spain. Occasionally you meet them alone; but more frequently in little companies, which sing the popular *seguidillas* and *romances* of the country to the accompaniment of violins and guitars. Now is the time for the children of Madrid and the villages near it to be superlatively happy; for they are especially considered in the myriads of playthings,—*juguetes de niños*,—which are displayed for sale; and their parents, friends, or servants are conducting them around to make their choice amid the affluence of objects adapted to their age. The whole city is a scene of bustle, merriment, and uproar; for if the Plaza de Santa Cruz be filled with toys and fruits, other squares, such as the Plaza de la Cebada, are alive with highly characteristic specimens of the bipeds of the country, among which the flocks of noisy and insurrectionary turkeys make themselves sufficiently notorious, as if they entertained a presentiment of

the violent death reserved for them on the morrow. For it is by no means in behalf of children alone that so many good things are collected for sale in anticipation of Christmas.

Noche buena is a season of strict fast and vigil in Madrid, made so in commemoration of the pains of Our Lady on that night. But, in Catholic countries, abstinence from flesh constitutes fasting; and fruits, fish, and preserves may be eaten to repletion, without any violation of principle. Hence arises the demand for the *dulces*, which ornament the stalls of the Plaza Mayor. Abundance of fresh fish is brought from the coast of Biscay for this occasion. And on Christmas eve intimate friends assemble to partake of joyous and festive entertainments composed of all the various articles of refreshment, which their religious opinions permit to the Roman Catholics.

Meanwhile, the common people are enjoying their *saturnalia* in the streets, cold as the weather often is in Madrid on this night. They have purchased the infinite number of drums, *panderetas*, *zambombas*, and so forth, which I have described, and all the men, women and children in the city seem to be exerting themselves to the utmost to make all the noises, which it is possible for the undulations of atmospheric air to form. No human being can sleep to-night.

Esta noche es noche buena
No es noche de dormir :—

So says the current stanza of the night ; and this proverb of the country is compulsorily true ; it is a prophecy which procures its own fulfilment ; for I defy lethargy itself to obtain slumber amid the hubbub of grating *zambombas* and *chicarras*, the rattling of *panderetas*, the beat of drum, and the screeching of innumerable voices, which rise upon the clear night air of Christmas eve in Madrid.

At midnight, mass is celebrated in the churches, and with great pomp in those where good music is to be had, such as the Encarnacion and the Descalzas Reales ; but report says that, among the multitudes of either sex, which throng these churches at so late an hour, intrigue has occasion and scope such as few other moments in the year afford. How this may be I pretend not to judge ; but I can well believe that some irregularity may find place amid the riotous confusion, which characterizes the humors of *noche buena*. And a feast in the day follows the fast of the previous night ; for as the saying is, it is customary then to give up one's self to the plate and the bottle,—*darse al plato y a la botilla*,—to eat and drink of the best that one's means afford. It is, in short, a holiday of peculiar *solemnity*, if I may use the phrase ; as I experienced in vainly attempting to buy at the open shops some trifling article of apparel, which I particularly desired, and which no man would have scrupled to sell me on the Sabbath.

Other practises exist appropriate to the day.

One is that of decking up a *Navidad*, a mimic representation of the nativity of our Saviour, in doing which much expense is frequently incurred for the purchase of dresses and ornaments. Presents are also interchanged as with us, and this occasions that great demand for toys, which the Plaza Mayor supplies. And to crown the whole, it is customary at the theatres in the evening for the male and female actors to exchange parts. Thus at the Teatro del Principe I saw the amusing comedy of Francisco de Rojas, entitled *Lo que son mugeres*, in which all the characters, male as well as female, were represented by women; whilst in the *tonadilla*, or musical farce, which followed, all the parts, female and male, were borne by men. It was, in short, like the Carnival, a season of sanctioned amusement, a kind of concurrent utterance of sentiments of joyous gratulation, which, if it occasionally degenerated into license, still had its origin in the purest and best emotions of the heart.

For it would be grossly unfair not to avow that religious feelings and convictions predominate in the acts of rejoicing, which evince the gratitude of the universal people. The Spaniard never forgets that time was, when from the very churches where-in he now worships, the Arabian

‘ Proclaimed the hour

For prayer appointed, and with sonorous voice,

Thrice in melodious modulation full

Pronounced the highest name. There is no God

But God, he cried ; there is no God but God !
Mahommed is the Prophet of the Lord !
Come ye to prayer ! to prayer ! The Lord is great !
There is no God but God !'

He now feels that his religion is a triumphant one, although once a persecuted, a denounced, a prostrate religion ; and it so long served as the watchword of battle and the rallying cry of victory, that he views its ordinances with eyes of ardent faith, far beyond that of other nations ;—and he gives full play to his deep sense of its importance on occasion of Christmas.

Indeed, to assemble at a fitting season of the year, and return thanks to the Giver of all good gifts for the continued mercies vouchsafed by him to the creatures of his bounty and power, is a custom confined to no age or country, peculiar to no form of religion, but universal as the air we breathe, and as the auspicious light, which shines out in brightness and gladness on all the generations of men.

The husbandman has gathered in the golden promise of harvest, and stored the rich treasures, wherewith the labored soil had liberally rewarded his cares :—and he comes to lay the grateful offerings of the heart before Him, who caused the rains of heaven to descend in fertilizing showers upon us, and the summer sun to pour forth his quickening rays over the teeming bosom of earth. The venturesome mariner has unfurled his swelling canvass

to the varying breezes of every clime, and his daring keel has cloven the dark wave of the stormy North, or the blue masses of the Southern sea, to revisit the cherished shores of home, laden with the accumulated wealth of the farthest corners of the globe; and he comes to burn sweet incense at the altar of Him, who tempered the lowering blast by day and the foaming billow by night, and bore the frail bark in swiftness and safety over the pathless depths of the sea. The prosperous merchant and laborious artisan have seen the growth of competency and ease at the fire-side of their households, and they come to utter their thanksgivings to Him, who has bestowed his blessing on their industry and skill. Nay, who is there so exalted on earth, that he has no soul-felt gratulations to offer at such an hour?—who so humble, that no outpourings of gratitude arise from his overflowing heart, as he looks backward on every passing period of his existence, and upward to the great Author of being, the bestower of life, and health, and all that we enjoy, or possess, or hope? For whence have we derived this curious globe of earth, the abiding place of man, poised as it is in the blue vast of the boundless sky, wheeled onward in its appointed orbit by the unseen agency of that astonishing power which pervades and upholds the universe of suns and stars, and filled with so many noble and beautiful objects of nature ministering to our tastes and wants and pleasures,—but from Him? Whence this astonishing gift of being and humanity itself, this admi-

nable frame of the human body, the most perfect of all the forms of the material creation in its combinations and its capacities, this mysterious essence of the human soul, the seat of perception, of reflection, of memory,—this emanation of the divinity,—this feeling, thinking, loving, worshipping spirit, which informs our meaner clay,—this struggling inhabitant of our earthly tabernacle, which, in the sublime aspirations of the poet or the burning words of the orator, unfolds the secret of its celestial origin and its immortal destinies,—whence but from Him, the same wise, beneficent God?

Wisely and justly, therefore, have men established suitable occasions for unitedly expressing the sentiments of gratitude, inspired by the contemplation of the manifold blessings of a gracious Providence, from the benign influences of whose protection no object of his creation is exempt. They joyfully convene, their bosoms welling over with the spring-tide of their thankfulness, to offer up solemn prayers of thanksgiving in their houses of divine worship, and respond to the loud anthem of praise, in behalf of a nation kneeling before the throne of heaven. They leave the hallowed scene of religious ministration, and the company of the devout partakers of their faith, to retire into the bosom of their own families, and there to look around them on the glad assemblage of affectionate kindred and friends, united by the ties of blood, or by those voluntary associations of the heart that are stronger than the bonds of nature itself; and in the

rational fruition of the plenteous fruits of earth, to think and feel and pronounce how multiform are the joys, which have fallen to their allotted share of life. Such are the consecrated festivities of the season, which the proudest may not disdain to enjoy, in which the humblest cannot but see cause to participate, according to the various forms suited to their respective tastes or principles.

These occasions for festive commemoration of the blessings of the year have, by common consent, been placed near the close of its course, when the productions of agricultural labor are garnered up for the winter. In some countries the eve of the new year is the chosen occasion of rejoicing. A considerable portion of the Christian world have adopted the anniversary of the birth of our Saviour, an event in itself so memorable and auspicious, as the peculiar season of general religious festivity. A usage, established by our pilgrim fathers, coeval with the existence of the government, and dear to us by reason of its long and cherished observance in our country, has provided for the appointment of a set day of public thanksgiving. However the accidents of time or place may vary the day or form of these festivals, they are, in respect of their spirit and intent, alike joyous and acceptable, as the time for yearly manifestation of public and private gratitude to God; and they no where are more heartily celebrated than in Spain.

BELLEGARDE,

A HALT ON THE COL DE PERTUS.

Burgos os daba antigüedad, nobleza
Galicia, Leon corona, Sevilla oro,
Cordoba en sus caballos ligereza,
Granada y Murcia en sedas un tesoro :
Jaen lealdad, Toledo fortaleza,
Avila capitanes, campos Toro,
Alcalá y Salamanca lauro y palma
de todas ciencias, y Madrid un alma.
Asi las demás partes, que hay en ella,
os adoraban con igual porfia,
y la corona de Aragon, que dellá
un trino aspecto, que os mirase, hacia :
Italia os daba a Napoles la bella,
a Sicilia, a Milan y a Lombardia ;
America mil naves y vasallos,
carros del sol y de la mar caballos.

LOPE DE VEGA.

Not now the Roman tribe nor Punic horde
Demand her fields as lists to prove the sword ;
Not now the Vandal or the Visigoth
Pollute the plains alike abhorring both ;
Nor old Pelayo on his mountain rears
The warlike fathers of a thousand years.
That seed is sown and reaped, as oft the Moor
Sighs to remember on his dusky shore.
Long in the peasant's song or poet's page
Has dwelt the memory of Abencerage,
The Zegri, and the captive victors, flung
Back to the barbarous realm from whence they sprung.
But these are gone,—their faith, their swords, their sway,—
Yet left more antichristian foes than they :—
The stern or feeble monarch, one or both
By turns ; the haughtiness whose pride was sloth ;
The long degenerate noble ; the debased
Hidalgo, and the peasant less disgraced
But more degraded ; the unpeopled realm ;
The once proud navy which forgot the helm ;
The once imperious phalanx disarrayed ;
The idle forge that formed Toledo's blade ;
The foreign wealth, that flowed on every shore
Save her's who earned it with the native's gore ;
The very language,—which might vie with Rome's,
And once was known to nations like their home's,—
Neglected or forgotten :—Such is Spain.

BYRON.

BELLE GARDE.



How ill capable are we, in the fickle and unkindly climate of the Eastern States of America, to appreciate the blessing of bare existence, the mere physical enjoyment of life, as possessed by the inhabitants of the Mediterranean shores of Spain! Reflect upon the consequences of an atmosphere so unchangeably serene, that public watchmen should have acquired the name of *serenos*, from the almost unvarying cry of *sereno*, which follows their enunciation of the hour of night.* In such a land music is a kind of natural language, uttered by all as familiarly as the speech of infancy. Occupations, amusements,—these are pursued under the open sky, not from necessity, but because a warm air and a lovely heaven allure the whole world forth from the humble tenement which man constructs, into that which is overroofed by the glorious firmament. Those are

* Letters descriptive of the public Monuments, Scenery, and Manners in France and Spain, vol. ii, p. 326.

happy regions, where, quickened by the keen zest of life, the pulse rises under the touch, with elastic force of action responsive to the emotions of the heart; and we feel that each fibre of the frame is a sensitive nervous tissue, perpetually laved in a grateful bath of circumambient air, and absorbing exquisite pleasure at every point. And there love pours out its fulness in the soft serenade, floating on the nocturnal breezes like some unseen Ariel, obeying the behests of a potent Prospero.

As I slowly ascended the long rising plain, which brings the traveller to that ridge of the Pyrenees, where Catalonia ends and Roussillon begins, and looked back upon the pleasure and profit I had derived from a brief, too brief, sojourn in the Peninsula, my first conception assuredly was of the physical peculiarities of the country;—its towering mountains and its verdant valleys,—its fruitful soil, its mineral riches, and its noble ports,—and the splendid climate of its maritime regions. But, upon second reflection, I avow that the moral peculiarities of the inhabitants, and their extraordinary national fortunes, came in upon my mind, as the deeper sources of that interest, which every where attaches to the name of Spain. I thought of Numantia, Saguntum, and the noble spirited Viriatus; I considered of that protracted crusade carried on upon Castilian earth between the Moslems and the Christians; I remembered the outspreading power and fame of the Spanish arms and policy in the

times of the first Charles and the second Philip; imagination carried me across the ocean to my own American home, that new continent, which Spaniards acquired for Europe;—and I saw that romantic as may be the land, still more romantic is the people, of Spain.

In company with me, as we toiled up the mountains, was a young Spanish officer of some distinction, an aide of the Conde de España; and we found ample food for conversation in the points of national peculiarity on which I have touched. A shrewd Catalan, familiar with every part of Spain, and by no means ignorant of other countries, occupied a corner of the coach. He listened awhile in silence to our respective observations, but an observation of mine at length broke in upon and effectually disturbed the serenity of his meditations. ‘You Spaniards,’ I said, ‘are a strange people. You take breakfast without coffee, tea, or butter, in some of your cities, you bury the dead above ground, instead of under it; your lemons are oranges, and your oranges lemons; you sell fire-wood by the pound, and lard by the foot; your ladies wear bonnets in the parlor or at the theatre, but never in the streets; there are but two *infants* in the country, and they are married and have several children; you employ leather, not glass, for the making of wine bottles; you say *good-night* at the beginning of the evening and not at its close; you never do any thing this day which you can put off to the

next, and yet *to-morrow* is unknown to your language; every body travels on horseback, but nobody on the horse's back; your government is a monarchy, and yet you generally have two kings at once; in short, there is no end in recounting the riddles, which meet you in Spain at every turn.'

'*Es verdad*, it is true,' interrupted the Catalan; 'and if you speak of riddles, I can tell you a better than either of those you mention.'

We opened our eyes and ears at this; and our fellow traveller, finding us disposed to take turns with him in listening, thus proceeded:—

'There was once, you know, a King of Castile called Don Alonso the Learned; and truly I think he was more learned than wise, for he had the presumption to say, that if his counsel had been taken at the creation of the world, he could have arranged things much more conveniently than we find them; and the ancient writings tell us that God punished him for his impiety with many and grievous afflictions in his old age. Well, Don Alonso was pricking on towards Aranda at the head of a troop of lancers, when darkness overtook him near the convent of San Millan de Cogollo. Of course, it was resolved, as of common accord, to demand hospitality of the good fathers of San Millan, and the party rode up to the gates, nothing doubting they should be cordially received, and should mend their repast by emptying a few of the wine-skins of the monastery. But when they ar-

rived at the gate, and asked for admission, the porter surlily bade them begone, supposing or pretending to suppose that they were a band of mountain outlaws come to rob the convent; and it was some time before Don Alonso's people could bring the friars to their senses, and procure admission within their walls; nor even then, until the soldiers had begun to devise means of entering by force. The King, by this, had fallen into a towering passion, which it required all the obsequiousness of the Abbot, and all the hospitable attendance of his monks, to pacify and allay. But, in discussing the contents of their cellar and larder, Don Alonso came to be somewhat mollified, and thus ended with imposing on the monks such terms as none but a book-worm and star-gazer like himself would ever have imagined.

“Father Cayetano,” said he, “you or your people have done that which I might well visit upon you to your cost; but I feel inclined to admit your humble acknowledgments, and overlook your offence; and I will do so, provided you will be prepared on the morrow before I depart, to answer me four questions. You shall tell me how much the moon weighs; how many casks it would take to hold the sea; how much the King of Castile is worth; and what I am thinking of at the time: and woe betide you and your house, if you fail to answer me correctly to all these inquiries.”

‘Hereupon the old King retired to rest, leaving the monks sorely puzzled by the questions which he had given them for meditation; for they had abundantly more wealth than wit. They pondered in vain upon the odd fancies of the King, and the morning found them as ill prepared to solve the mysterious questions as when they were first propounded. When honest José, the miller of the convent, came in the morning to leave them wherewithal to furnish forth the royal table for breakfast, he found the monks full of trouble and dismay; and on learning the cause of alarm from the porter, he undertook to answer the King’s questions, if they would permit him to assume the gown and tonsure. Father Cayetano saw not well what course to pursue; but reflecting, at length, that the miller was known for a shrewd and cunning varlet, and that, if he failed to satisfy the King, it might all be passed off as matter of merriment, he concluded to venture upon the expedient suggested by the miller. José, in fine, was carefully shaven, dressed in the garb of the order, and presented himself at the appointed time before Don Alonso.

“Well,” says the King, “how much does the moon weigh?”

“A pound,” replied the miller without a moment’s hesitation.

“A pound,” demanded the King;—“how do you make that out?”

“Why,” said José, “the moon has four quarters, all the world knows; and four quarters make but one pound; and if you think it weighs more you are welcome to send and have it weighed.”

‘The King was at a loss to know what to say at this; and so he proceeded to the next question,—“How many casks would it require to hold the sea?”

“Only one, to be sure,” said José, “provided it be large enough.”

‘It was impossible to dispute this; so the King had no alternative for it, but to put his third question:—“How much am I worth?”

“How much is the King of Castile worth?”—said the miller:—“why twenty-nine pieces of silver.”

“Only twenty-nine pieces of silver?”—cried the King, in a rage.

“Yes,” said the miller; “for our Saviour was rated and sold for thirty; and I put you but one piece below our Saviour.”

‘At this palpable evasion of his inquiry, the King began to laugh, and could do no less than put his last question: “What am I thinking of at this moment?”

‘Hitherto José had received and answered the questions of the King with an air of mock dignity verging into broad humor; but he saw that the crisis was now at hand, and that it behoved him to take heed what he did; and it was in all humil-

ity that he replied: "Señor, you are thinking I am the Abbot Cayetano."

"To be sure," said the King; "and who else should you be? And seeing you have answered my four questions, I suppose I must be good as my word, and suffer your inhospitality and your laziness to go scot free."

'At this, José fell on his knees at the feet of the King, and confessed the trick which the lurdane monks had fallen upon to escape from their embarrassment; and the King being highly amused by the whole affair, very freely pardoned the imposition, and took the witty miller into his service; and José played his part so well in those times, when blows were the current coin of all Castile, that some thirty or forty years afterwards the house of San Millan, in consideration of a welcome addition to their glebe and vineyard, performed a bounteous allowance of masses for the spiritual repose of Don José de la Molina.'

Our Catalan's anecdote was characteristic enough, at any rate, of national manners; and in our attention to it we had proceeded so far on our journey that an exclamation of surprise escaped me, on finding we had arrived at the pass of the Col de Pertus, where the castle of Bellegarde frowns over the road to indicate the boundary of Spain. The hours of our ride from Figueras had insensibly glided away in conversation alternately grave or gay, as whim or fancy impelled. '*Telle est la*

vie,' such is life ; its joys and its griefs are interwoven together, like the diverse-colored threads in the looms of the Gobelines ; it is all a brief April day of shifting skies ; an idle jest or a light laugh rises to the lips at one moment, and a reminiscence of madness or anguish gnaws at the heart in the next ; and thus we descend the stream of time, tossed and struggling for a short space on its troubled surface, amid the wrecks of earthly pride and felicity, until we also pass away and are seen no more :—happy, if we shall have snatched a few glimpses of sunshine to gladden our passage,—happier still if, in good accomplished or evil prevented, some transient memorial of our presence may survive us, to show we have not existed wholly in vain,—happiest, if our moments of probation upon earth fit us for the peace of heaven. And like the chat of the morning,—like the lapse of life,—my tour of Spain had its alternations of lively and sombre ;—my retrospect of what I had seen, and read, and heard, and felt, had its dark and light spots painted side by side upon the memory. And here, upon the frontier of Catalonia, I had time to pause, and gather myself up to take leave at last of lovely Spain. And I bade farewell to the land, which so many heroes and statesmen and men of genius, from Trajan and Seneca downwards, had rendered illustrious,—with emotions of profound interest in its original and singular people,—with sentiments of admiration for the high deeds and qual-

ities of the nation, and of sympathy and forbearance for their manifold errors, which will continue with me whilst I live.

When Charles of Spain stood in the hall of the States General at Brussels, surrounded by a brilliant assemblage of princes and knights, such as none of modern times but the magnificent Napoleon may have gathered about his throne, and recounted the imperial progressions in Germany, Spain, Italy, the Netherlands, France, and England, which he had made,—the glorious victories he had achieved,—the splendid part he had been called by Providence to fill,—and conferred his dominions on that Philip, who knelt at his feet and bathed his hands in tears,*—he shook from his shoulders the most opulent, powerful, and extensive kingdom in Europe. All the provinces of Spain had become consolidated into a single monarchy by the marriage of Ferdinand with Isabel, and the skilful policy of those able princes.—Cortes, Pizarro, and other brave adventurers had subdued, for Charles, the golden realms of Peru and Mexico, and the fertile regions of the Islands and the neighboring continent of South America. The Low Countries were submissive to his will, and his sceptre extended over a large and not the meanest portion of Italy. With all these dominions, with the bravery of the East and the riches of the West at his command,

* Cerisier, *Hist. des Prov. Unies*, t. ii, p. 596.

the most potent monarch of the time undoubtedly was Philip of Spain.

But how is the pride of Castile laid low, and the splendor of her monarchy departed! Gem after gem was wrested from her diadem,—empire upon empire crumbled from her sway,—the haughtiness of her nobles had outlived their might and magnificence,—the enterprise of her people was consumed and eaten away in the rust, which the shortsighted policy of her laymen and the retrogressive or stationary spirit of her clergy had suffered to gather about the institutions of the country,—one degradation followed close upon the heels of another, while she continued to be ruled by the weakest of all the dynasties of Christendom,—until, in our own time, she had sunk to be the prize to gain which military despots cast the die of war, and owed her very being as a nation to the interposition of her oldest and once her most inveterate foe.

Her course has been that of decay and of decline for three centuries. The expulsion of the Moors and the persecution of the Jews gave the first fearful shock to the industry, commerce, and resources of the country. The bigotry of Philip compelled the Hollanders to throw off his intolerable yoke, and thus began to lop away the subject provinces of Spain. The narrow commercial policy of her rulers, instead of enabling the people to derive advantage from her transatlantic dominions, erected a system of ruinous monopolies, which impoverished

the colonies, without adding any permanent or available wealth to the metropolis. Under the administration of a series of imbecile kings, the Spanish power was driven out from Italy, and shut up in the limits of the Pyrenees and of the Peninsula. And, tyrannized over by the Inquisition, with the intolerant hierarchy which the terrors of that institution upheld, the land of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon, of Ercilla, Garcilaso and Mariana, became a kind of patrimony of monks and nuns, a Dead Sea of superstition, while the sciences and the fine arts were flourishing with all the luxuriance of successful culture in the rest of Western Europe.

Such was the situation of Spain, then, at the beginning of the present century:—presenting a people proverbially brave, chivalrous, and noble, capable of the most elevated actions, and approved in many of the most trying emergencies, but deadened by the conspiring influence of bigotry and servitude;—and a kingdom, which contained the elemental parts of greatness without any principle of union to cement them together, which possessed the thews and sinews of manly strength, wanting only a spirit of liberty to rouse, awaken, animate, and inform its slumbering energies.

Since that period she has been going through a fiery trial, which, I trust and believe, will eventuate in her ultimate improvement, although she cannot hope for the renovation of the ancient glories of her name. She has beheld her legitimate princes

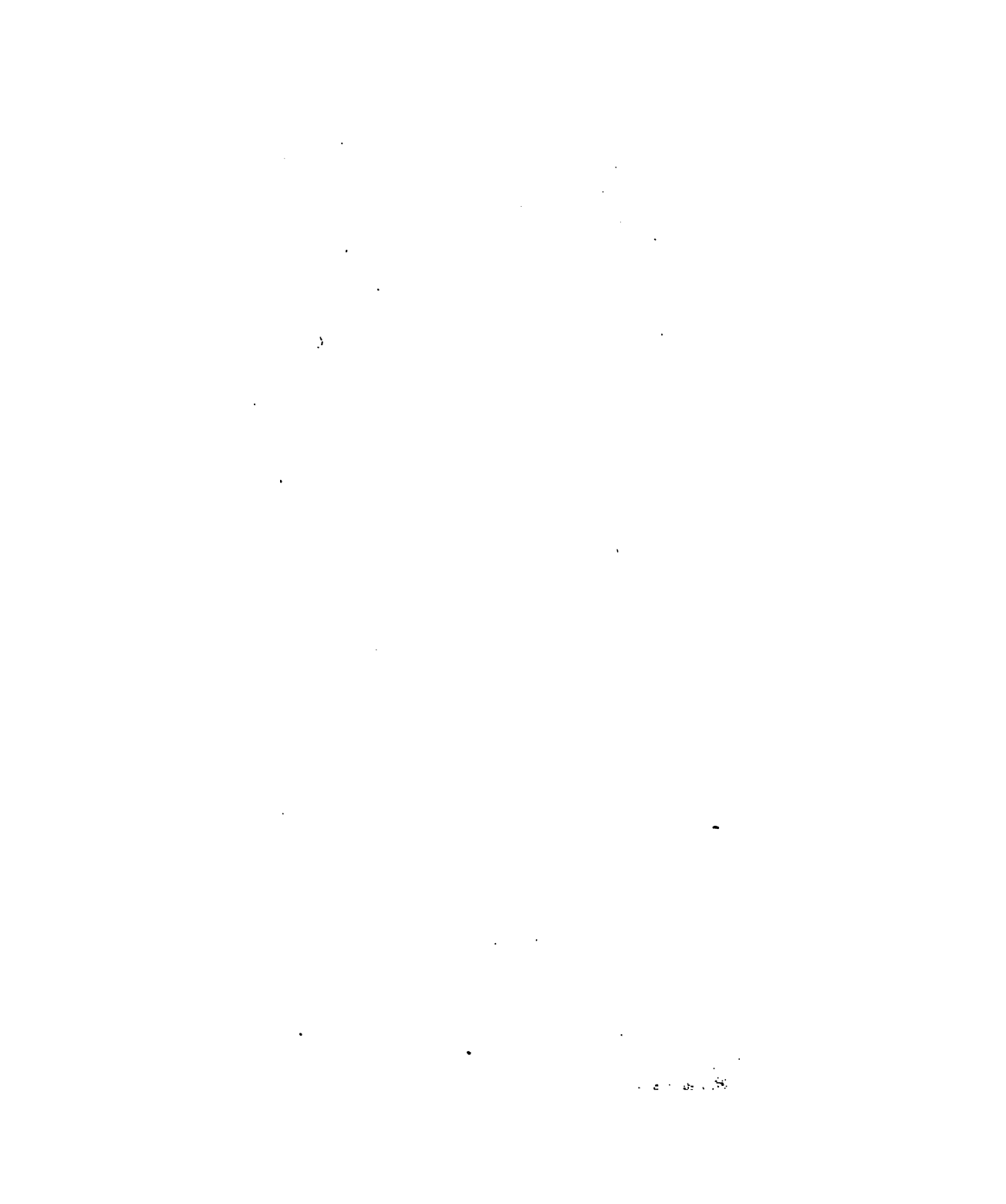
expelled and restored,—a foreign lineage substituted for a season in the place of the blood of Louis XIV.,—aliens contending on her fields for the spoils of her grandeur,—factions, *juntas*, self-constituted committees, and *guerrillas* conspiring only to the single end of consuming the vitals of their common country,—the fountains of her wealth dried up by the revolt of nearly all her colonies in America,—a constitutional government forced upon reluctant princes and an indifferent people by the irrepressible impulse of liberty among the educated middle classes, to be overturned by foreign bayonets,—and no prospect of melioration remaining to her but such as may be accomplished under the auspices of an absolute monarch.

The Academicians were accustomed to look for the acquisition of public happiness, rather by the rule of a philosophic prince, than of a free democracy. Whatever of good may be anticipated to any country from such a quarter, I fear there is none, among the adult members of the royal family of Spain, who is likely to realize the idea of Plato. But a firm and able prince might do much for that unfortunate country. If such a Bourbon should by possibility appear in Spain, or even a popular and wise minister capable of rightly using the royal power;—and if such a prince or minister should succeed to abridge the exorbitant power of the priesthood by the only sure means, the revival of an efficient Cortes;—if the rulers of the country

would encourage liberality of sentiment, re-open the sources of internal prosperity in which the kingdom so richly abounds, and abolish the odious seignorial rights of the nobles and great landed proprietors;— if by repealing the absurd restrictions on commerce, they should afford countenance to a more enlightened system of political economy than that on which the present mercantile laws are predicated;—and if they could bring their minds to the generous resolve of making a full recognition of the actual independence of their colonies:—if a government, of whatever form, will do this, we may live to see Spain restored to equal prosperity, if not equal power, with that which she could boast of when she was the rival of England, the terror of France, and the mistress of Italy.

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